

Bates Student

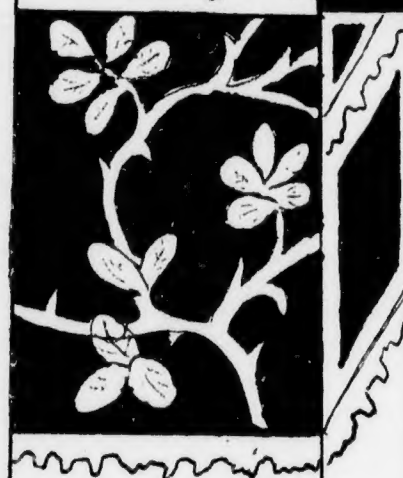
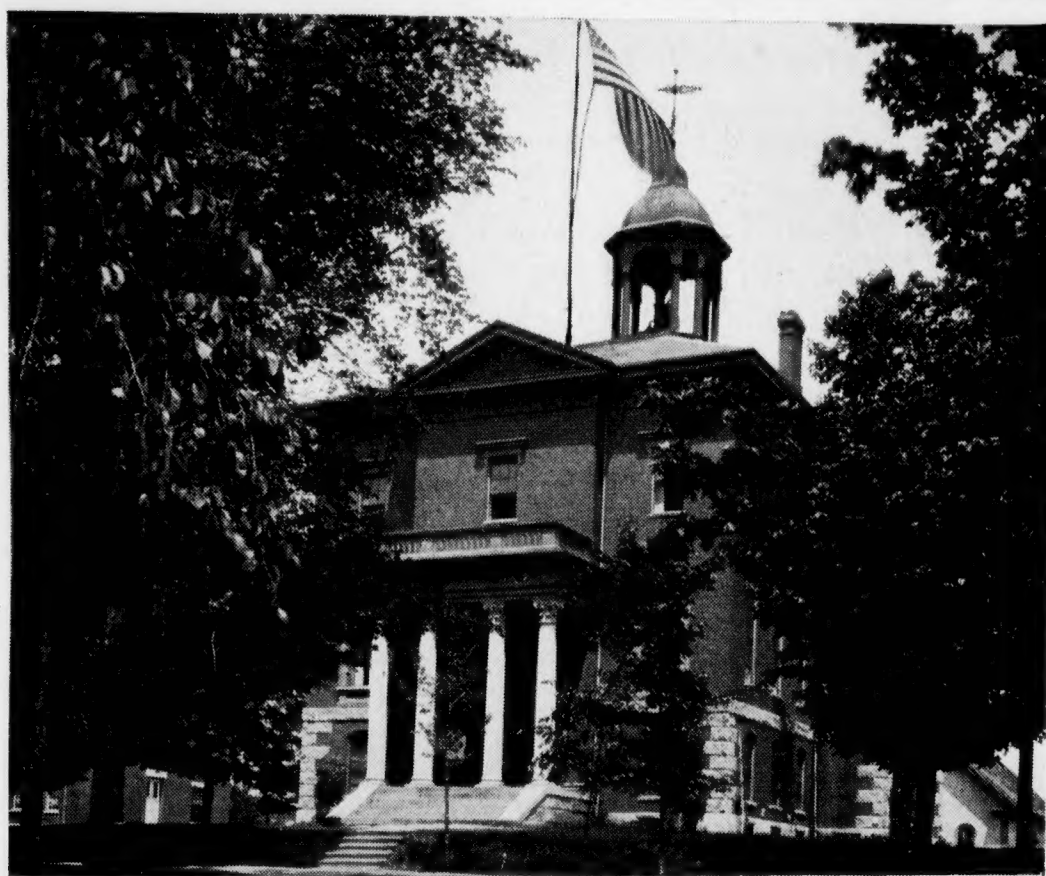
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The Bates Student.



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C.L. Jordan. '03

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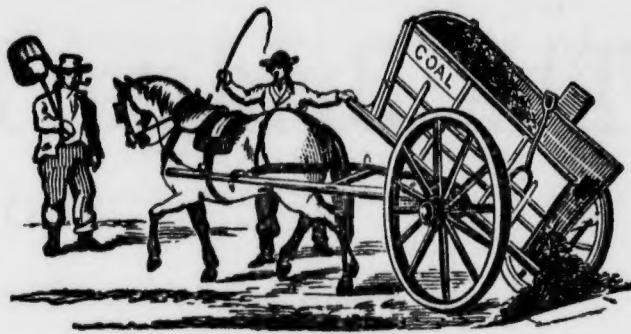
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THE BATES STUDENT.

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NO. I.

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Literary.

SPRING.

Cold Winter's icy reign is o'er,
He leaves the way for gentle Spring,
O, give her welcome one and all,
And hear the message she doth bring.

"Depart ye days, so cold and dark,
With all your ice and frost and snow,
Ye chilling winds and wintry air
I've come to warn you now to go.

"Wake into life, O slumbering earth,
Birds, sing once more your melodies,"
All nature feels the glad, new life,
Which spring-time to her always gives.

Welcome, O days so warm and bright,
Ye tell us that the summer's nigh,
With sunshine warm and gentle breeze,
And all the blue and cloudless sky.

Spring, lovely spring, is here again,
With hours of brightness and of cheer,
Old Winter, we must now bid you
Farewell until another year.

—1903.

LEGENDE DE LA CHUTE DE MONTMORENCY A QUEBEC.

AU temps des persécutions des Huguenots par les Catholiques, demeuraient au midi de la France deux grands seigneurs, dont les domaines étaient contigus. Un de ces seigneurs, qui se nommait Montmorency, avait une seule enfant, une jeune fille de seize ans, plus belle et plus charmante que toutes les autres dames de ce pays. L'autre aussi n'avait qu'un enfant, jeune homme de vingt ans. Cette dernière famille portait le nom de St. Cyr.

Pendant qu'Angéline Montmorency était encore dans son berceau, les deux pères avaient arrangé un mariage entre leurs enfants, qui aurait lieu aussitôt que la petite Angéline aurait atteint sa dix-septième année. C'était un mariage de convenance, fait parce que les deux pères s'aimaient; mais, chose étrange! les jeunes gens s'aimaient aussi d'une vraie passion inébranlable.

Quand le jeune Pierre St. Cyr eut déjà seize ans, son père l'envoya en Italie pour y finir son éducation. Il devait rester dans ce pays quatre ans. Au bout de ce temps, il reviendrait en

France et l'on célébrerait les noces de Pierre et la belle Angéline.

Mais, pendant son séjour en Italie, le jeune homme abandonna la religion catholique pour embrasser le protestantisme et renonça à la foi de ses ancêtres et de ceux de sa jeune fiancée. En revenant chez lui, il déclara franchement à son père ce changement d'avis à l'égard de la religion. Son père fut naturellement furieux contre lui et le chassa de son domaine, en lui ordonnant de ne jamais paraître devant lui.

Le jeune homme, dévoré de chagrin, courait chez sa chère Angéline, pour lui confier sa douleur. Il la rencontrait dans le parc, près du château de son père, et lui racontait toute sa triste histoire. La pauvre Angéline était presque hors d'elle, parce qu'elle savait à n'en pas douter que son père aussi éloignerait son amant de sa maison et ne lui permettrait jamais de se marier avec un hérétique. Mais l'amour était la reine de ces tristes cœurs, et ils juraient sur la sainte croix que portait la petite Angéline que jamais l'amour qu'ils se portaient mutuellement n'éprouverait de refroidissement. Puis, le jeune homme se présenta devant Monseigneur de Montmorency et lui ouvrit son cœur. Mais en vain : son dernier espoir s'évanouit.

Angéline l'attendait au rendez-vous, et avant de se séparer l'un de l'autre ils se promettaient de se joindre à une bande de Huguenots qui devaient embarquer dans quelques jours pour l'Amérique. Ce plan réussit ; mais, hélas ! le père d'Angéline découvrit sa fuite, la suivit au port et partit le même jour qu'elle pour le nouveau monde, avec un vaisseau anglais qui se trouvait par hasard à ce port à cause de quelque équipement qui lui manquait.

Dans le cours du voyage, il faisait un temps fort orageux, et le vaisseau anglais fit naufrage. Personne de ses voyageurs ne fut sauvé excepté, ô miracle ! le père d'Angéline, qui fut ramassé presque mort par les Huguenots.

Mais sa délivrance merveilleuse ne lui attendrit pas le cœur. En débarquant, il fit prisonniers Angéline et son amant, et les enferma dans le château abandonné de son frère, qui se trouvait au bord d'une haute falaise sur la rive gauche de la rivière Charles, branche du grand fleuve St. Laurens au Canada.

Ce château avait deux tours grandes et hautes, l'une exactement comme l'autre. Au haut de ces tours se trouvait une petite chambre avec une seule fenêtre ; mais ces deux fenêtres étaient en face l'une de l'autre. On arrivait à chaque chambre par un escalier en spirale long et étroit. Ici le cruel père d'Angéline

emprisonnait les deux amants, chacun dans sa tour, et il y mettait une garde qui était de service jour et nuit.

Rien de plus triste, de plus pitoyable que cette vie solitaire dans les tours. La seule consolation de ces cœurs brisés, c'était que par sa fenêtre Angéline pouvait voir indistinctement de loin les traits bien-aimés de son amant; et lui, pouvait remarquer que chaque jour la figure de sa petite amie devenait de plus en plus maigre, pâle et soucieuse.

La seule consolation, ai-je dit? Non, pas la seule; quand l'oncle d'Angéline fuyait de son pays et venait se cacher dans les forêts du Canada, il portait avec lui, parmi les autres animaux pour son nouveau domaine, deux colombes blanches, dont les descendants habitaient encore les toits de ces tours, quoique leur maître fût depuis longtemps mort. Des vingtaines de ces petites aériennes circulaient le soir autour du château, et quelques-unes se perchaient de temps en temps sur l'embrasure des fenêtres de ces tours. Quelle joie pour Angéline! Avec quel soin elle y semait quelques miettes de son pain pour les attirer de nouveau et les séduire jusqu'à ce qu'elles fussent devenues ses amies!

Mais, un soir après que quelques-unes des moins timides avaient fini leur repas chez Angéline, elles allaient voler droit à la fenêtre de Pierre qui leur avait préparé aussi un petit goûter. Le lendemain au coucher du soleil une petite courrière ailée portait à Pierre un billet de la part d'Angéline qu'elle lui avait attaché au cou. Ah, c'était alors que les jours devenaient moins tristes, et les joues d'Angéline reprenaient un peu de leur teint délicat d'autrefois. Chaque soir la colombe portait à Pierre une toute petite lettre tracée avec le pied pointu de sa croix d'or à la marge d'une feuille arrachée de son livre de prières.

Mais un soir, après avoir envoyé son message quotidien à son amant, elle restait longtemps debout près de la fenêtre, les bras appuyés sur un barreau; et toute rêveuse elle tournait, tournait la bague d'or que Pierre lui avait mise au doigt au moment de leur séparation. C'était une bague que sa mère lui avait donnée sur son lit de mort, en lui disant qu'il devrait la porter à sa mémoire et qu'une tradition affirmait que la bague apporterait un grand bonheur à la personne qui en découvrirait le secret. En la tournant, Angéline toucha par hasard à un petit ressort caché, et la grande pierre bizarre de la bague sauta, laissant ouverte une petite boîte remplie d'une poudre blanche.

Dans son enfance elle avait lu des histoires des bagues empoisonnées que portaient les rois pour se débarrasser en secret de leurs

ennemis ; et elle se doutait que cette poudre fût du poison. En approchant la bague pour en examiner le contenu de près, un courant d'air fit souffler la poudre qui alla se déposer sur ses lèvres. Elle se hâta de les essuyer, mais elle goûta immédiatement une saveur douceâtre. Après quelques minutes le sommeil s'empara d'elle, contre lequel elle luttait en vain. Elle alla tout en chancelant s'asseoir sur son lit et perdit bientôt connaissance.

Le matin quand la garde venait apporter son déjeuner, elle la trouva encore plongée dans un sommeil profond, dont elle avait beaucoup de peine à l'éveiller.

"Ah," se disait-elle, après le départ de la garde, "c'est bien la poudre qui m'a fait endormir comme cela," et pendant qu'elle le disait, son regard tomba sur la petite bouteille de vin que la garde lui avait laissée sur la table. Une idée lui venait dans la tête !

Ce jour-là lorsqu'elle eut écrit sa petite lettre, elle enferma dans le papier la moitié de la poudre qu'elle avait trouvée cachée sous la pierre de sa bague. Le lendemain Pierre devrait la mettre dans sa bouteille de vin, comme elle devait le faire elle-même. Puis, ils ne mangeraient ni ne boiraient pendant la journée afin de faire croire aux gardes qu'ils se trouvaient un peu malades ; et comme faisaient toujours ces gentilhommes-là quand leurs prisonniers ne pouvaient pas manger à cause de la tristesse, ils boiraient eux-mêmes le vin qu'ils emporteraient le soir. Naturellement ils s'endormiraient, et voilà l'occasion de s'évader de leur prison. Au signal donné par Angéline à sa fenêtre, ils descendraient les escaliers tous les deux, et au clair de la pleine lune ils trouveraient leur chemin au travers de la forêt et chercheraient une retraite cachée.

Elle avait bien arrangé tous les détails, et pas un seul échoua ; mais, hélas ! elle n'avait pas pensé aux chiens de la garde qui se couchaient hors de la porte du château. Au moment où sortaient Angéline et Pierre, les chiens se mirent à hurler de façon à faire croire aux domestiques que les sauvages, qui habitaient ce pays, venaient faire attaque.

On découvrit immédiatement la saillie des prisonniers et on les poursuivit. Aucun moyen ne resta à ces pauvres malheureux de se sauver ! Derrière eux était le château, à chaque côté la haute falaise maintenant bien gardée, en face la rivière qui saute avec un son de tonnerre par-dessus le précipice. Pierre saisit sa compagne dans ses bras.

"Il est mieux de mourir ensemble, n'est-ce pas, ma bien-aimée," lui dit-il, "que de vivre éloignés l'un de l'autre. Et

l'amour donne de la force : peut-être que nous atteindrons l'autre rive." Et la tenant encore dans ses bras, il se plongeait dans les eaux tourbillonnantes. Un moment on les voyait luttant avec les vagues ; puis, ils disparurent à jamais.

On dit que, jusqu'à ce jour, si l'on se met sur le bord de la falaise par une nuit de pleine lune, on peut voir la répétition de la tragédie—la belle Angéline avec sa chevelure d'or dans les bras de son amant sur la rive, la lutte dans les eaux cruelles, l'enfoncement dans le gouffre ; mais je n'en sais rien.

—CAROLINE E. LIBBY, 1901.

A BIRTHPLACE IN A VALLEY.

IT is only a plain, two-storied brown house, with a tiny ell in the rear. There certainly is nothing inspiring in its appearance, and its surroundings seem equally commonplace. There are bare, rocky hills rising on all sides. The general dullness of the scenery is relieved only by a quiet, dreamy brook which flows along the valley, brightened here and there by cardinal flowers or darkened by overhanging shadows.

Let us go up the hill. As we climb we gradually see more than dull, gray rocks. The tops of distant hills and mountains appear. Then, as we higher climb, these grow clearer, and we are able to distinguish green fields, woodlands, and streams of water. When we reach the top of the hill we have won a view well worth the climb. We have spread before us that which brings rest and pleasure.

We must, however, not leave this vicinity until we go down to the valley again, for here, in spite of the monotony of its scenery, we may find our inspiration. Across the road from this plain brown house is a plain gray rock, above which floats the American flag and upon which is written the secret of our inspiration. This was the birthplace of Daniel Webster. In the ell of the old house New Hampshire's greatest statesman was born.

In the study of history we often find an interesting analogy between the life of nations and their natural surroundings. Similar comparisons may be made between individuals and the homes of their childhood. The possibility of a comparison of this kind seems especially noticeable in the life of Daniel Webster.

The brook near Webster's birthplace may represent his home life ; first in his father's home, then in his own. This brook flows over many rocks, but it does it quietly. There were hard places,

many of them, in Webster's home life, but they were passed over quietly, heroically, with no noisy complainings. We almost lose sight of the hard places because of the silent force with which they were covered. And then the cardinal flowers! touches of crimson! How many such bright places there were in Webster's home life! How many bright flowers his parents, brothers and sisters, wife and children placed beside him! There were also dark places. Shadows hung over his home and hid loved ones from his view. These shadows darkened the course of his life for a time, but farther on cardinal flowers gleamed in the sunshine.

On one side of Webster's birthplace was a quiet brook; on the other was a steep hill. On one side of Webster was his home; on the other a steep hill which led to usefulness and fame. The man Webster alternated between the two. He refreshed himself with draughts from the home brook, and then toiled up the hill of fame.

If we watch a man climbing a steep, rocky hill we notice that he aids himself in two ways. He may either cling to the trees and bushes which grow along his path, or carry a staff in his own hands and, by driving this into the ground as he advances, make his climbing easier. So Webster climbed; but the trees to help him were few. Here and there he found a faithful friend to aid him, but oftener they were enemies anxious to hold him back. Webster's chief aid was his own staff, a nature of flint. His was a strength sufficient to drive this even into the solid rocks. His grandest speeches are the sparks sent off as he drove this staff of flint into the rocks in his way.

As we climb a hill we gain new visions; we see a little more at each step; but we know there is more ahead of us. Even when we reach the top we shall not be able to see the whole world. So Webster climbed: so his vision grew. He saw not only a general outline of what lay before him, but also many of its details. We know, however, that Webster was not ignorant of the fact that much lay before him. He never thought that he had seen everything. Some one has said of him: "He never was guilty of seeking to prove himself master of universal knowledge."

If we should start for the top of a hill and come so near our goal that we could anticipate all we should see were we there, and then be forced to fall back, we could, perhaps, feel more sympathy for Daniel Webster. Webster started to reach the top

of political fame. He came so near his goal that he could catch a glimpse of all that lay before him; but he never reached the height of his ambition. He was never President of the United States.

However much we may criticise Webster's actions during the latter part of his life, we can only feel that his attitude toward slavery and other questions of the day was only the frantic efforts of a proud man to regain his footing. Webster not only failed to reach the top of political fame, but in endeavoring to go higher he seemed to slip and fall. As he fell his staff, that nature of flint, hit against the rocks and struck off sparks in a reckless way. These were not the true blows of the Webster who had full control of himself.

There were times when Webster must have felt that he had fallen to the foot of the hill and must have been glad to bathe once more in the peaceful brook. It is pleasing to think that at last, as he was about to go out of this stream into the dark waters beyond, he saw that by posterity he would be placed by the side of those who had reached the top of the hill. His last words, "I still live," seem prophetic of this.

Yes, Webster lives in our memories not down in the valley but on the hill-top. So, let us leave the birthplace in the valley and climb once more to the hill-top where, as we view the grandeur around, we may feel increase that inspiration which we have received from meeting a truly great man. —'03.

HALF A STORY.

AT the close of a fine summer day, Mr. Halstead, the teacher of the country high school, was on his way home. Leaving the main road, he went down a path which leads through the woods at the back of the Irving house. He preferred to go this way for two reasons. One was that, if he went directly home, it shortened his walk by a quarter of an hour; the other was, that it often gave him a chance to lengthen it, by sauntering home with Miss Irving, whom he usually met there. One could easily see that he was looking for some one now. He had unexpectedly been detained at school and was wondering whether she had waited for him or not. He walked along rapidly, but had almost given her up, when just as he came out of the woods, he saw her in the path ahead.

Miss Irving was standing back to him, and although she knew that he was coming and heard him quicken his step, it was not

till he had overtaken and accosted her that she looked at him. As she turned, he did not see the pleasant face which he had expected, but one full of anger. Surprised, he waited for her to speak first; but, since she said nothing, he began pleasantly:

"I was almost afraid that you would not wait for me, Margaret, but I could not come any sooner."

She looked at him coldly. "Yes, and I presume that you were not anxious to come any sooner. However, I waited because I have a question which I wish very much to ask you.

"I have not the slightest idea as to what you can mean, but I will try to answer it."

"Why did you punish my brother this morning?"

He closed his lips firmly, but there was also an expression of relief on his face. "Because he lied to me."

"He did not, and you know it. He has told me the whole story. He told me how he found out that you were making secret engagements with that Eva Schillings, and how you were duping me all of the time. He told me how you tried to hire him not to tell me, and then tried to frighten him out of telling me—you, a great strong man, tried to frighten that little boy. Yes, he has told me all about why you whipped him, and I stayed to tell you that your little game is up. Good-night."

She turned and walked rapidly down the path toward her home. Mr. Halstead had been accustomed to accompany her (at a somewhat slower pace). Now he stood in the main path as if dazed; then, grasping the situation, he sprang forward.

"Margaret, wait, there is not a word of truth in that story. Wait, let me explain."

The sun was now beginning to set and it was a pretty picture that the chagrined man was left looking at. And for years there remained in his mind the picture of the tall, lithe figure, deluged by a shower of golden rays, clearly outlined upon the dark green of the woods beyond. He watched her till, without looking back, she passed from his sight; then with a sigh he started on again.

It lacked only two weeks to the close of the third term of school he had taught there. The first time he had met Margaret Irving, he had been attracted toward her, and she had been by no means displeased with his attentions. The pleasant acquaintance had grown into a deep friendship, which both secretly hoped would terminate in something stronger.

Frank Halstead knew that Margaret was impetuous, but he hoped that a little time would show her the unfairness of her posi-

tion and that an opportunity would be given him to show her the unreasonableness of it. He had found it necessary to punish her brother in the morning, and the little rascal, for revenge, had told that story about him. Well, he could trust to Margaret's good sense to clear it up.

He looked for her at their meeting place the next two days in vain. The third day he wrote a note asking if he might call. That afternoon he met her on the street. He looked at her eagerly and lifted his hat. Not a shadow of recognition passed her face. "Cut dead!" he muttered. "I guess that answers my note."

In about a week Mr. Halstead left. He had not seen Margaret again, and in spite of the successful finish of his term of school, it was with unpleasant thoughts that he went away. During the summer vacation he met an old school-mate who had just finished his second year at Yale. He knew that Halstead had formerly considered going to college, and was anxious that he should go now with him. "Come on, now! You're just the boy! My room-mate and I have changed our rooms and we want another fellow to go in with us."

In a few days Frank told his friend that he had decided to go to college and would be glad of the chance to go in with him. "What is your room-mate's name?" he added.

"Tom Irving."

Frank started at the name, then laughed at his own folly.

Tom Irving soon received a letter saying that a fellow by the name of Halstead would be their third room-mate if agreeable to him. Tom was just getting off for his summer vacation. He scribbled back a note saying that Halstead was all right as far as he was concerned, and forgot all about the matter.

Margaret had been almost heart-broken at the turn affairs had taken. Pride alone kept her up, but it also kept her from going to Mr. Halstead and apologizing. She became convinced that her brother had deceived her, and finally wrested the truth from him; but too late. For Mr. Halstead had gone, and she knew nothing of his whereabouts, or of his plans for the next year. Her mind was somewhat taken up by the coming visit of her cousin, Tom Irving. She had not seen him since he was a little fellow. Now he was a Yale Junior, with all the love of fun of an underclassman, and a touch of the dignity of an upperclassman. He was a fine athlete with agreeable manners, and these two accomplishments made for him a host of friends wherever he went.

When he first saw Margaret he was struck with the fact that she was a remarkably pretty girl, and he saw no reason at all for a slow summer. He did not find one. Every advance he made was skilfully blocked, every jest, turned on himself, and often his self-esteem suffered, but never his good nature. One time after the lash had cracked rather dangerously around his head, he drawled out: "Margaret, you ought to write a story. It wouldn't trouble you any to find words, would it?"

"No, not if I had such a good-for-nothing, lazy, self-conceited fellow in it as you are." Both laughed, but Tom continued, "No, I really mean it. I'll bet you could write a great story. I've got to have one for next term. Won't you please write it for me? I'll love you forever if you only would."

"If you will promise not to make love to me any more, I will do it."

"The conditions are hard, but I'll submit. When will you have it ready?"

"Some time next term I will send it to you."

The next term Tom met his new room-mate. Halstead soon found out who he was, but said nothing which would disclose his acquaintance with his cousin.

The second week of the term Margaret's story arrived. Tom read the accompanying letter and made a few remarks which might have failed to please Margaret, had she heard them.

"Boys," he said in a helpless way, "you've got to help me out. My cousin has only written half of that story she promised me. She says I've got to finish it. Help me out, won't you?"

Frank asked to hear it and Tom read it. It was, with but little disguise, the story of Margaret's own life and love. It told of a girl who had been hasty and inconsiderate. She had unjustly accused her lover, but her pride had kept her from confessing it till it was too late and her lover had left town. She waited a long time for him.

"And I guess she's waiting yet, for she says that she can't finish the story. She can't find any good way to bring them together; she can't make them miserable the rest of their lives; and she is sure they can never marry any one else. Isn't that just like a girl, anyway? Why doesn't she have him taken up in a cyclone and landed down through the roof of her house, repeating her name all the time in a mournful way?"

Frank gathered up the papers. "I will try to finish the story," he said. The next morning he handed his work to Tom, who read

it and signified his approval. The story had been finished by making the lover, who, by the way, was a school-master, come back to the town, drawn by a feeling which he could neither understand or resist. While there he saw the girl who had formerly meant so much to him. Through a brother of hers, who had been instrumental in bringing about the quarrel, and was accordingly anxious to make up for it, he found out that she still cared for him. Emboldened by this he called on her, and the result was—well, when he left, he had a much pleasanter idea of life.

"You put a lot of feeling into it," said the Junior friend.

"Here is another copy, which you might send to your cousin, and if I may I would like to send a note with it," Frank said.

Tom looked up curiously, but could read nothing from his impassive countenance. "Certainly," he said lamely.

In a few days Miss Margaret Irving received the complete story with two notes:

Dear Cousin:

Your story arrived at just the right time and helped me out a lot. I got my new room-mate to finish it. He's an awful lot like the man you described. Perhaps you will meet him sometime, then you will see. He's a pretty good sort of a fellow, I guess.

Yours as ever,

TOM.

Miss Irving:

I wish to apologize for the liberty I have taken in finishing the story. Your Cousin Tom, knowing nothing of our former acquaintance, read it to me, and I could not resist the temptation to make your little story, our little story. I think I understand the girl's position exactly, only she did not realize how willingly the schoolmaster would have come back. The only satisfactory way to finish it, is to bring them together, and I have tried to do this. If I have finished the story in a manner agreeable to you, I should be pleased to hear from you. Any way your opinion on the subject would greatly oblige

MR. FRANK HALSTEAD.

The following answer, when it came, was by no means calmly read.

Mr. Halstead:

I had no idea that you were Cousin Tom's new room-mate, so you can imagine with what surprise I read your note.

I thought your ending a very good one. I would make one suggestion, however. The brother figured so prominently in the

first part of the story that it seems to me it would be much better if he could be left out entirely in the second part. Don't you think it could be so arranged?

Yours truly,

MARGARET IRVING.

Mr. Halstead thought the suggestion a good one. And the next vacation he proved to Margaret that it could be thus arranged without any difficulty. The result was—well, when he went back to college he seemed to have a much better idea of life.

THE DRAMA AND THE NOVEL AS EXPONENTS OF HUMAN NATURE.

TO learn what men are doing, we turn to the newspaper. To learn why they do it we turn to the drama and the novel. The newspaper shows the results of the working of human nature. The drama and the novel show, or attempt to, how our inner and our outer worlds influence each other.

Since both drama and novel have much in common, perhaps we can best see their success in interpreting human nature by considering them together. We may then try, by contrasting them, to determine which is better. We regard both as to be read, not considering the drama as a spectacle.

The field for both is wide. The author may take any phase of human nature, give it any setting, and then work out the results.

But while men are so different, yet they constantly repeat certain striking characteristics. Just as in outside appearance, we all belong to certain types, so it is with character; and the author can hardly escape setting forth some type through his individual creation.

It is most difficult to interpret human nature exactly, judging by our authors' success. True, little touches show here and there; but the balance of the whole is rarely steady. Perhaps the chief reason is that, through their differently colored eyes, the authors see correspondingly colored worlds.

There are some other important ways by which fiction fails to show us real life.

Some authors create characters *too* commonplace, perhaps even ridiculous. We would charge William Dean Howells with this. It is much easier, indeed, to represent our common feelings and impulses, lying out in plain sight, than the choice selves hidden perhaps from our own consciousness.

Others idealize, giving their heroes and heroines better qualities than fall to the lot of real people. Dickens' favorite heroines are literally too good to live. As in painting the most delicately beautiful parts are brought out and the rough places smoothed by refining touches, so in the work of an artist author our few really noble moments are put in the foreground and our harsher selves softened by mellowing lights.

Sometimes the author does not understand what he tries to portray. From lack of observation, from borrowing ideas already second or third hand, even from want of capacity to comprehend, come mere abstractions, improbable and superficial natures. To create good characters the writer must have lived long enough to have much experience, or he must be wonderfully sympathetic and a most keen and healthy-minded observer of life.

In addition to these imperfections fiction is limited by the authors themselves or by their readers' demands to present love as the chief aim in life and youth as the most interesting time. They do not tell us why. But if we believe at all in fiction as reflecting human nature, we must believe in these its pervading elements. Yet it may be that some genius will still interest us just as much in the human nature of middle age.

Perhaps after all fiction succeeds best in interpreting the character of the author. In spite of his mistakes, he lets us clearly see himself, most interesting of all because he is real, and so sometimes most sad, because we see a distorted mind and an unhappy heart.

All this is common to both drama and novel. But which shall we choose as the better exponent of human nature?

In real life people reveal themselves through speech and action. We see at once that the drama reveals its character through speech; the novel through both, together with the author's comments and the thoughts of the characters themselves. The drama makes the utmost use of its one means, the novel a limited use of each of its several. In the drama we judge the characters for ourselves, as in real life. In the novel we have to judge the author's judgment. In the drama the characters are always before us and our attention is never distracted. In the novel so many descriptions and so to speak stage directions are introduced that we often lose sight of the actors.

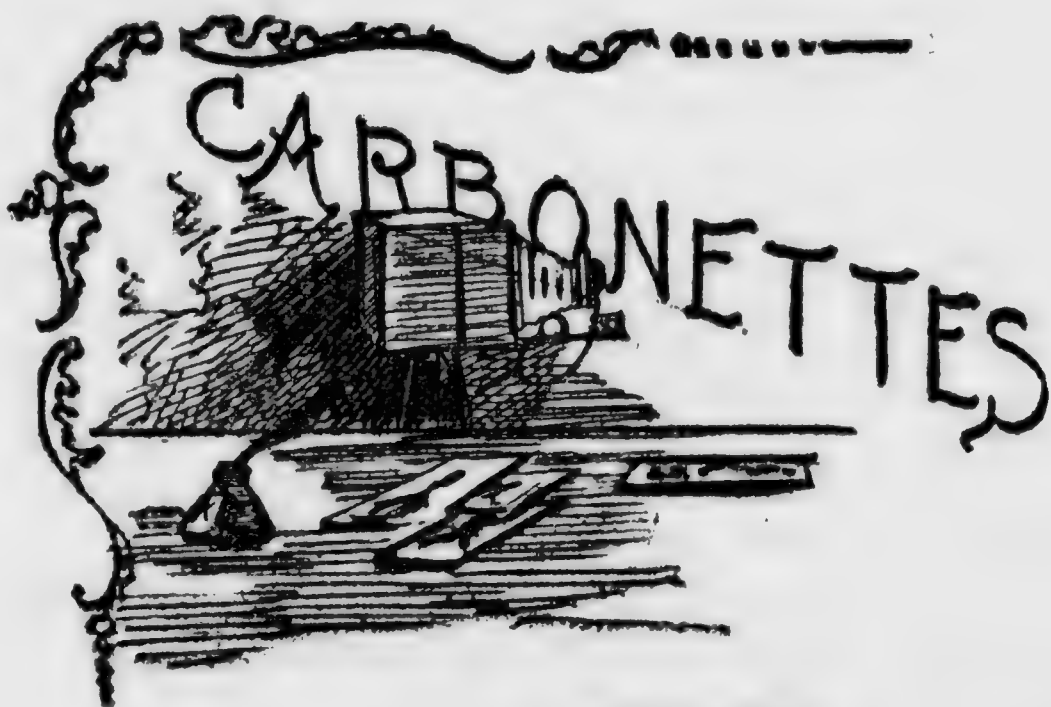
In the drama passion is usually more emphasized than plot; in the novel, plot than passion. The drama moves more slowly, we may stop to study the action. The drama is more condensed. It

is higher pitched; we see the people at crises, while in the novel we see them more as they are every day. And it is at crises that we see the deepest and best parts of human nature.

Accordingly, although the atmosphere of the drama is more mysterious, and the characters appear in a more poetic light, although the drama tends toward too much eloquence and exaggerated effect, although it leaves much to be imagined, yet on the whole it seems to be the finer and better exponent of human nature.

Notwithstanding the many faults of both, we must feel grateful for the views that they give us of our neighbors through other men's eyes, and more still for the glimpses that we catch of "ourselves as others see us."

BESSIE D. CHASE, '02.



A STRANGER.

The arrival of the first French family signified that the town was beginning to grow. There were three in this family, the father and mother, and a little boy of six. The little fellow did not know a word of English and, left alone all day by his busy parents, he often fell to dreaming of his other home and his former little playmates. There, all the children had been glad to see him when he came out to play. But here all the boys mocked and laughed at him, and the girls avoided him as though he were something which, if he came near enough, would hurt them. This was partly because he wore poor clothes and partly because he did not know English, a fact which it was impossible for them to comprehend.

These cuts and jeers, which his lack of English by no means prevented him from understanding, hurt his affectionate little

heart as only children's hearts can be hurt. He was a stranger in a strange land, alone in the midst of many.

As he sat all alone one day on his doorstep his thoughts had gone back to the frolics and games of the little boys of his own nationality. How lonesome he was now, and how he wished he was with them! Just then he looked up and saw a little American boy leaning against the door of the store opposite. The little French boy thought at first that he would go into the house and avoid all chance of being teased, but there was something so friendly in the other's look that he remained.

The little American boy was eating an apple and held another in his hand. He started slowly and came across the street, keeping his eye all the time on the little French boy, who in return was watching him as closely, to see whether it was best to run or to wait. The sight of the apple turned the balance and he waited. As the little American boy came up to him he impulsively held out the apple.

"Say, don't you want it?"

The words were not understood, but the action was. The little French boy timidly reached out his hand. He was not yet sure that he was not being fooled. When he felt the apple in his own possession a smile spread over his face which seemed like a ray of sunshine from his heart. This was the first act of kindness that anyone in this country had shown him, and this was the boy who henceforth would be his hero.

They sat down together on the doorstep and each began to eat his apple, all the while watching the other intently. One saw a ragged, hungry-looking, friendless little French boy, whom he regarded as a curiosity. The other saw a well-dressed, pleasant-faced, rather quiet American boy, whom he regarded as his ideal.

"Say, can't you really talk?"

The little French boy had no idea what was said, but he sadly shook his head. Then the American boy took out his knife. He wanted to see if this other boy knew what it was for. Just as he was showing off the wonder of the third blade his mother came out of the store. She looked around a moment before she caught sight of him. Then, quickly crossing the street, she seized him roughly by his shoulder and dragged him away.

Soon the American boy in his beautiful home was crying bitterly. He had been punished for playing with that little French boy. At the same time the little French boy, in the

wretched little cottage was sobbing with heart-broken sobs. The tendrils of friendship which his heart had so readily thrown out, had been rudely broken off.

THE GALLANT.

My curled moustaches resemble the tail of the tarask, my linen is as white as the tablecloth of an inn, and my doublet is not older than the tapestries of the crown.

Would one imagine, seeing my smart bearing, that hunger lodged in my stomach, is pulling—the torturer!—a rope that strangles me as though I were being hanged?

Ah, if from that window, where dances a shrivelling light, a roasted lark had only fallen into the cock of my hat instead of that faded flower!

The Place Royale, to-night under the links, is as clear as a chapel; look out for the letter! Fresh lemonade! Macaroons of the Napales! Here, little one, let me dip a finger in your *truite a la sauce*. Rascal!—there lacks spice to your April fool!

Do I not see yonder Marion Delorme on the arm of the Duc de Longeville? Three lap dogs follow her yapping. She has fine diamonds in her ears, the young courtesan! He has fine rubies on his nose, the old courtier!

* * * * *

And the gallant struts about, fist on hip, elbowing the men and smiling on the women. He did not have enough to dine on; he bought himself a bunch of violets.

—From the French.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The *Boston Globe* of January 18, contained the following account of the reunion of Bates alumni in Boston:

The Bates College Alumni of Boston held their eighteenth annual reunion and dinner at Young's Hotel last night.

The retiring president, Hon. A. M. Spear, presided, and seated on either side were the guests of the evening, President George C. Chase of Bates College, William A. Foster, instructor in English at Bates, Benjamin E. Bates and H. W. Perry of Boston, Frank L. Washburn, the newly elected president of the

alumni association, and ex-President Smith of the Massachusetts Senate.

The presiding officer congratulated the association and spoke of the remarkable advancement in every direction that the college is making.

He presented President Chase of Bates, who said in part: "As I look about me and see the number of ministers, doctors, lawyers and teachers that have gone out into the world from Bates and made their mark it makes me doubly proud of the institution.

"It can be truthfully said that Bates imitates no other institution. The world has use for men and women and Bates' mission is to develop them.

"Fundamentally and essentially it is the spirit of democracy so simple, so true and so unconscious of itself that makes our college so strong in this grand work.

"Bates does not draw the line on creed, color or sex, nor does she inquire into a student's family history or how long their purses are, but recognizes men and women."

He said her 300 students placed Bates as the largest college in Maine.

"Let us strive for larger endowments," he said, "in order to keep pace with the times. We need an auditorium that will seat 2,000 persons, so that our students can have the opportunity of the very best of everything obtainable in an educational way.

"This building should be open to Bates societies at all times and should cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Our college has no facilities for housing the women students, and this should be attended to. They live at the president's house which can at best accommodate about 14, and there are 20 there at present."

Nelson W. Howard, '92, told funny stories and advocated more worldliness being taught to the students of Bates.

He did not mean that they must drink or gamble, but a broader training in order that graduates may make an appearance in business and not be merely educated men.

Mr. Spear spoke of the need of an organized movement and of financial assistance for the athletic association. He said an effort will be made to raise funds among the graduates, as plans had already been outlined.

He advocated establishing a bureau of information at Bates and keeping in close touch with the graduates. He believed that positions might be secured for those about to graduate in that way.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Berry and Foster, O. F. Cutts of Harvard, formerly of Bates, and Scott Wilson of Portland.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: Frank L. Washburn, president; Nelson W. Howard, vice-president; Richard B. Stanley, secretary and treasurer.

Among those present whose names have not already been mentioned were E. C. Adams, B. E. Bates, Miss Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith, O. B. Clason, A. C. Wheeler, U. G. Wheeler, Miss Kenney, Miss Buck, E. F. Cunningham, O. C. Boothby, Miss N. A. Houghton, R. B. Stanley, W. A. Waters, E. Whitman, A. L. Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Garcelon, W. B. Cutts, Miss L. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Dunham, C. S. Flanders, Miss Adah M. Tasker, Miss Mabel Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Swan, Miss Blanchard, Miss Fisher, Mr. H. E. E. Stevens, Mr. N. Pulsifer, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wentworth, Miss Josephine Hodgdon, Mr. William Sturgis, Mr. W. H. Bolster, Mr. Miles Greenwood, Mr. R. L. Thompson, Mr. C. W. Cutts, G. G. Garland.

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Around the Editors' Table.

THE BATES STUDENT with this issue again changes management, and a new board of editors enter upon their unfamiliar duties. The first thought, perhaps, that comes to us is, "What shall our paper be?" It has been said—so often, indeed, that it has nearly become trite—that a college magazine should faithfully portray the college life in all its various phases and departments, and at the same time maintain a high standard in its literary product. We all recognize this to be true, and we ought to realize that in order to attain this much desired end the editorial board must of necessity have the active support, not only of its own class, but also of the entire college. We have received many hearty expressions of good-will and best wishes for our success which we fully appreciate, but do not forget that the sympathy which will be of the greatest value to us is that which assures us that you will do all you can to have our college magazine achieve the success which we hope for it during the coming year. We do not expect the manager of the track team to win the meet alone. We do not ask the foot-ball team to win its games without student support. Why, then, should we expect a successful college paper with a lack of interest among the students? Our magazine is a part of our college, and we wish each one to feel a personal interest; to report any items of interest that may come to his notice; to send in contributions of a literary character; and, by no means the least important consideration, to be *paying* subscribers. The editors will do all they can, and with the support of the students we may confidently look forward to a year of value and success for the STUDENT.

THIS is the term when we ought to get the best results from our college work. There are fewer outside matters to distract attention from the regular duties than at any other season of the year. With little probability of having our plans interrupted we may arrange our work so as to accomplish the most possible from the term. Twenty-four hours often seems wholly inadequate for all the duties required, but a carefully arranged system of work will greatly aid the student in using his time to the best advantage. A day's work should be carefully considered, and each task should be assigned its proper allowance of time and energy, the most important matters being given first place. A

student who understands how to utilize thus his time and talent accomplishes all he undertakes without apparent difficulty, while one who works without a definite method finds himself behind in his work and always in a hurry. If we learn in our college work to study methodically we not only avoid a waste of time and energy during our school life, but also form a habit of concentrated, systematic labor which will follow us through life and is one of the greatest preparations for success in the activities of the world.

THIS term has brought many new duties and additional tasks. Even the college curriculum is fuller by one number—"gym work." Whenever this subject is brought up among the girls there is immediately a strange mingling of delighted "Ohs" and disgusted groans. The origin of the former can easily be traced to what our maiden aunts would call "tom-boys." But the sources of the latter are harder of classification.

Does this dislike for gymnasium exercise arise from our inborn love of study and unwillingness to leave our books, or is it caused by—we will be kind and say—a general disinclination for physical activity. Of course these remarks do not at all apply to the considerable number who for good reasons *cannot* take the work. But we know how readily *mala ego* conjures excuses for non-attendance at gymnasium. We must remember that heads older and possibly wiser than ours laid out this work for us; and on consideration it may seem to us desirable to get a little of the hard study crook from our shoulders and a little more breathing space into our lungs, not to mention many other improvements. Good results will certainly come from the gymnasium work if we take it regularly and "do it with our might."

And if, perchance, we have excuses which satisfy our conscience but not Professor Bolster's, let us not adopt a tart—not to say acidulous tone—in reply to the instructor who in humble accents informs us that "the pleasure of our company is requested at the gymnasium on three afternoons of the week."

IT is certainly gratifying to all of us to note the increase in the spirit of reverence shown at our chapel exercises. Certainly no one desires to be classed among the irreverent, among those who have no thought or care for the best things in life, and yet

our thoughtlessness leads us many times to do that which helps much to place us in this very class. It is thoughtlessness which leads us to tread heavily past the Association room and up the stairs while a meeting is in progress. It is thoughtlessness which leads us, by unnecessary whispering and laughter, to disturb such meetings in another way, but by these very acts we are judged and by these same acts the standard of college reverence is measured. Is it not then for our best interest, while we are developing a reverent spirit and attitude in chapel exercises, to extend that spirit and attitude to all other departments of the religious life of the college? Surely we can in no way show more clearly a gentlemanly spirit than by respecting the rights of those about us and adopting a reverent manner toward those things which should be sacred to all.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has been marked at the beginning of the term by a new spirit, and yet it can hardly be said to be new, it is rather a revival of the old. Its motto is "Personal Work," and the hope and aim is that each member of the Association may feel himself called to be a committee of one to do all in his power to promote the growth and work of the Association. There are unusually good opportunities for service here, and we shall be held responsible if one of these is neglected.

Prayer circles have been organized to further aid in the work. At present there is one in each class, and a short meeting for prayer is also held directly before the weekly union meeting. Both of these promise to be of great assistance to our spiritual growth and development.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

During the absence of the president of the Association, Miss Richmond, who is teaching, Miss Manuel, the vice-president, is acting in that capacity.

Miss Truell has resigned from her position as chairman of the Social Settlement committee, and Miss Leggett has been appointed in her place.

There are to be prayer circles organized among the young ladies as in previous years.

Plans are being made for a Y. W. C. A. social in the near future.

The Bible and Missionary study classes are to be resumed this term, and it is hoped that a greater interest will be taken in this work than ever before. Since in the winter term there seem to be fewer vital interests to take our attention from the routine work of the college, we should feel a greater enthusiasm in the Association work; though we are somewhat handicapped at the beginning of the term by the absence of some of our best workers, let us all who are here make up in zeal and earnestness what we lack in numbers.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh! here is a tear
For "the home folks" so dear,
And a sigh for the lessons in store.
But cheer up, mates,
Here's nine 'rahs for Bates!
We're glad to get back once more.

Of course you have seen the new catalogues.

1905 gladly welcomes Miss Thompson of Round Pond as a new member of the class.

The date for the Bates-Harvard debate has been fixed—February 14, at Lewiston City Hall.

The Stanton Alumni Club banquet is held at Riverton this year on February 7th. It promises to be especially enjoyable.

Miss Libbey spoke before the Lewiston and Auburn History Club on January 14th, on "The Origin of the French Salon."

Miss Cornelia Warren of Boston, who has been a kind friend to Bates, visited the college not long ago as the guest of President Chase.

Miss Marie Bryant, formerly of '03, has returned to enter '04. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss Rae Bryant, who has entered in '05.

The B. S. course offered for next year will no doubt make a great increase in the enrollment for the Class of 1906. Really, we are sorry for 1905.

The adornments for our Library are beginning to come in. During the last vacation Mr. Amos Stetson of Boston gave a fine

decorative picture. He has recently given also a figure piece, a copy of one of the old masters.

To increase the number of your correspondents, use the Bates souvenir postals issued by Sanderson and Sawyer, 1903. Your friends will all want one.

Some new apparatus for work in heat and light has recently been added to the Physical Laboratory. This department is growing rapidly under Professor Clark.

We are very glad to announce the convalescence of Mr. Lothrop, '03, who has been critically ill with appendicitis. We wish him a speedy recovery.

In accordance with the custom, the Junior Class has voted to renovate one of the recitation rooms this spring. They have decided upon Dr. Leonard's room.

The marriage of Miss Felker, formerly '03, and Mr. Foss, formerly '02, occurred during vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Foss are now residing at Sabatis, where he has a position as principal of Sabatis High School.

We are glad to report that Professor Hartshorn's health has so much improved as to permit him to resume his work with the classes in English Literature. The hearty welcome which he received from each class at the opening of the term, well testifies to the feeling of the students.

The students wish to extend heart-felt sympathy to our kind and devoted Librarian, Miss Woodman, in her recent bereavement by the death of her sister, Mrs. Howe. Mrs. Howe was the wife of Rev. J. A. Howe, Dean of the Theological School, and while not intimately connected with the college, was well known by many of the students.

President Chase is at present out of town soliciting funds for the college. We hope that before long the college will have become so prosperous that our president can be among us the entire year. From this year's reports there bids fair to be a speedy realization of our hope. More has been added to the college funds than for many years before.

In order to illustrate the practicality of the science of Economics, Dr. Veditz will have talks or lectures upon the different phases of business life given before the class by some of the leading business men of Lewiston and Auburn. He intends also to take the class on an expedition through one of the mills of this place. This course promises to be very interesting.

Work in the gymnasium was begun the first week of the term. The hours are:

YOUNG LADIES.

Juniors and Sophomores—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, from 1.45 to 2.45.

Freshmen—Monday and Thursday from 1.45 to 2.45.

Freshmen—Wednesday from 2.45 to 3.45.

YOUNG MEN.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday.

Juniors—3 to 3.45.

Sophomores—3.45 to 4.30.

Freshmen—4.30 to 5.15.

Many of the students who went out teaching last term, returned at the opening of this term. The following is a partial list of those who are or have been teaching since the beginning of the term:

1902.

Miss Allen.....	Standship.
Mr. Blake	Franklin.
Mr. Blanchard.....	Boothbay.
Mr. Darling.....	Fryeburg.
Mr. Densmore.....	Wells.
Mr. Elkins.....	Kingfield.
Mr. Hamlin.....	Lincoln.
Mr. Holman.....	Cranberry Isle.
Miss Leggett.....	North Jay.
Miss Long.....	Mechanic Falls.
Mr. McCleary.....	Boothbay.
Mr. McLean.....	Franklin.
Mr. Moody.....	Islesford.
Miss Richmond.....	Monmouth.
Mr. Wall.....	Brookline.
Miss Watson.....	Monmouth.
Miss Purington.....	Otisfield

1903.

Mr. Bailey.....	North Anson.
Mr. Brown.....	Strong.
Miss Clark.....	Wells Beach.
Miss Cornforth.....	Anson.
Mr. Jennings.....	Readfield.
Mr. Junkins.....	York Corner.
Mr. Lord.....	The Forks.
Mr. Piper.....	Belgrade.
Miss Tasker.....	Popham Beach.
Mr. Trufant.....	Rangeley.
Mr. Wardwell.....	Hartford.
Miss Williams.....	Woolwich.
Mr. Witham.....	Lisbon Falls.

1904.

Mr. Babcock.....	St. Albans.
Miss Barker.....	North Wayne.
Miss Billings.....	Westport.
Miss E. Bray.....	Wells.
Mr. Bryant.....	Baring.
Miss Carrow.....	Union.

Mr. Cole.....	Standish.
Mr. David.....	Falmouth Foreside.
Mr. Fortier.....	East Peru.
Miss Frost.....	Norway.
Mr. Harmon.....	Hanover.
Mr. Hayes.....	Round Pond.
Mr. Lane.....	Elliot.
Mr. Lewis.....	Eastport.
Mr. Mitchell.....	Sumner.
Miss Morison.....	North Livermore.
Miss Parker.....	Durham.
Miss Parlin.....	South Union.
Mr. Walker.....	Linneus.
Mr. Wallace.....	Little Deer Isle.
Mr. G. L. Weymouth.....	Greene.
Mr. M. W. Weymouth.....	Rutland, Vt.

1905.

Mr. Benner.....	East Monmouth.
Miss Bryant.....	Leeds.
Mr. Cooper.....	Lamoine.
Mr. DeMeyer.....	Franklin.
Miss Gould.....	Belgrade.
Mr. Junkins.....	Hancock, N. H.
Mr. Patten.....	Bowdoinham.
Mr. Sampson.....	West Farmington.
Mr. Symonds.....	Hopkinson, N. H.
Miss Thibodeau.....	Norway.
Mr. Turner.....	Norway.
Mr. Verrill.....	Wayne.
Mr. Williams.....	Bowdoinham.
Mr. Wilson.....	Phillips.

Exchanges.

FOR the student whose knowledge of college life is confined to his own institution, a few hours' session with a heap of magazines from all parts of our country is a revelation. It is a silent communication of common thoughts and mutual interests expressed in different ways.

This month an assemblage of brightly decorated covers marks the festive holiday numbers, and Christmas poems are abundant.

Various summaries of the foot-ball season are given and it is interesting to note the "All Maine Teams" as made up by the different college magazines of the State.

Basket-ball is now coming to the center of interest in the athletic line. We note a particularly enthusiastic article on this subject in the *Adelbert* and an article on basket-ball for women in *The Norm*.

An article on German Universities in the *Mount Holyoke* presents this familiar subject in a concise, clear manner.

We infer from an item in the Free Press of the *Wellesley Magazine* that Bates students are not alone in their efforts to establish a custom of greater reverence at the daily devotional exercises.

Bates students will appreciate an article in the *Hamilton Lit.* which states in an original, terse way the advantages of a small college over a large university.

We quote a portion of an article in *The New Collegian* which shows that the prejudices against the game of foot-ball have not yet been destroyed:

And, again, a game which so distinctively cultivates the bull-dog spirit, in which the rallying cry is, "Tear 'em up!" "Kill 'em off!" should hardly be made the typical sport of the twentieth century schools which are supposed to inculcate ideal standards of life. Foot-ball as played to-day is more brutal than prize fighting; the difference being the circumstances under which each sport occurs, and the personelle of the participants. Nevertheless, the game has many commendable features and we cannot but be intensely interested in it as a whole, and above all in the success of our team; but can it not be modified in some way which will obviate this constant danger of physical injury and lessen the tendency to develop the brute instinct.

The *Georgetown College Journal* contains some good Christmas stories.

The College Index has a number of good poems.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

When twilight comes across the snow
The world is filled with a mellow glow
That dreamily fades and dies away
And leaves but the mem'ry of the day,
While stars appear and shadows grow.

There comes a peace we did not know,
And lighter grows the weight of woe
As all our cares aside we lay
When twilight comes.

Dreams idly come and idly go,
In the embers burning low
Visions appear in bright array
And hold us spellbound in their sway
With mem'ries of the long ago,
When twilight comes.

—*Florence Fuller in The College Index.*

The author of an article on Rudyard Kipling in the *Tennessee University Magazine* shows that lack of humanity is the cause of

the waning popularity of Kipling. "Throughout the writings of Mr. Kipling you find no tenderness, no human gentleness, nothing that arouses our sympathies. There is only cold, dazzling technique."

SUNSET.

The sun sinks below the horizon, leaving its afterglow in the sky. The mountain side is in deepening shadow; twilight stillness rests over all. Low bands of clouds, shading from gorgeous crimson, where they meet the mountain tops, to pale opal tints, contrast strangely with the darkness of the valley.

Soon the beautiful tints begin to fade, the opal shades die out and the bright crimson fades into faint pink that in its turn disappears, leaving the gray twilight relieved only by the white farmhouses in the valley.

—A. G. M., 1903, in *Mount Holyoke*.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

Christmas day—and the Lord of Light
 Flings wide the golden bars of morn,
 And wrapped in the folds of sunrise clouds
 A glorious Day to the world is born.
 O'er seas and mountains and cities of men
 He pours his kindly streams,
 And some with praise their eyes upraise
 And bless his bounteous beams.
 But some, with sordid eyes down bent,
 See naught but the tinsel dross of earth;
 And some shut out the widening glow
 That marks the morning's regal birth.

Christmas day—and the Lord of Life
 Far under the golden fringe of morn,
 In a city of old of the mystic East,
 To lighten a darkling world is born.
 O'er seas and mountains and cities of men
 There streams the light of his Word;
 And the loud bells ring and the children sing
 And the olive crowns the sword.
 But some, with the eye of the soul grown dim,
 Plod wearily on far, far from the Way;
 And some there be who, loving the night,
 Shut out the Lord of perennial Day.

—W. H. Alburn, in *The Adelbert*.

YOU, I, AND THE LITHE CANOE.

When runaway starlets are scampering swift
 To hide from the motherly moon;
 When whimsical breezes the pine-tops lift
 To hum them a midsummer tune;
 Then threading the shadows and dimly seen,
 Or stealing along in a starry sheen,
 In sense enraptured, in soul serene,—
 You, I, and the lithe canoe.

When the dome of the dim old cathedral of Night
 Is lit by the candles of God;
 When incense of sweet-fern is wafting delight
 Through the pine-pillared aisles we had trod;
 Then bosomed in waters and swaying along,
 Subdued by the chant of an infinite song,
 In reverence humble, in yearning strong,—
 You, I, and the lithe canoe.
 —Thacher Howland Guild in *The Brunonian*.

MY BOOKS.

The dusk has gathered in the curtained room
 Where, clad in russet garments, proudly plain,
 Their ordered rows show dimly through the gloom,
 A Midas-trove the rich might buy in vain.
 The shadow'd air is dumb, yet all a-thrill
 With magic of old story,—and my feet
 Pause like an alien's, doubtful, on the sill.
 I fear to desecrate that still retreat
 Where hold communion mystic with their kind
 The glorious spirits from the dream-world fair,
 Those flame and dew creations of the mind
 That wring the souls they rise from, phoenix-rare.
 But lo! a voice—"Who loves us, enter free!
 To such we owe our immortality."
 —Ex.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Be sure that you go to the author to find out his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first."
 —Ruskin.

Slason Thompson, in his *Eugene Field*¹, gives us a biography of the man not the author. He portrays him as he appeared to his friends, that is, as a clown and jester. This history of the life of one of the most unusual of personalities in the literary world is interesting from first to last. It is a series of amusing anecdotes. One of the features of the first volume is a romance of Eugene Field's father, Roswell Martin Field. Eugene Field was born in Missouri. He received his education in New England. His first occupation was reporter on the St. Louis *Evening Journal*. While he was in Denver, as managing editor of the *Tribune*, he formed a life-long friendship with Bill Nye and Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*. When he began his work in Chicago in 1883 he wrote, at the same time with his lighter articles, some of a more serious nature. His "Sharps and Flats" column in the *Daily News* contained things that were destined to endure. All those who enjoyed his friendship found in him a true heart and a kind, sympathetic spirit.

To all lovers of animals Ernest Seton-Thompson's latest book, *Lives of the Hunted*² is another source of great interest and pleasure. The book is very attractive, resembling *Wild Animals I Have Known* both in

appearance and character. It is a collection of stories of animals who are represented as thinking, judging, and talking. Doubtless much of their popularity is due to the fact that they are so humanized and individualized. They are depicted to us as personalities with different temperaments and habits. The pathos of the histories of these creatures, in Mr. Thompson's style of romance, so moves us that we feel in sympathy with them and closely related to them.

*The Point of Contact in Teaching*³, by Patterson Dubois, is a book which has been welcomed by all who have to do with child life, both teachers and parents. The present edition is the fourth, revised and enlarged. It tells us how to approach the child's mind. The first paragraph reads, "The child's mind is a castle which can be taken neither by stealth nor by storm. But there is a natural way of approach and a gate of easy entry always open to him who knows how to find it."

*The Message of the College to the Church*⁴ is the title of a volume of Lenten addresses delivered last year in the Old South Church, Boston. They are written by Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, and Presidents William DeWitt Hyde, Arthur T. Hadley, Franklin Carter, George Harris, and William Jewett Tucker. The questions considered are: What has the college to say to the church about its faith and work? How do the church's conceptions and administrations of Christianity appear to the college world? What are the supreme values as tested by intellectual competence, candor, and freedom? Each address is noteworthy both for its literary value and for its earnest, helpful thoughts.

A book which is of especial interest to Bates students is *Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets*⁵, by Minnie C. Wait and Professor Merton C. Leonard, S.B. The choicest selections have been made from the works of nature poets, and the poems are arranged according to an alphabetical order of plants. The book is adorned with illustrations of flowers, and the white cover with its golden design of flowers and trees makes it very attractive.

*Christ and Life*⁶ is a book consisting of a number of articles gathered from religious papers. The choice has been wisely made and the collection forms a profitable volume. Some of the chapters are "A Christian's Foes," "A Christian's Standing," "The Selfishness of Sorrow," and "The Holy Spirit."

*Tilda Jane*⁷, by Marshall Saunders, is a story of "an orphan in search of a home." It is a pathetic story of the wanderings of a little girl whose only friend is a little ugly dog whom she will not desert even for the sake of a comfortable home and kind guardians.

¹Eugene Field. Slason Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

²Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson.

³The Point of Contact in Teaching. Patterson Dubois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

⁴The Message of the College to the Church. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

⁵Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets. Minnie C. Wait and Professor Merton C. Leonard, S.B. Lee & Shepard.

⁶Christ and Life. Robert E. Speer, F. H. Revell Co., New York.

⁷Tilda Jane. Marshall Saunders. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

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TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; four books of *Cæsar*; six orations of *Cicero*; thirty exercises in *Jones's Latin Composition*; *Latin Grammar* (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). **GREEK:** In three books of *Xenophon's Anabasis*; two books of *Homer's Iliad*; twenty exercises in *Jones's Greek Composition*; *Goodwin's* or *Hadley's Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In *Arithmetic*, in *Wentworth's Elements of Algebra*, and *Plane Geometry* or equivalents. **ENGLISH:** In *Ancient Geography*, *Ancient History*, *English Composition*, and in *English Literature* the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates for the degree of B.S. may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses leading to the degree of A.B. by beginning the study of Greek and taking two years of prescribed work in that language.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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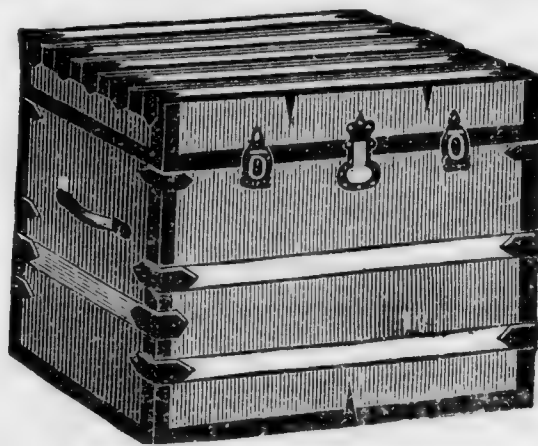
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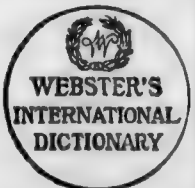
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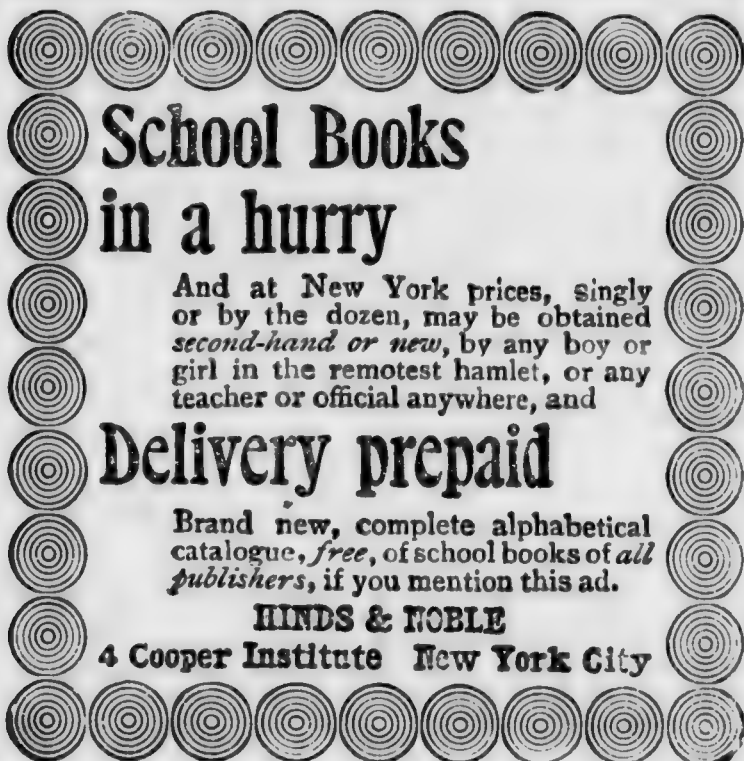
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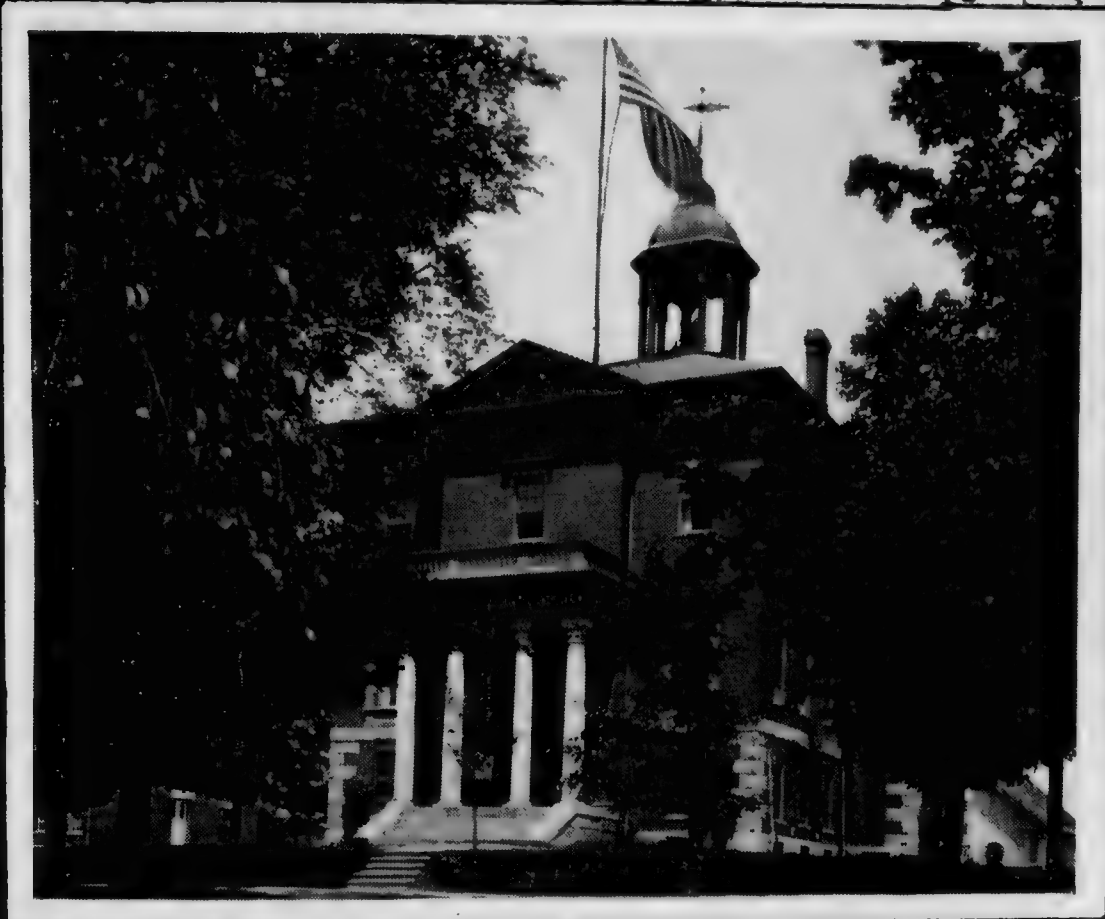
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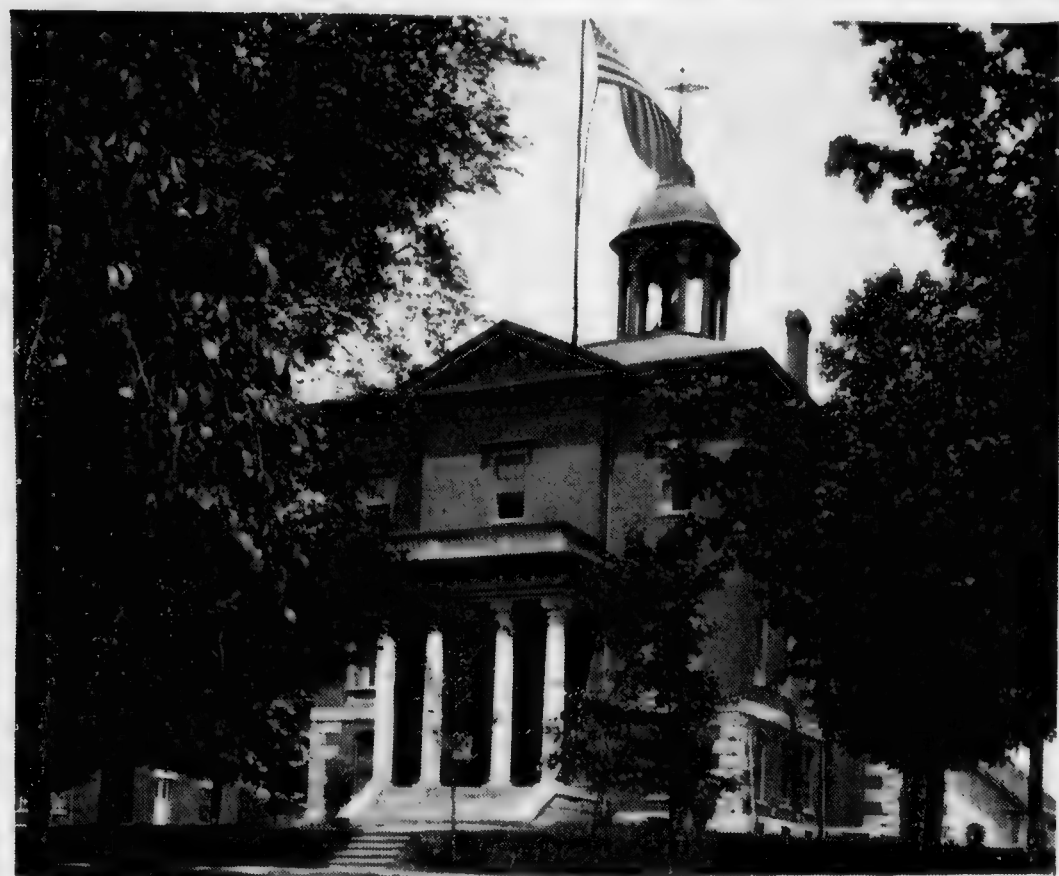
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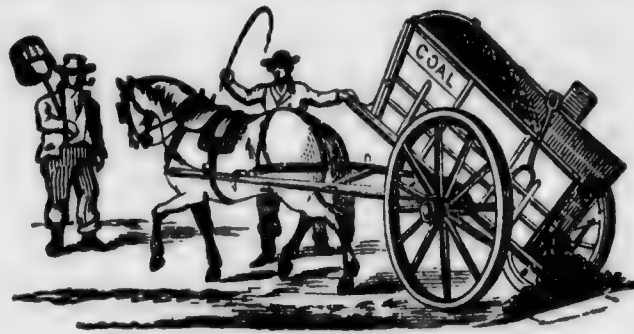
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Literary.

A DAY IN A LOGGING CAMP.

THE evening was clear and cold. The moon cast her light as one pleased with her surroundings. The stars were out in full force, glistening and sparkling, while the crisp, cool atmosphere filled the lungs with invigorating air. A sliding party of about twenty-five boys and girls, taking advantage of the good sledding, were enjoying the evening to its utmost, the time passing only too quickly. The attention of all was suddenly called to a bright illumination in the north. From east to west, from horizon to zenith, the heavens showed their wondrous glory. First could be seen showers of shooting sparks, resembling in their nature the explosion of fire-works, but surpassing them in their splendor. The showers spread in all directions, dodging here and there, intermingling with each other.

Following this could be seen what was seemingly innumerable shapes of things, animate and inanimate. The heavens were filled with their fleeting motions. The scene changes, the zenith assumed more of her natural appearance, covered with the glow of one of the finest aurora sights I have ever witnessed. The result was foretold: the morning, if fair, would see a most beautiful sunrise. I had made arrangements with one of my friends to start the next morning for one of the mountains about six miles distant, where extensive logging operations were carried on. As is natural among friends we agreed to stay together that night. The evening, already far gone, was prolonged until about midnight before we retired. Arising about two-thirty A.M., we quickly proceeded to get an old bachelor's breakfast. I suddenly remembered that I had failed to take my ulster, so going to my boarding place near at hand I awoke the inmates and secured the coat, although it is not known with what kindly feelings on the part of the occupants thus aroused. At about three-thirty we started on our sleds for the village a mile below.

Only those accustomed to mountain sliding can experience or feel the thrill of pleasure that accompanies one on a mile slide down a steep mountain road. Suffice to say that we covered the distance in three minutes. Leaving our sleds hidden beside the road we started on foot, expecting and later coming up with a logging team on its way to the camp.

The team by which we were to make the rest of our journey consisted of four large horses and a set of sleds that, with chains and other implements, would weigh very near thirty-five hundred pounds, almost a load in themselves. The road was hard and as smooth as a race course. This may sound strange to some who know that, as a general rule, logging roads are rough. This road, however, was an exception. For months a crew of men had been at work on its ten-mile course, leveling and cutting through hills, filling ravines, building bridges, and blasting rocks. Thousands of dollars had been expended for this one object. The least little rise had to be leveled, until there was hardly a perceptible swell on the return run. To add to this two men were employed all the time whose only business was to patrol the road and remove any and all obstacles that might impede the run of the sleds. A sprinkler was also run by night, so that the road was one perfect glare of ice, and whatever load the team could once start, they could carry the entire distance. We proceeded slowly, as logging teams are not supposed to hurry unless compelled to. A brighter, fairer morning could not have been found. The air was sharp, causing a slight tingling to the ears.

The quick, sharp grind of the snow could be distinctly heard. But in all it was an atmosphere conducive to good health. As we proceeded it gradually grew brighter, until, about seven A.M., the bright streaks in the east gave us warning that the sun was about to appear. The whole eastern horizon was one mass of brilliant, fiery glow, sending its rays in every direction.

Two stars that were belated in their disappearance added a charm to the eyes. Suddenly the glow became more intense, and soon Old Sol in all his glory came forth. The previous night had brought with it one of those heavy, white frosts characteristic of winter weather. This had been an unusually heavy one, almost an ice. The effects of the sun's appearance was magical. As its bright rays were cast upon the mountain sides above our heads, a thousand diamonds seemed to sparkle from every source, rare and valuable jewels of every description appeared to us; our eyes were dazzled by the almost supernatural beauty. To enhance this wonderful sight, and to increase, if possible, our admiration, a dense mist arose from the bed of the river in the valley below, and gradually obscuring and dimming the sun, a new phase was presented to our view. We were suddenly left in what might be termed twilight. In front of us was a partial darkness, aided and increased by the black outline of heavy woods.

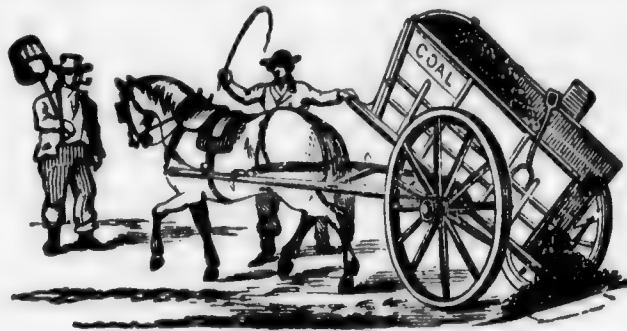
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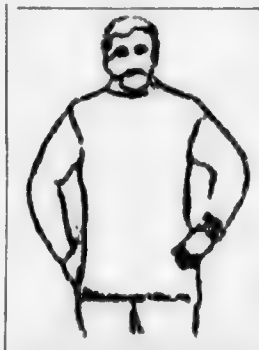
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Literary.

A DAY IN A LOGGING CAMP.

THE evening was clear and cold. The moon cast her light as one pleased with her surroundings. The stars were out in full force, glistening and sparkling, while the crisp, cool atmosphere filled the lungs with invigorating air. A sliding party of about twenty-five boys and girls, taking advantage of the good sledding, were enjoying the evening to its utmost, the time passing only too quickly. The attention of all was suddenly called to a bright illumination in the north. From east to west, from horizon to zenith, the heavens showed their wondrous glory. First could be seen showers of shooting sparks, resembling in their nature the explosion of fire-works, but surpassing them in their splendor. The showers spread in all directions, dodging here and there, intermingling with each other.

Following this could be seen what was seemingly innumerable shapes of things, animate and inanimate. The heavens were filled with their fleeting motions. The scene changes, the zenith assumed more of her natural appearance, covered with the glow of one of the finest aurora sights I have ever witnessed. The result was foretold: the morning, if fair, would see a most beautiful sunrise. I had made arrangements with one of my friends to start the next morning for one of the mountains about six miles distant, where extensive logging operations were carried on. As is natural among friends we agreed to stay together that night. The evening, already far gone, was prolonged until about midnight before we retired. Arising about two-thirty A.M., we quickly proceeded to get an old bachelor's breakfast. I suddenly remembered that I had failed to take my ulster, so going to my boarding place near at hand I awoke the inmates and secured the coat, although it is not known with what kindly feelings on the part of the occupants thus aroused. At about three-thirty we started on our sleds for the village a mile below.

Only those accustomed to mountain sliding can experience or feel the thrill of pleasure that accompanies one on a mile slide down a steep mountain road. Suffice to say that we covered the distance in three minutes. Leaving our sleds hidden beside the road we started on foot, expecting and later coming up with a logging team on its way to the camp.

The team by which we were to make the rest of our journey consisted of four large horses and a set of sleds that, with chains and other implements, would weigh very near thirty-five hundred pounds, almost a load in themselves. The road was hard and as smooth as a race course. This may sound strange to some who know that, as a general rule, logging roads are rough. This road, however, was an exception. For months a crew of men had been at work on its ten-mile course, leveling and cutting through hills, filling ravines, building bridges, and blasting rocks. Thousands of dollars had been expended for this one object. The least little rise had to be leveled, until there was hardly a perceptible swell on the return run. To add to this two men were employed all the time whose only business was to patrol the road and remove any and all obstacles that might impede the run of the sleds. A sprinkler was also run by night, so that the road was one perfect glare of ice, and whatever load the team could once start, they could carry the entire distance. We proceeded slowly, as logging teams are not supposed to hurry unless compelled to. A brighter, fairer morning could not have been found. The air was sharp, causing a slight tingling to the ears.

The quick, sharp grind of the snow could be distinctly heard. But in all it was an atmosphere conducive to good health. As we proceeded it gradually grew brighter, until, about seven A.M., the bright streaks in the east gave us warning that the sun was about to appear. The whole eastern horizon was one mass of brilliant, fiery glow, sending its rays in every direction.

Two stars that were belated in their disappearance added a charm to the eyes. Suddenly the glow became more intense, and soon Old Sol in all his glory came forth. The previous night had brought with it one of those heavy, white frosts characteristic of winter weather. This had been an unusually heavy one, almost an ice. The effects of the sun's appearance was magical. As its bright rays were cast upon the mountain sides above our heads, a thousand diamonds seemed to sparkle from every source, rare and valuable jewels of every description appeared to us; our eyes were dazzled by the almost supernatural beauty. To enhance this wonderful sight, and to increase, if possible, our admiration, a dense mist arose from the bed of the river in the valley below, and gradually obscuring and dimming the sun, a new phase was presented to our view. We were suddenly left in what might be termed twilight. In front of us was a partial darkness, aided and increased by the black outline of heavy woods.

Flitting objects could be indistinctly seen. All about us was as quiet as the night; toward the east all the oriental splendor seemed called out. The sun just piercing the dense vapor, showed to us a rainbow in all its brightness. Each color could plainly be seen. Changing our point of view to one side of the mountain, we could see in the mirage rain descending. Such a combination held us spell-bound. We were impressed at once both by the sublimity of the scene, and the direct acknowledgment of the Divine Power, as we had seen it displayed. It was inspiring, refreshing, and in all a most vivid reminder of the all-powerful hand of God. Our way now lay among winding valleys. Mount Adams lay directly in front, while a little to the right and seemingly only a mile distant lay Mount Washington in all its glory. We could plainly see the snow flying in the air upon its summit. This is a peculiarity of the mountain, even in the quietest day of winter. There now came to our ears the calls of the men upon the mountains near at hand, the sharp, quick blows of the axe, as they rang out in the clear air. Soon, without any further warning, the camp, with all its out-houses, was directly in our path. We first made our way to the main building, or the camp proper. We had not proceeded far when we found ourselves in the midst of a drove of hogs, numbering about fifteen. These were kept to consume the waste from the camp. By day they roamed in the woods at will, returning at night to the barn-shed. The first building we came to was the blacksmith's shop, in which two men were busily at work.

Passing on we noticed on both sides of the path about fifty flour and pork barrels, a conclusive proof of the capability of man. We had now reached the camp. This was a low building about eighty feet long by forty wide, made of logs hewn on one side, tierced up and fastened by means of hardwood pins. The chinks between the logs were filled by bits of clay, while it was banked up on the outside as high as the eaves. As we opened the door of the camp, the first sight that met our eyes was a brand new wash-boiler filled with baked beans. Glancing about we espied another article of the same description, containing boiled potatoes. To the left were two men busily engaged in cooking, having no less than six large iron kettles, in which brown-bread was steaming. A little farther on was one-half barrel of biscuits, with about a barrel of doughnuts. We thought we had struck a restaurant such as you find on fair grounds, but we soon learned the difference

when we heard that ninety men here satisfied the inner man. With true Yankee hospitality, the cook invited us to lunch. Nothing loath, we seated ourselves at a long table, roughly made but strong, with a plank for a seat.

We had as utensils pewter plates and steel knives and forks. Separated from the kitchen by double boards were the sleeping apartments of the men. Here the bunks were arranged in rows and tiers, each one consisting of spruce boughs as a mattress, with one or two quilts. As rough and uncouth as it may seem, yet I have passed a sounder night's rest upon such boughs than upon a modern bed. The room was literally filled with boots, coats, stockings, and mittens. A large open fire-place stood in the middle of the room, making the apartment cosy and home-like. The barns, of which there were four, were very warm and comfortable, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Near by was what is called the landing or the place where the logs were left after being hauled from the mountains. Having seen the most important things about the camp we started on the logging road for the scene of the chief operations. We soon found ourselves climbing a steep mountain, such as common people would not consider possible of ascent. The horses ascended this by a circuitous path. After about fifteen minutes' travel we came to a little camp out of which smoke was coming. This we found to be the home of the snub-man, the duties of whom will be explained later. A half-hour's walk more, and we noticed upon our left a pile of brush seemingly thrown together in a careless manner, but in reality securely placed, and occupied by another snub-man. We at last came to the end of our journey, into the heart of the forest, where the choppers were at work. Their method of work necessarily was one of great toil. On account of the depth of snow a path, wide enough for a pair of horses, had to be shoveled to every tree. On the other hand, only by the great depth of the snow could they carry on the work on the steep mountain side. The tree being felled is trimmed the entire length to about six inches in diameter. This is then loaded upon sleds with others, the butt of the tree resting upon the bunk of the sled, with the rest dragging. The descent now began. The road from constant use was one glare of ice. The horses were pushed oftentimes upon the dead run. It was now that the snub-man was employed. The snub-rope was two and one-half inches in diameter, and the longest one five hundred feet. This was wound about some sound stump

or tree, several times, and often fastened in a jack. When the teams approached they halted upon the brow of the hill. The rope was fastened about the bunk of the sled and the butt of the logs, and then wound about the tree. Slowly the team started. It was now the snub-man had to use all his tact and strength.

He must control that rope by a lever so that it would allow the team to descend and still not push them. The strain upon the rope was such that it would have been burnt in two by one descent, provided water had not been poured upon it constantly. Upon the rope depends the safety of the team and driver. If this broke no human power could save them. At the landing the logs were loaded upon other teams. A fair load consisted of thirty trees. The largest load of the winter for a four-horse team, was fifty-two trees, scaling five thousand feet.

On every perceptible decline, hay was used as a bridle, being the best article found. At the end of the route the logs were rolled down a steep bank at Glen Station, preparatory to being loaded on the cars and transported to mill. Thus following the course of the logs, we arrived home about five P.M., feeling well paid for our day's work.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

THE cultivation of that branch of literature known as "Children's Literature" is a distinct sign of the maturity of a race. It is only when a people is well along in years and has outgrown its early fancies that the need of this branch arises. In the freshness and vigor of a nation's youth, young and old delight in the same poems and tales and revel in the same bright dreams. But, as it creeps on to middle age, tales, and later, books for children alone are thought of.

The history of children's literature in the English language is a curious and an entertaining page. It begins far back in the dim days of the fifteenth century, with quantities of those quaint old lines, written originally in Latin, for the edification of boys and girls. Many of them are of this fashion:

"Aryse betyme oute of thi bedde
And blysse thi brest and thi forehede
Keme thi hede and Aske god grace
The to helpe in All thi werkes."

Most excellent advice, but how curious and stiff to us now!

Gradually a bit of a story crept in more and more, till at length the old beloved dragon and fairy tales were written out.

But we may suppose that the stern parents of those days desired something more substantial for their children. Soon arose those blunt, heavy tales with most excellent and obtrusive morals to incite to better behavior. They "took" immensely with the parents and with the children, too, for lack of anything better.

From these first rude attempts that school of children's literature known as the *didactic school* had its birth. How frightfully didactic it was! Such little prigs as, year after year, carried on stilted conversations on mature questions, repeated hymns and pious sayings, and, in short, did everything "goody-goody" one can dream of, with the most happy rewards. On the other hand, the bad little boys and girls always came to some bad end. Yes, indeed, there was a moral! Sir Walter Scott said, "The mischief of it is that the moral always consists in good conduct being rewarded with success."

Here is a bit of real life out of one of them. A model little Amelia of eight writes to a friend:

"I received your kind Invitation to what you are pleased to call a GAME OF ROMPS. I do not presume to say in what manner little misses should spend their time. But had you invited me to drink a serious cup of Tea I should have accepted the Offer which might have led to a Conversation to the Advantage of us both."

Maria Edgeworth in the early part of the nineteenth century is the light of this school. To do her justice she did much for the cause of children's books. She did the best she knew, but in a way that seems very tiresome and unnatural to-day.

It must not be supposed that this diet of heavy story-books was all the youthful mind had to feed on all these years. Hymn-books, text-books, spelling-books and other books of instruction for the youth, such as the "Peter Parley" tales appeared at intervals in England and America. No date can be fixed for the conclusion of this didactic school, but during the last third of the nineteenth century, the reaction came, gradually but surely.

School-books, nature-books, children's poems and stories were written with a truer appreciation of the rational, the sensible, the appropriate.

With many failings such as exaggeration, sensationalism, affectation, and weakness in one way or another, the advance has been steady down to our day when, every year, the press puts forth much that is admirable—beautifully adapted to eager young

minds, though much that is mere nonsense goes forth in the name of "children's literature."

To-day children may read from all the stores of the past as well as the riches of the present—mines of delight never dreamed of a century back.

But cautious elders may well now-a-days spend much thought on what books shall be chosen for the little people. The first books that a child reads *must be* the right kind of books. They give him his first thought impulses along new lines. They mold his early deeds and guide his later.

The ever-increasing, but often unnoticed, trait of American children must be guarded against in books above all. The tendency of the day urges children to early assume the airs of youth and robs childhood of its dues. Childhood has so many delightful interests in itself that it ought not to be allowed to taste of the unripe fruit of youth, even in imagination. When affectation is stimulated and self-consciousness encouraged the perfume is gone from the fresh, wild bud and in its place—a forced, hot-house bloom. A solemn duty rests on the parents and teachers. Boys can learn to be generous, honorable, manly, and pure. Girls can read how to be gentle, noble, sympathetic, and womanly; still keeping the gay plays, the bright visions and fancies of childhood till they unfold into the larger life of youth and maturity as gently, as naturally, as the bud into the full-blown flower.

—JULIA E. BABCOCK, 1902.

THE MINNESINGERS.

LITERATURE, as a whole, seems to depend upon the circumstances which go to make up the lives of men or of nations. For example, the buoyancy of life and general uplift of the Elizabethan Age produced the wonderful dramas of a Shakespeare; then, too, the harsh feelings toward the theater and the belief in performing the sterner duties of life influenced Milton in his writings, which are of a very different nature from those of Shakespeare.

But now we turn to the age of chivalry of the German nation in the reign of the house of Hohenstaufen. This period was much influenced by the Crusades, in which the hardy German from the North met the more cultured Frenchman and Italian in the journey to the East and learned from them much that affected his later writings.

With this epoch in literature, the German people are not very familiar, and it was not till the time of the poet Bodmer, in 1748, that the more modern times became acquainted with this body of literature.

The various historical events of the times furnished the Minnesingers with abundant material, and although most of them could neither read nor write, still the songs of over one hundred and sixty singers who lived from the twelfth to the thirteenth century have come down to us. These singers were mostly Knights, called *Sirs*, who went from castle to castle, singing their songs and thus earning their living. The people who heard the songs would commit them and thus transmit them from one generation to another. Most of the songs were made to suit the occasion, and if they were on subjects of love, the seasons, or the feelings, they were sung to the accompaniment of some musical instrument, as the lyre; but if the theme was of a didactic nature, the poem was spoken and was called a saying.

The Minnelays differed, perhaps, slightly from the Minnesongs, in that music was necessary to bring out the true beauty of the rhythm. Of these Lays it is said that "in a number of them, the last line recounts the breaking of the fiddle-bow or strings, whereby both the singing of the Lay and the dance which it generally excited, were put to an end."

Schiller ridiculed the works of the Minnesingers, comparing them to what the sparrows might write. "What a poverty of ideas in these Minnesingers! A garden, a tree, a hedge, a wood, and a sweetheart! quite right! somewhat such are the objects which have a place in the head of a sparrow."

Though this criticism in a measure is just, yet the Minnesingers employed quite a variety of subjects, such as "Love, the Beauties of Nature, the Joys of Spring and the Air of Summer, the Flowers upon the branches and the Song of the Birds, especially Lady Nightingale." Then there were deeper themes, such as the Virgin Mary, or the patriotic themes in honor of the Fatherland.

In respect to the structure of the poem, there was the greatest variety of form. Indeed, it was considered a point of honor for each poet to invent a stanza of his own. Kroeger in his work, "The Minnesingers of Germany," says, "The perfection in rhyme of Gottfried von Strassburg, Walther von der Vogelweide, and John Hadloub is not attained by Schiller or Goethe. Their invention of metres and their ear for the flow of rhythm finds a parallel

only in German musicians. Tennyson, Swinburne, and Shelley come nearest to them of modern poets."

At this point let us consider the life and works of one of the greatest of the Minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide. The circumstances relating to his birthplace and early life are vague and uncertain. However, it is probable that he belonged to a family of noble birth in the Tyrol, but on account of poverty he left home when quite young and went to Austria, where he learned the art of composing. His life was then spent in wandering about, singing his songs, and being especially under the patronage of his friends, King Phillip and Frederick II. He was ever a popular writer, an active citizen, a thorough student and teacher, and especially a lover of nature. He even left money to be spent in the purchase of grain, that every day the birds might be fed on his monument.

We find the strength of his character expressed in the following poem on Self-Control:

"Who slays the lion? Who slays the giant?
Who masters them all, however defiant?
He does it, who himself controlleth;
And every nerve of his body enrolleth,
Freed from passion, under strict subjection.
Mere borrowed manner and shame for a stranger
May glitter awhile; but here's the danger:
The glitter soon expires; then there's no action."

A kind of pathos is aroused by his words on revisiting the scenes of his early days:

"And when I muse on other days,
That passed me as the dashing oars
The surface of the ocean raise,
Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores."

A graceful little lyric is that entitled "Under the Linden." Someone has said, "it has the unaffected grace of a flower, the spontaneity of a bird's song." What more could be desired than this, a close touch with nature and a harmonious representation in form and language.

Another poet of high rank is Ulrich von Lichtenstein, of whom it is said that "so far as grace and exquisite finish is concerned, his poems are the best of all Minnelieder. German literary critics seem to have underrated his poetical ability from sheer scorn at the folly of his life." His *Franendienst* is but the outgrowth of the peculiarities of his life in a certain fantastic and ridiculous style. It is an autobiography interwoven with lyrics.

The lower type of these composers is seen in the character of Nithart, who was the leader in the downward tendency of the moral tone of the poems. "He was indeed the knight minstrel turned into the minstrel-vagabond and tavern-house loafer."

Never in the history of literature has the love for women been used so largely as the subject of so many poems. It is the one pervading theme and comes to its highest expression in the poems concerning the greatest of all women, the Virgin Mary.

Of all the poems composed on this subject, the finest of all is the "Great Hymn" by Gottfried von Strassburg.

The following selections show the greatness of his poetic genius:

"Who to God's love are strangers, they
With seeing eyes see not the day;
Of them we say
They're children of the earth still.
But who God's love in truth possess
Are named God's children, and men bless
Their names always,
And worship their great worth still."

"Thou art beloved by earth and sea,
By fire, air, storm, and weather,
By heaven's appalling majesty,
And by the blushing flowers so wee:
Aye, love for Thee
Breathes the remotest ether."

These fragments of poems give but a faint idea of the wealth of beauty in imagery and expression to be found in the Minne-songs.

Beside the love songs we find metrical romances, as Hartman von der Ane's "Golden Legend of Poor Henry," Wolfram von Eshenbach's "Parcival," and Gottfried von Strassburg's "Tristan and Isolde."

The writings of these men were held in the greatest esteem by their contemporaries as well as by later people. This is shown by the fact that the famous poem, "Parcival," was one of the first books printed after the invention of printing.

In looking over the age of chivalry we notice the great number of lyrics, varying in form and style if not in breadth of subject. We admire the manner in which women are regarded, especially the honor accorded to the Virgin Mary, and feel that the respect given is sincere. And above all we applaud the genius of these unlettered men, who could with such harmony and grace sing from their hearts the thoughts which moved them.

KATE'S ESCAPE.

IT was five o'clock at the close of a beautiful September day, and recreation hour in Madame Solange's fashionable boarding school. A dozen or more girls were in Kate Shelburne's room eating fudge and busily discussing school affairs.

"Girls," suddenly exclaimed Kate Shelburne—and whenever Kate spoke in that tone the girls knew that some fun was coming—"girls, we really must do something or else we shall become as stagnant as Madame Solange herself, for instance. I have the grandest idea. You know there is a band of gypsies camping over on the Point. What do you say to our rowing over there to-night after lights are out, and having our fortunes told?"

"Grand, grand," was echoed on every side. "But, girls," said gentle, timid Elsie Dinsmore, "would it be right? And you know Miss Jane would be almost sure to catch us."

"Bother Miss Jane!" said Kate, "we shall go disguised as ghosts, for you know she almost faints at the very word. There goes the supper gong. Remember twelve o'clock sharp in the west corridor by the long French window," was Kate's parting injunction.

Miss Jane had felt for some time that mischief was on foot, and as she sat at the table that night she seemed more grim and soldier-like than ever. But at last supper was over.

"Don't forget," whispered Kate to the girls as they were piling out of the room.

"No whispering, Miss Shelburne," rang out Miss Jane's harsh voice, and Kate, with a naughty grimace, disappeared down the corridor.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, a dozen ghostly figures might have been seen stealing down the corridor and out of the window.

"At last," said Kate. "Was there ever such fun; I have just been dying for something like this for weeks. Do you know I actually heard Miss Jane's door creaking as I came by, but I gave a ghostly groan and there was a bang, so we are safe. Now for the boats."

A half hour's steady rowing brought them to the point. The sound of the boats on the shore awoke a little Scotch terrier who greeted them with a series of yelps.

Soon an uncouth, evil-faced man appeared and demanded, in gruff tones, what they wanted. Then he took them into one of the tents and left them with an old wizard-like woman. She

took each of the girls aside in turn, and as they came back they looked decidedly frightened.

"Come, girls," said Kate, "we must be going, for it will soon be morning." But they were not to get away so easily, for the old wizard demanded their rings and other trinkets as tokens of remembrance. The poor frightened girls handed over all they had.

The wind had begun to blow, and rowing back was hard work. It was nearly four o'clock when they reached Madame's establishment again—a group of tired, shivering girls.

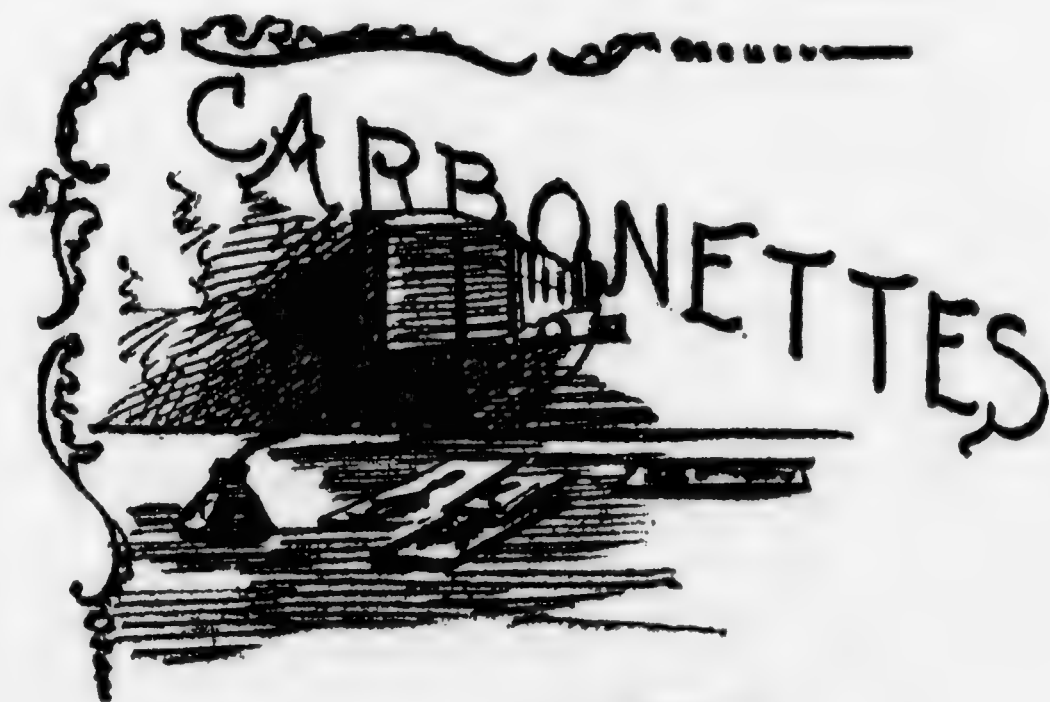
"Girls," and Kate's voice sounded tragic enough, "girls, that window is locked and the step-ladder is gone. What are we to do?"

Just then Elsie, who had climbed upon the window ledge, slipped. There was a shriek and a crash, and to add to the confusion, Miss Jane's voice was heard in its iciest tones requesting the young ladies to meet her in her study at 9 o'clock.

"O girls!" groaned Kate, "we are in for it now. Miss Jane is mad as a hornet and Madame's dignity will have received a great shock. Let us get to our rooms as soon as possible and prepare to be penitent."

At four o'clock that afternoon eleven sad and tearful girls might have been seen clustered about Kate Shelburne, who as a result of her conference with Miss Jane, was to take a vacation.

—'05.



A PICTURE.

If I were an artist I would paint the face of a young boy and call it my masterpiece. Why? Because I saw a face while rambling one day in the woodland that has haunted my imagina-

tion ever since. It was the face of a little French boy,—one among many children gathered in the grove back of Latin Hall.

It was in the time of golden and crimson leaves when the air was clear and bracing, but just touched with frost.

I would paint the forest with its gnarled tree-trunks standing out dark and shadowy from its background of splendid coloring. At the right the pines and dark, somber hemlocks with drooping branches, and, all around, a carpet of fallen leaves and yellow pine spills. And in this gay setting I would place the child like a jewel set in gold. His sturdy figure, with well-rounded limbs showing health and strength, would be a fit model for a sculptor's chisel; but no marble could portray the expression or coloring of the child's face. Around a smooth white brow, and shading deep, dark eyes, cluster locks of curling brown hair, just tipped with gold. His brown eyes have a deep, earnest expression as if the soul, looking through them, often saw beyond our physical range of vision and caught glimpses of the other world, and longed, with a passionate longing, to be back again in the Beautiful City. This expression of the eyes would be accented by the expression of the mouth, for my picture child has a mouth of such sweetness that the world seems never to have touched it with sin or trace of shame. Around it the shadows of manly dignity lie, and crimson though the lips are with the red blood of health, and perfect in shape, there is seen strength as yet untried, and character yet unformed.

This is the picture I would paint
In colors so rich and rare,
That the gleam of an autumn twilight
Would seem to fall everywhere.

THE FAILURE OF A REPRODUCTION.

"Bobbie, let's play I'm sister Edith and you are that horrid Jack Masher," suggested six-year-old Marjory.

"All right," agreed the small Robert; "you sit down on that divan. I'll propose to you just as Jack did to Edie, the night I was behind that screen."

Margie sat down as ordered, assuming a very dignified air. Bobbie carefully spread his grimy handkerchief on the floor, then kneeled upon it.

"My dear Miss Edith, I l-o-o-v-e you m-m-ost devoutly, don't-cher-know."

Margie could hardly keep her little face straight.

"Oh, Mr. Masher, you must get up immediately. You'll spoil those nice creases in your trousers."

"That wasn't what Edie said," corrected Bobby scornfully. "All she said was 'Oh, Mr. Masher!' We'll do it over now."

The two speeches were repeated to Bobbie's satisfaction.

"You doan l-o-v-e me, Edith. Do let our engagement be short," pleaded the lover.

"Five years," bluntly answered Marjory.

"Oh, you're no good. She didn't say that at all," cried the young man, jumping up.

Marjory, who had thought her answer very fitting, burst into a fit of sobs.

"If I'd be-en be-hind t-that screen as you were, I could have said it all right. I won't play any more. I'm going to find Edie and ask her what she said."

—'05.

UNCLE HOMELY.

Uncle Homely lives in a small white house on a hill overlooking the village.

The very appearance of his neatly-cut lawn, carefully painted house and front-yard fences, show the character of the man.

The well-curb is painted white with a green border to harmonize with the white house and green blinds.

And thus it is about the whole farm. The very cattle seem to know their master's peculiarity, and step with a primness and precision that is almost ludicrous.

But the man himself, though the personification of neatness, impresses you with a feeling of rest and peacefulness,—as if you had wandered for a long time uneasily about, and at last, by chance, happened upon a quiet, sequestered spot where the songs of birds and the rippling notes of water were borne on balmy breezes.

Uncle Homely has white hair, which falls about his thin temples in many waves, but is brushed back from his broad, low forehead, leaving unshadowed the kindest old blue eyes in the world. Kindness and brotherly love have been his creed for so many years that, unconsciously on his part, he has grown to resemble, not the stern and solemn Puritan, but St. John, the disciple.

He loves neatness, not only because it is next to Godliness, but because of its beauty.

He sees in the face of nature God's face; and he loves nature the more.

To him the birds speak in accents unknown to others, and he loves them all.

He has grown old, and the sunshine of youth has passed away, but the glorious luna light, soft and mellow, has softened time's rough traces, and the world's petty strivings after vain ambitions have ceased to trouble his serenity of mind and his peaceful life.

And thus he sees the sunset's glow fade from the western sky of life, knowing that it will rise for him in all its glory, when he shall have passed through Heaven's gate.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—The *Webster Herald* lately published a biographical sketch of Mr. Frank E. Sleeper of Sabattus, Me.

'86.—H. S. Sleeper, M.D., has recently been appointed one of the attending physicians of the Central Maine General Hospital.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Bennington, Vt., to accept a flattering offer with the L. E. Knott Apparatus Co. of 16 Ashburton Place, Boston. Mr. Russell is to design and test apparatus.

At the recent meeting of the Androscoggin Bar Association H. W. Oakes, '77, was elected secretary, F. A. Morey, '85, treasurer, and W. B. Skelton, '92, and Jesse M. Libby, '71, members of the executive committee. Among the attorneys admitted to this Association were Albert L. Kavanaugh, '96, John F. Slattery, '97, Allen L. Hubbard, '97, S. M. Farnham, Jr., '95, R. F. Springer, '95, and Albert T. L'Hereux, '99.

'96.—Hal R. Eaton, principal of the South Paris High School, was unable to attend to his duties for a part of last term on account of illness. He took up his work again this term, but was obliged to return to his home in Auburn. His place is filled at present by Harry M. Towne, '03.

'97.—Carl E. Milliken of Island Falls, Me., is mentioned as a probable candidate for the next legislature.

1900.—On January 31, 1901, occurred the death of Mrs. Emma A. Beal, mother of Miss Agnes E. Beal, at her home on High Street, Lewiston.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE are certainly behaving beautifully during chapel exercises. Why not carry our civilization one step further? To be brief and come to the point (this article has one), why not be orderly and quiet in the library?

As conditions now exist, the library is practically worthless, for it is impossible to read or study without interruption and disturbance. There is not a student in college but realizes this deplorable state of affairs, and yet the "I'll-stop-when-the-others-do" plea serves as an excuse for nearly all of us.

To say nothing of the injury to ourselves, this habit of talking in the library is a constant source of annoyance and displeasure to our librarian. Few of the students seem to appreciate their good fortune in having a librarian of so extensive culture and education as Miss Woodman possesses. No student ever went to her for assistance in any subject without receiving valuable references and suggestions.

Let us all "turn over a new leaf" and show our appreciation of Miss Woodman's work, of her sympathy and kindness, by respecting her desires. Instead of annoying her by our carelessness and thoughtlessness let us show our sympathy and desire to help in her time of sorrow and bereavement by uniting with her to make ours an ideal library, thus lightening her work and care as much as possible.

THE feeling of self-responsibility is something to be cultivated in the college student. This is obtained in a great measure by freedom from rules. When a student is governed by restrictions placed upon him by others, he feels that some one else is deciding what he shall do and what he shall not. All that is left for him, is to walk along the narrow path laid out according to others' ideas. He does not exercise his free choice, because he cannot. And when he is graduated from college he is not fitted to govern others, because he has not learned to govern himself.

Certain restrictions are necessary for some and must, therefore, be placed on all. But it is certainly desirable that in so far as possible the student shall be trained to depend on himself and his own decisions. He has reached an age when, if ever he will be, he is able to judge for himself. And it is certainly better for

him to look a question in the face, decide what is wrong, and instead of saying, "I will not do that, there is a rule against it," say "I will not do that because it is wrong."

WE are glad to learn that the Girls' Mandolin and Guitar Club is to renew its work this term with the addition of several members from the Freshman Class. The benefits of a successful continuance of this musical organization are two-fold. First, the members who take up this pleasant recreation with earnestness and enthusiasm gain much enjoyment from the practice which would in many cases be entirely neglected if the combined effort did not furnish an incentive. Second, the interest on the part of the members shows that the girls of Bates as well as her boys have an interest in the cultivation of that most elevating of the arts, music. We hope that the club will have the support of all the girls, and that it may develop and come to be an organization of worth and an honor to the college.

Local Department.

PROFESSOR ANGELL.

AN APPRECIATION BY PRESIDENT CHASE ON THE RETIREMENT OF THIS VETERAN PROFESSOR.

THROUGH the courtesy of President G. C. Chase of Bates College the *Lewiston Evening Journal* prints the following appreciative article: "The retirement of Professor Thomas L. Angell from service at Bates College, after a connection with that institution of thirty-three years, is an event of no slight interest to our community. The period of Professor Angell's service is nearly coeval with the life of the college. Bates was founded in 1863, but did not receive its charter till March, 1864. Professor Angell entered upon his work in the college in January, 1869. He brought to it the reputation of an experienced and successful teacher. Graduating from Brown in the Class of '62, he began his work as an educator the same year—four decades ago. During the four years immediately preceding his coming to Bates, he was the efficient principal of Lapham Institute at North Scituate, Rhode Island. His election to his college position was entirely unsolicited. Presumably attention was called to his merits as a teacher by Professor B. F. Hayes, who previous to his own connection with Bates had been for some time associated with Professor Angell in the instruction of the school at North Scituate.

After a short term of service at Bates, Professor Angell was

granted leave of absence for one year. He spent this time abroad, dividing it about equally between France and Germany, while he devoted himself to a study of the language and literature of those countries. On his return he became the professor of modern languages, succeeding Professor Hayes in the care of this department. Bates was then in her infancy, and her meagre resources did not permit her to make that desirable sub-division of work which has become possible during more recent years. Professor Angell shared with his associates the difficulties inevitable in pioneer work; and the list of studies taught by him at various times included mathematics and Latin as well as German and French. For many years also he had the care of work properly belonging to the department of rhetoric and English literature, and much of his time was devoted to the criticism and correction of themes and to the preparation of students for public declamations.

Never vigorous in health, his varied and exacting duties constantly taxed his strength to its utmost limit. Yet he carried to his work a cheerfulness, a quiet dignity and a self-possession that seldom gave any indication to his students of the discouragements that made every day a test of his determination and endurance. His relations with those under his instruction were remarkably harmonious, and the friendships formed between him and his students have been numerous and enduring. From not a few classes he received cherished tokens of their respect and regard.

The increase in the membership of the Faculty at length permitted Professor Angell to devote himself entirely to his own department, and during the last few years he had taught only German. These changes were warmly welcomed by him, since they permitted him to realize to a greater degree his ideals.

Professor Angell long ago formed the purpose of retiring from his college work on the attainment of a certain age. He had tendered his resignation to take effect at the last commencement. But as his wife's serious illness made it impossible for him to leave Lewiston, he was employed by the committee upon instruction to teach the classes in French during the first term of the present year. The death of his wife on the 23d of December last has deprived him of the sad privilege of personally ministering to her needs, and he now closes his connection with the college to seek the rest and change so imperative after years of confinement and solicitude.

Professor Angell has during his entire residence in Lewiston been warmly interested in the social life of the community, and with Mrs. Angell has done much to render it helpful and enjoyable. Naturally they made many friends, and their presence at the social gatherings of the two cities was a pleasure eagerly anticipated and often recalled. The illness of Mrs. Angell during the last few years and the necessary withdrawal of both herself and her husband from their former social activities have brought to many a sense of deprivation and loss almost

personal. Their devotion to the best interests of our community has been recognized by all, for they have been society people in no mere superficial sense of the words. Every movement for intellectual and moral improvement has found in them faithful and generous supporters.

Naturally the great change that has come to the home of Professor Angell brings a pause in his busy life and leaves him somewhat perplexed respecting his future. He will remain in Lewiston for the present. It is to be hoped that he will not change his place of residence. In the history of the college his name will stand on the roll of its pioneers and builders. Of the professors with whom he was associated when he came to Lewiston, only Dr. Stanton and Dr. Hayes still remain, the former in the college, the latter now in the Divinity School. During the thirty-three years of his active service the number of students has increased from about fifty to three hundred. The growth in material resources, in intellectual facilities, in prestige and influence, has been even more marked. Professor Angell has been happy in his associations both in the college and in the community. Whether he shall hereafter make his residence in Washington with his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Lincoln, or shall remain in Lewiston, he will have the best wishes and the affectionate regard not only of his associates in the college and his former students, but of hundreds of our citizens.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY BROWN ANGELL.

NOT all of our college life is lived by the students and the Faculty. There is a power behind the throne, influences unseen and often overlooked. A teacher's home reaches to the class-room. A faithful wife, whose quiet influence gives atmosphere and tone to a professor's life and activities, helps to fix ideals, impart energy and shape character, quite as much as he who directly teaches.

Mrs. Emily Brown Angell, who came to Lewiston in 1868 with her husband, Professor Thomas L. Angell, was one of the many ladies whose lives have been going imperceptibly, yet none the less really, into all that constitutes Bates College to-day and has constituted her in the past. Mrs. Angell's death on December 23d last, after several years of sickness and suffering, through which, however, her strength for service to the home and to the college had scarcely diminished, permits us to pause and see her influence rightly.

Professor and Mrs. Angell were the first members of the Faculty, in addition to the President himself, to open their home to student receptions. For more than thirty years the Junior Class, on completing German, assembled in their hospitable home for purely social and friendly intercourse. Mrs. Angell was always genial and gracious. Her interests in the students antici-

pated her meeting them, for she took a lively interest in individuals through simply hearing their names and knowing that they were enrolled in her husband's classes; and that interest continued long after the students had graduated from college.

Mrs. Angell may be said to have always been connected with educational work. After her marriage, which followed closely the completion of her own studies, her husband was principal of the high school of their native village, Greenville, R. I. Then in 1864 they moved to Scituate, R. I., where Professor Angell was principal of Lapham Institute, a well-known and influential academy in that day; and in 1868 began the connection with Bates College, which, after a period of more than thirty-three years, has just terminated. Her married life and her association with educational institutions had reached almost forty years.

While not one who sought publicity of any kind, yet Mrs. Angell never shrank from action and service which promised aid or kindness to any needy person. In the early days of the Woman's Christian Association, and all through its history, her sympathies and her strength were freely given in soliciting funds, in conducting sales, in planning and carrying out methods, in teaching girls to sew and cook, in visiting the sick and suffering, and in every way that an earnest Christian woman can convey assistance to the unfortunate.

The Main Street Free Baptist Church was Mrs. Angell's church home. There she found joy in worship and joy in service. Her life was characterized by generous self-forgetfulness and ready willingness to render ministries to others. She served on many committees, she was active in all benevolent causes, she taught and was a pupil in the Sunday-school, she visited among the members of the church and others. And her life was ever a quiet, yet effective, exponent of the faith she held.

During her sickness, while a great sufferer, she never gave voice to her own sufferings and pain. Rather she was still thinking of others, and sedulously avoided causing anxiety or trouble for her. So her generous nature ever went forth, to shield others, to spare others, to minister to others.

Many students who have graduated from college will look back with pleasant memories upon their acquaintance with Mrs. Angell and her kindly attentions, which made their student days happier and more purposeful.

To go forth from this life with influences thus surviving is to have lived with great gain.

—A. W. A.

MRS. J. A. HOWE OF LEWISTON.

MRS. J. A. HOWE, wife of Dean Howe of Cobb Divinity School, died at her home on Frye Street, Sunday evening, January 5th, at 7 o'clock. The tidings of her death, though not unexpected by those who have known of her long and serious illness, will carry sorrow to many; for she has been blessed with choice friendships.

Mrs. Howe was born in Minot, Me., but as her father, Jabez Woodman, Esq., removed with his family to Portland while she was a young girl, she obtained her education in the public schools of that city. Inheriting scholarly tastes and neglecting no opportunities for mental discipline, she had gained when her school life closed, a breadth and thoroughness of culture not often attained by a high school graduate. To these she added the development that comes through instructing others. She was for some years an assistant teacher in the Portland High School and afterward in the High School in Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Howe never ceased to be a student. She was literary in her tastes and was especially fond of the English Classics, with which she had a good degree of familiarity. She was an excellent Latin scholar and had studied Italian. She could converse readily and accurately in French and German. She had a genuine love and critical appreciation of art and music. Previous to her marriage she had spent three years in Europe and had made faithful use of the opportunities afforded by visits of several months each in the cities of Florence, Cassel, Geneva and Paris.

After her marriage her intellectual pursuits, while not abandoned, were subordinated to the interests of her home. Her unreserved devotion to the sacred trusts that she had accepted, her ready sympathy, her fine sense of duty, her minute personal attention to the affairs of her household, her uniform good taste, her unaffected courtesy to visitors and her sound practical wisdom, won the confidence of her family and gave her a secure place in their affections. When she was married to Professor Howe, Dr. Percy Howe and Mrs. Blanche (Howe) Jenney were small children. They found in her a true mother, and their relations with her were always most sympathetic.

In the summer of 1900 Mrs. Howe accompanied her husband, who after a service of nearly thirty years had been given leave of absence till the fall of 1901, on a voyage to Europe. They were abroad a year, spending five happy months in Rome, where Dean Howe enjoyed long-desired opportunities for study and research. In the spring of 1901, having visited various places of interest upon the Continent, they went to England. Here their carefully formed plans for travel and study were interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Howe. The services of the most eminent specialists brought her no relief, and in August, 1901, they returned to their home. Constant suffering and necessary seclusion from all save her physicians and her attendants, and her immediate family friends, have made the last few months a period of severe trial to Mrs. Howe. Life had never seemed to offer larger opportunities both for worthy enjoyment and for usefulness. But to this trial of her faith she responded from the first with patience, at length with resignation, and in the last few weeks of her illness with calm trust and steadfast hope.

While Mrs. Howe's absorbing interests were in her home, she enjoyed social life and took delight in ministering to the hap-

piness of all with whom she came into relations. She was an accomplished hostess, making her guests feel the warmth of her welcome and the pleasure derived from their presence. She shared to the full her husband's interest in the students of the Divinity School and his satisfaction in receiving them individually and collectively in his home. She was tenderly thoughtful of her friends when they were ill or in trouble. She was one of the best of neighbors, and she cherished with rare loyalty the memories and the associations of her earlier life. She belonged to but one club; but of that she was an active member, and the results of her conscientious preparation for any part assigned her gave great satisfaction to its members.

She had been for many years a member of the Board of Directors for the Young Women's Home in Lewiston, and had served for some time as one of the Library Committee. She took a deep interest in the Home, and her counsel was highly prized by her associates. Nor did she cease to think of it while abroad. She had made careful notes of the methods of a similar institution in Rome, with a view to their possible value in the work here. She joined the Congregational Church in her youth and her life was always consistently Christian. Though possessing unusual natural gifts, which she had faithfully improved, she never coveted publicity, but was self-distrustful and humble and accepted responsibility or position solely from a conviction of duty. Yet she had ample moral courage and a frank directness that disclosed the sincerity of her words and the strength of her convictions.

Beyond most persons she lived a life in harmony with her ideals. Her associations from her childhood onward seem to have been singularly happy. For many years she had the companionship of her three sisters. The four had to a marked degree kindred tastes and aims, and the tender intimacy of their childhood and youth was continued through their later lives. One of them, Mrs. Stanton, the wife of Professor Stanton, died in March, 1896. The other two, Miss Louise and Miss Caroline A. Woodman, survive to cherish the memories of the departed. Two of her brothers are living, Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, and George W. Woodman of Melrose, Mass. Three of her nephews are graduates of Bates College. Upon the college community in which she had passed so many years a deep shadow has fallen; but in the influence of her gentle spirit and her womanly graces she still lives—a real, though an invisible presence.

—GEORGE C. CHASE.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

With apologies to Mr. Day!

Oh, this is the season of flunks, b'gosh,
The season of bluffs and crams;
And the profs—it's no wonder
They look black as thunder
When we fail to pass in our exams;
For there's basket-ball, skating, and parties galore,
Debates, declamations, and themes by the score,
A society meeting or "show" to be seen,
With a little hard (?) studying sandwiched between,
And never a cut to relieve the sad strain
That the poor college bluffer now feels on his brain.

Oh, this is the season of flunks, b'gosh,
The season of call-downs and crams.
They're thicker than spatter, but what does it matter,
If only we pass in exams?

'03 gladly welcomes Mr. Lothrop, who has been very ill.
The college Glee Club is rehearsing and are doing fine work.
Hunt, '03, has been elected base-ball manager for the ensuing year.

Miss Clark, '03, is ill with the measles. We extend sympathy—we've "'ad 'em!"

Towne, '03, is supplying for a few weeks as principal of the South Paris High School.

Miss Jordan, '03, is teaching in Madison High School. She is supplying for Miss Towne, '01.

Two very notable events for the first of February, the thunder storm and the appearance of the new STUDENT.

The Seniors are being overwhelmed with invitations to join teachers' agencies. If it were only schools instead!

A fencing class has been organized among the girls. It meets in the gym. on Monday evening, Wednesday afternoon, and Saturday forenoon.

In connection with the Sunday-school at the Main Street Church, Dr. Veditz is giving a series of talks on "The world's great religions compared with Christianity."

We are anxiously awaiting the appearance of Professors Bolster and Foster in their new spring hats with which—we are told—they have already provided themselves.

There is already extensive correspondence concerning the next entering class. Several states are included besides our own, and it is safe to predict an unusually large class.

Have you been skating? Many of the students have profited by the excellent skating on the river. Wouldn't it be fine if we could have a skating-rink of our own—down by the gym., say?

The Freshman girls have rather got the start of the others in basket-ball. They have already chosen their captain and manager for the class team: Miss Williams, captain, and Miss Perkins, manager.

On February 4th Dr. Chase gave a lecture in the History room on "Shakespeare's Henry IV." Although given especially for the benefit of the Freshmen, many others gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to attend.

The Seniors have chosen their editors for the class book as follows: Miss Tucker, Miss Wheeler, Lodge, McLean, Sawyer; also the committees of arrangements for the commencement concert: Felker, Hunnewell, and Miss Ames.

A lecture on "Mars" was given at Pine Street Congregational Church, February 19th, by Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston. Mr. Lowell is one of the leading astronomers of our time, and the students of any college or university would be glad to have the opportunity to hear him speak. The lecture was under the auspices of the college.

A Ladies' Mandolin-Guitar Club has been formed under the leadership of Miss Norton, '03. The following are the names of members: Mandolins, Misses Donham, Norton, Pingree, Putnam, '03, Miss Marie Bryant, '04, Misses Marion Ames, Bartlett, and Fenderson, '05; guitars, Miss Florence Ames, Miss Merrill, '02, Miss Smith, '03, and Miss Rae Bryant, '05.

Thursday, January 30th, was the day of prayer for colleges. Many of the students went home to remain till Monday. Those present at the exercises greatly enjoyed the exercises of the day. A union prayer-meeting was held in the Association room directly after chapel exercises, and again in the evening at 6.30. The address in the afternoon by Dr. Bridgman of Boston on "Depth" was particularly inspiring and helpful.

Mr. H. W. Berry of Boston, who has aided the college in many ways and given us most of our pianos, not long ago had a narrow escape from being assassinated in the doorway of his house. He received several hard blows from a hammer, but succeeded in wresting it away, and pursued his assailant for some distance, failing to catch him only through the negligence of the police. It is a good point for athletics that Mr. Berry, who is a small and elderly man, probably owes his life to the athletic exercise which he takes daily.

On Thursday, February 6th, immediately after chapel exercises, Professor Thomas L. Angell gave a parting address before the students. He spoke at some length of his early life and studies, of the condition of Bates College at the time of his coming here, and of its growth during the last thirty years. He mentioned the fact that during that time the number of professors had increased from five to thirty, the number of students from fifty-four to two hundred ninety-three, the number of volumes in the library from four thousand seven hundred to twenty-three thousand eight hundred twenty-three, making an increase of about six-fold in each case, while the number of college buildings has increased from three to eight. Professor Angell also reminded us of the high standing of Bates graduates in scholarship and morals. He said: "Life may be an absolute success to

every one of you. A man who is right with God is right with the universe, and a man who is wrong with God is wrong with the universe."

In concluding, he expressed the wish that each of the students should think of him not as a teacher—a pedagogue, but as a friend. He closed his remarks with those beautiful lines from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The best years of Professor Angell's life have been spent in and for Bates College. Professor and Mrs. Angell have always been very active among the students and in the social life of the institution. Up to the present Senior Class, when Mrs. Angell's failing health would not admit of so much care and activity, they have given every year a reception to the Junior Class, and many have been the delightful evenings spent in their pleasant home.

In the class-room Professor Angell's work has been characterized by an insistence upon earnest, thorough work on the part of students, and an unfailing patience and kindness as teacher. In his life among us he has ever exerted a helpful, inspiring influence, and it is with a feeling of deepest regret that we realize the breaking of our relations as students and teachers.

We wish to extend to Professor Angell our sincere sympathy in the great sorrow that has recently come to him, and to express our appreciation and respect for her who has passed from our midst. Whatever other ties may be broken, the bonds of love and friendship will remain intact,—and the remembrance of his pure, unselfish life and example will ever live in the hearts of students and graduates.

We publish herewith the Bates and Bowdoin base-ball schedules for 1902. The Bowdoin schedule is printed on small sheets of aluminum with a calendar on the reverse side and is by far the neatest thing we have seen this year.

BATES COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

- April 19—Hebron Academy, Lewiston.
- April 22—Harvard 'Varsity, Cambridge.
- April 23—Holy Cross, Worcester.
- April 24—Amherst Aggies, Amherst.
- April 26—Bowdoin (Exhibition), Lewiston.
- April 30—Bridgton Academy, Lewiston.
- May 3—University of Maine, Lewiston.
- May 8—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
- May 9—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
- May 10—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
- May 14—University of Maine, Orono.
- May 17—Colby College, Lewiston.
- May 24—Bowdoin, Lewiston.
- May 27—Amherst Aggies, Lewiston.
- May 30—Colby College (Exhibition), Lewiston.

June 3—Tufts, Lewiston.
 June 13—Bowdoin, Brunswick.
 June 14—Colby College, Waterville.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19, Saturday—Colby at Brunswick. (Practice Game.)
 April 26, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston. (Exhibition Game.)
 April 29, Tuesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
 April 30, Wednesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
 May 7, Wednesday—University of Maine at Orono.
 May 10, Saturday—Exeter at Exeter.
 May 16, Friday—Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
 May 17, Saturday—Amherst at Amherst.
 May 21, Wednesday—University of Maine at Brunswick.
 May 24, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston.
 May 28, Wednesday—Colby at Brunswick.
 May 31, Saturday—University of Maine at Bangor. (Exhibition Game.)
 June 4, Wednesday—Brunswick at Brunswick.
 June 7, Saturday—Harvard at Cambridge.
 June 11, Wednesday—Colby at Waterville.
 June 13, Friday, Ivy Day—Bates at Brunswick.

Exchanges.

THERE is nothing which presents greater danger to the college student than the tendency to let his life settle down into the rut of the ordinary college work; to let his interests center exclusively about his own college. Intercollegiate athletic contests are upheld by many, on the ground that by inter-communication, the interests and purposes of the different colleges are broadened, and their common achievements increased. Working in a more quiet way, but with the same aim, is this department of the college magazines. It is through the medium of the exchanges that we learn to know the deeper and nobler sides of our fellow-students' lives; that we feel ourselves mutually strengthened and our minds mutually broadened.

In the "Exchanges" of the January issue of *The Georgetown College Journal* we find a sentence used in regard to other publications which seems typical of their own: "It has a jolly, cheery tone about it that is indicative of an exuberance of spirits." This magazine is full of life and vigor; to these is added good hard work. The three make a strong combination. There is an abundance of poetry, and some good rousing stories. One feature especially should be noticed: the pen and ink drawings. The full-page sketch is one whose merit is seldom equaled in a college paper. The fearless criticisms in its "Exchanges" should help to raise the standard of college publications.

The January number of *The Tuftonian* contains two unusually good stories. "The Deacon's Last Quarrel" portrays two lives, typical characters of a New England village. "His First

Summer" pictures in a natural manner two little strangers, a boy, of possibly nine years, and a girl of six. They attempt the Romeo and Juliet act, which ends rather uncomfortably for the lad, who is punished by his father before his sweetheart's eyes.

The University Cynic (U. of V.) contains an interesting letter by the Treasurer of U. V. M. Athletic Association which advances the theory that sweaters should be given out at the beginning of the season and not at its close. For thus the present tendency toward professionalism would be checked.

A new feature of *The Campus* (U. of M.) is the list of books recently placed in the library. Hereafter a list will be given in each issue of the principal accessories during the preceding two weeks. This is a commendable innovation. Many students do not know and have no easy way of knowing, the desirable books that are being added from time to time. Such a list will give the desired information.

The *Bowdoin Orient* calls our attention to the series of systematic readings, conducted by the president and several professors, before the students and their friends.

The *Silver and Gold* shows that the Colorado students are doing some good hard work. We wish to congratulate them, for it is no easy task, when other things demand so much time, to keep up the standard of a weekly publication.

The January issue of *The Buff and the Blue* contains a piece entitled "The Story." It is a story indeed, interesting and strong. If all the numbers are as good as this it will always be welcome among our exchanges.

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Three are a crowd, and there were three—
The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
Two are a company and, no doubt,
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

—Ex.

DUTY.

'Tis not the surge of momentary strife
Wherein the victor carves his way to fame,
And being there resigns himself for life
To rest upon the laurels of his name.

Nor yet the listless and the idle way
 In lazy luxury the sluggard wends,
 Who lives his time but in the present day,
 Not caring how the dim to-morrow ends.

But rather 'tis the patient course of one
 Who, working on the great mosaic of time,
 Sets in his every act from sun to sun
 With perseverance placidly sublime.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

On the wind-swept face of a lonely plain,
 Where the fierce wolves nightly roam,
 They have laid to rest in a grave unblest
 The pride of some life and home.

Not a teardrop falls on that far-off sound,
 Not a flower e'er decks its verge;
 But the dismal owl and the gray wolf's howl
 Make him a nightly dirge.

And the cold, cold snow in its saddening whirl
 O'er his tomb a pall has cast,
 And it hides from sight with its ghostly white
 The place where he rests at last.

—*John W. Mechan, '04, in The Dial.*

In addition to the above mentioned magazines we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The New Collegian*, *The Laurentian*, *The Triangle*, *The Colby Echo*, *The Tufts Weekly*, *The Mountaineer*, *The Peabody Record*, *College Chips*, *The Review*, *Bowdoin Quill*, *The Senior*, *The Morning Star*, *The Seminary Monthly Chronicle*, *The Doane Owl*, *The Williams Weekly*, *Kent's Hill Breeze*, *The Colby Academy Voice*, *The Vermont Academy Life*, *The Olympian*, *The Rumford Falls Spray*, *Aegis*, *Arms Student*, *The Christian Civic League Record*.

Our Book-Shelf.

"This books can do; nor this alone; they give
 New views of life, and teach us how to live." —*Crabbe.*

Hugo Munsterberg. Professor of Psychology at Harvard, in his volume *American Traits* discusses the difference between Americans and Germans and points out how American culture may be benefited by an unprejudiced understanding of German ideals. While the greater part of the author's life has been spent in Germany, his seven years experience with the Harvard life of Boston together with his traveling over the country in search of characteristic phases of American civilization makes him competent to deal with the important features of the national life. He states that there is an unreasonable aversion existing between the Germans and Americans due to a misunderstanding on the part of each nation as to the other's true character and ideals. His topic is divided into four parts,—Education, Scholarship, Women, and American Democracy. He states that one means of reform in the American school would be the better instruction of the teachers. Self-dependence in knowledge is urged as an essential of true scholarship. The tendency of the American woman to avoid household duties is lamented as a great blemish on her character. With a discussion of American Democracy the author closes his book. The volume consists of a series of adverse criticisms, and if we do not realize that Professor Munsterberg's purpose is to treat only those American traits that need to be improved by a comparison with foreign ideals, we will conclude that he takes a one-sided and unfair position.

every one of you. A man who is right with God is right with the universe, and a man who is wrong with God is wrong with the universe."

In concluding, he expressed the wish that each of the students should think of him not as a teacher—a pedagogue, but as a friend. He closed his remarks with those beautiful lines from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness:"

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The best years of Professor Angell's life have been spent in and for Bates College. Professor and Mrs. Angell have always been very active among the students and in the social life of the institution. Up to the present Senior Class, when Mrs. Angell's failing health would not admit of so much care and activity, they have given every year a reception to the Junior Class, and many have been the delightful evenings spent in their pleasant home.

In the class-room Professor Angell's work has been characterized by an insistence upon earnest, thorough work on the part of students, and an unfailing patience and kindness as teacher. In his life among us he has ever exerted a helpful, inspiring influence, and it is with a feeling of deepest regret that we realize the breaking of our relations as students and teachers.

We wish to extend to Professor Angell our sincere sympathy in the great sorrow that has recently come to him, and to express our appreciation and respect for her who has passed from our midst. Whatever other ties may be broken, the bonds of love and friendship will remain intact,—and the remembrance of his pure, unselfish life and example will ever live in the hearts of students and graduates.

We publish herewith the Bates and Bowdoin base-ball schedules for 1902. The Bowdoin schedule is printed on small sheets of aluminum with a calendar on the reverse side and is by far the neatest thing we have seen this year.

BATES COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

- April 19—Hebron Academy, Lewiston.
- April 22—Harvard 'Varsity, Cambridge.
- April 23—Holy Cross, Worcester.
- April 24—Amherst Aggies, Amherst.
- April 26—Bowdoin (Exhibition), Lewiston.
- April 30—Bridgton Academy, Lewiston.
- May 3—University of Maine, Lewiston.
- May 8—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
- May 9—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
- May 10—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
- May 14—University of Maine, Orono.
- May 17—Colby College, Lewiston.
- May 24—Bowdoin, Lewiston.
- May 27—Amherst Aggies, Lewiston.
- May 30—Colby College (Exhibition), Lewiston.

June 3—Tufts, Lewiston.
 June 13—Bowdoin, Brunswick.
 June 14—Colby College, Waterville.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1902.

April 19, Saturday—Colby at Brunswick. (Practice Game.)
 April 26, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston. (Exhibition Game.)
 April 29, Tuesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
 April 30, Wednesday—Dartmouth at Hanover.
 May 7, Wednesday—University of Maine at Orono.
 May 10, Saturday—Exeter at Exeter.
 May 16, Friday—Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
 May 17, Saturday—Amherst at Amherst.
 May 21, Wednesday—University of Maine at Brunswick.
 May 24, Saturday—Bates at Lewiston.
 May 28, Wednesday—Colby at Brunswick.
 May 31, Saturday—University of Maine at Bangor. (Exhibition Game.)
 June 4, Wednesday—Brunswick at Brunswick.
 June 7, Saturday—Harvard at Cambridge.
 June 11, Wednesday—Colby at Waterville.
 June 13, Friday, Ivy Day—Bates at Brunswick.

Exchanges.

THERE is nothing which presents greater danger to the college student than the tendency to let his life settle down into the rut of the ordinary college work; to let his interests center exclusively about his own college. Intercollegiate athletic contests are upheld by many, on the ground that by inter-communication, the interests and purposes of the different colleges are broadened, and their common achievements increased. Working in a more quiet way, but with the same aim, is this department of the college magazines. It is through the medium of the exchanges that we learn to know the deeper and nobler sides of our fellow-students' lives; that we feel ourselves mutually strengthened and our minds mutually broadened.

In the "Exchanges" of the January issue of *The Georgetown College Journal* we find a sentence used in regard to other publications which seems typical of their own: "It has a jolly, cheery tone about it that is indicative of an exuberance of spirits." This magazine is full of life and vigor; to these is added good hard work. The three make a strong combination. There is an abundance of poetry, and some good rousing stories. One feature especially should be noticed: the pen and ink drawings. The full-page sketch is one whose merit is seldom equaled in a college paper. The fearless criticisms in its "Exchanges" should help to raise the standard of college publications.

The January number of *The Tuftonian* contains two unusually good stories. "The Deacon's Last Quarrel" portrays two lives, typical characters of a New England village. "His First

Summer" pictures in a natural manner two little strangers, a boy, of possibly nine years, and a girl of six. They attempt the Romeo and Juliet act, which ends rather uncomfortably for the lad, who is punished by his father before his sweetheart's eyes.

The University Cynic (U. of V.) contains an interesting letter by the Treasurer of U. V. M. Athletic Association which advances the theory that sweaters should be given out at the beginning of the season and not at its close. For thus the present tendency toward professionalism would be checked.

A new feature of *The Campus* (U. of M.) is the list of books recently placed in the library. Hereafter a list will be given in each issue of the principal accessories during the preceding two weeks. This is a commendable innovation. Many students do not know and have no easy way of knowing, the desirable books that are being added from time to time. Such a list will give the desired information.

The *Bowdoin Orient* calls our attention to the series of systematic readings, conducted by the president and several professors, before the students and their friends.

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A book of sound practical advice, the perusal of which will be a great help to any young man who is contemplating a college course is *The College Student and His Problems*² by James H. Canfield. The author urges that the only broad, strong foundation for a life of usefulness in any line of work is a well-chosen college course. Each person should choose his course according to his inclination and ability. A systematic arrangement of duties is insisted upon in order to fulfil the many and varied demands upon a college student's time. The relative importance of different tasks must be considered and the least important matters must be omitted. Care of the health by sufficient out-of-door exercise and a proper amount of sleep is regarded as of supreme importance in a successful college course. If possible, a student should determine what his work after graduation is to be and choose for his electives what will help him most in this work. Finally, every young man is urged not to settle down in his father's business or follow some occupation rendered attractive from an absence of required effort, but to branch out into a broad sphere of life, and above all, to retain his individuality.

Bird books are numerous, but we welcome another which comes from the pen of a real student of ornithology. When we read the stories of T. Gilbert Pearson we feel that we are reviewing the experiences of a true lover and accurate observer of birds. In Mr. Pearson's *Stories of Bird Life*³ he does not bestow human attributes upon the subjects of his biographies, but he gives us an account of the birds just as he sees them. He is a sympathetic friend but not an idealist. The book consists of a series of biographies of different birds. A reader who has previously given little attention to the study of birds is filled with a desire to learn more of these interesting creatures. At the end of each chapter there are a few thought questions. The book is well illustrated and attractively printed and bound. Though it is especially designed for use in the schools as a supplementary reader, it makes a good book for general reading.

*The Academic Algebra*⁴ by William J. Milne of the State Normal School, Albany, N. Y., is a thorough treatment of the science for the secondary schools. It is designed to meet the requirements of the most searching entrance examinations of any college in the United States. There is a full development of each subject, consisting of a statement of its principles, proofs of these principles, and carefully graded examples and problems for practice in applying the principles. Questions intended to lead the student to infer the truth presented precede the clear statement of the principle, then follows the full proof of the principle by deductive reasoning which may be omitted by the teacher in case of limited time without injuring the unity of the whole. The order of the subjects taken up is changed somewhat from that which is usually followed.

We copy the following from the *New York Sun*. A review of the book will appear next month.

"The reader may make up his mind to be pleasantly overwhelmed by the opulence and vivacity of 'Around the Pan,' published by the Nutshell Publishing Company, 1059 Third Avenue, New York.

"The wonders begin with the frontispiece picture of President McKinley, drawn in a single line beginning at a point on the cheek bone and going round and round in a constantly widening circle, with waverings and downbearings of the pen in the proper places to secure detachment and shading. We are told that this portrait 'is considered the most unique work of its kind in the world,' and if there are degrees of uniqueness we are willing to believe that this is most the thing of which there are no duplicates. Of course there is text in addition to the pictures, and we should be surprised indeed to hear from any purchaser the opinion that he had not got his money's worth (\$2.00)."

¹American Traits. Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. Price, \$1.60.

²The College Student and His Problems. James Hulme Canfield. The Macmillan Company. New York. Price, \$1.00.

³Stories of Bird Life. T. Gilbert Pearson. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. Richmond, Va. Price, 60 cents.

⁴Academic Algebra. William J. Milne. American Book Company. New York.

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Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation.

REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
Instructor in Church History.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger William Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

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Instructor in Elocution.
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RALPH H. TUKEY, A.M.,
Instructor in Latin.
WILLIAM T. FOSTER, A.B.,
Instructor in English.
FRANK H. CHASE, PH.D.,
Instructor in English Literature.
WILLIAM K. HOLMES, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.
JOSEPHINE B. NEAL, A.B.,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.
CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, B.S., A.M.,
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The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates for the degree of B.S. may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses leading to the degree of A.B. by beginning the study of Greek and taking two years of prescribed work in that language.

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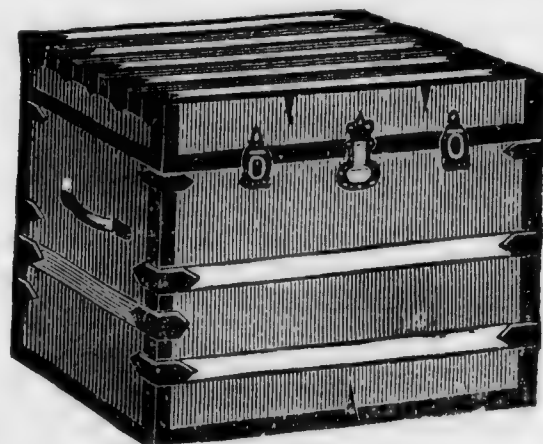
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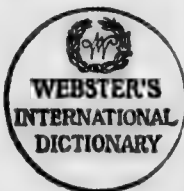
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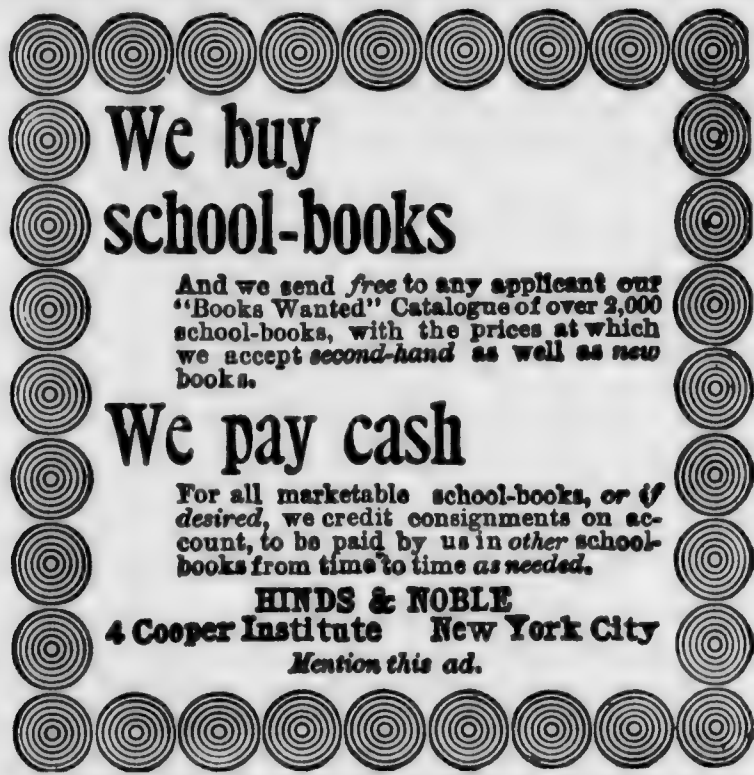
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Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
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And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
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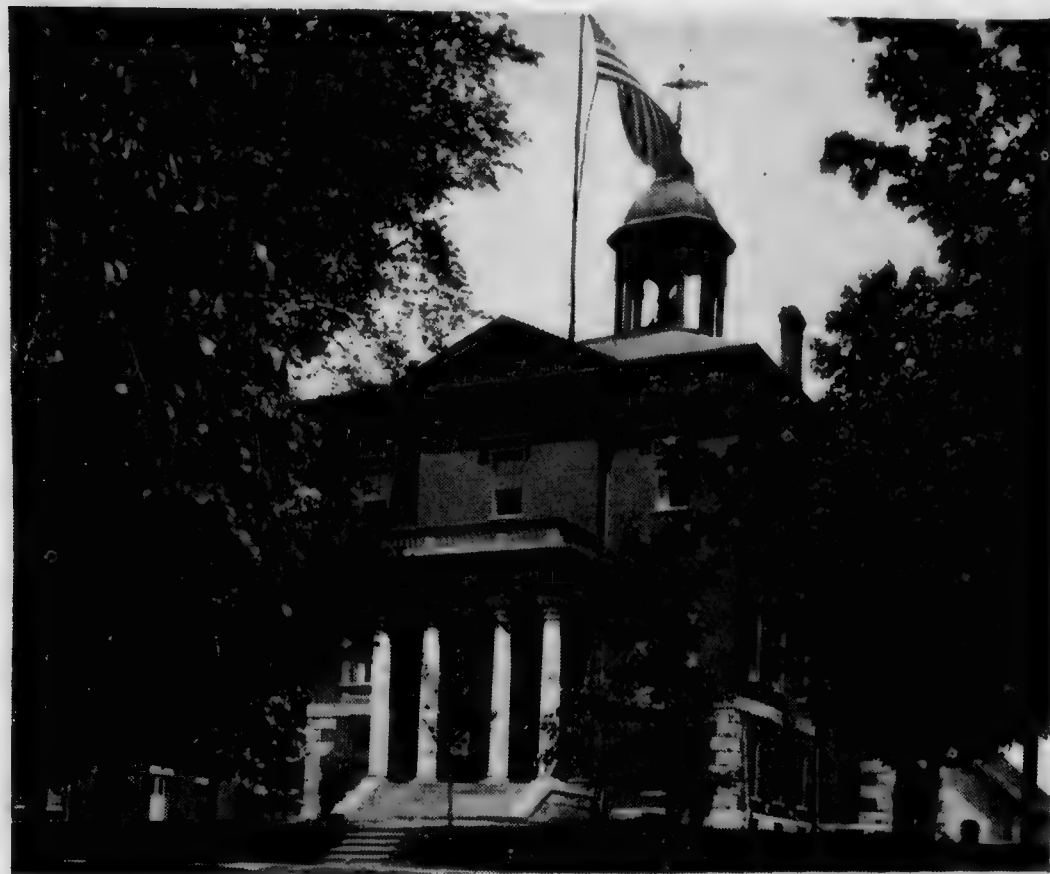
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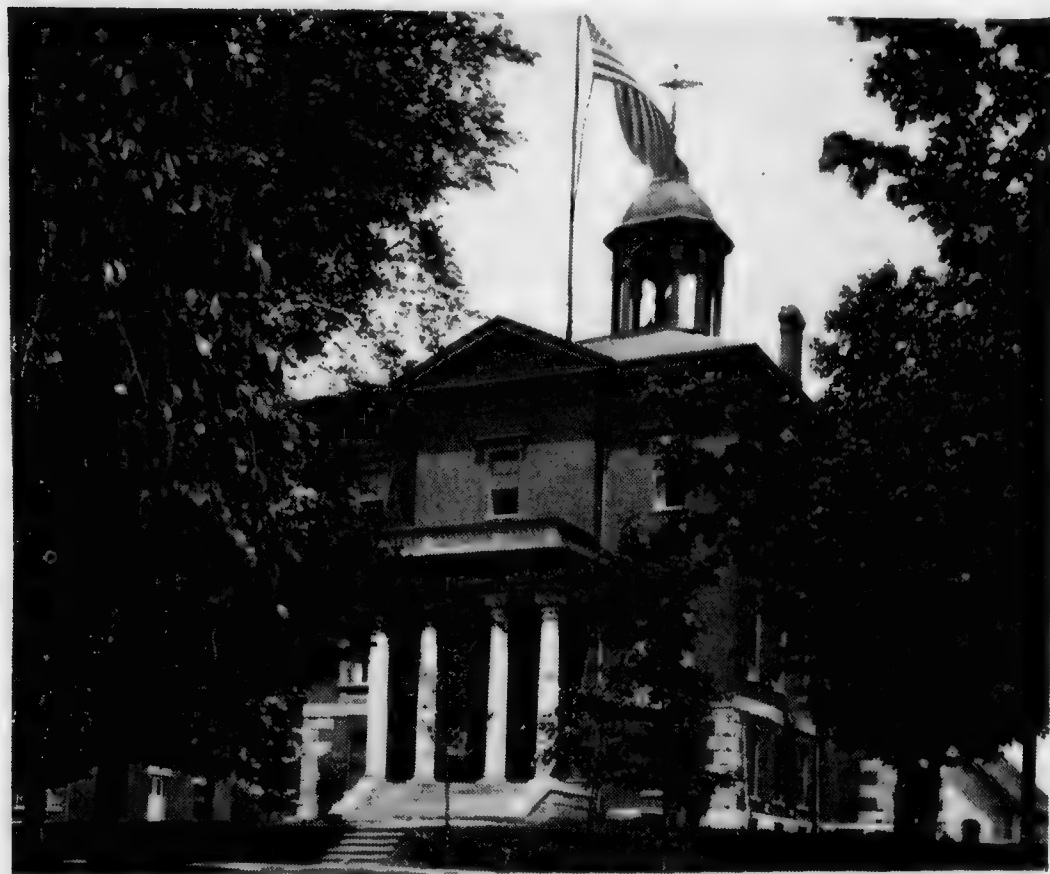
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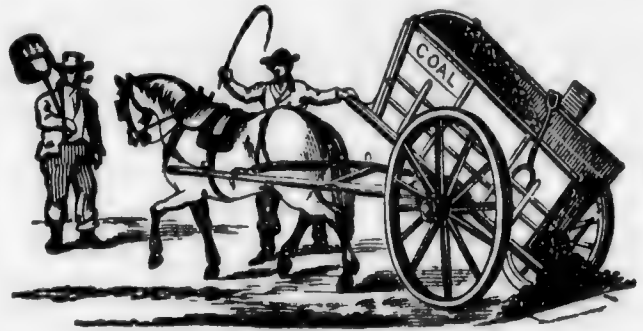
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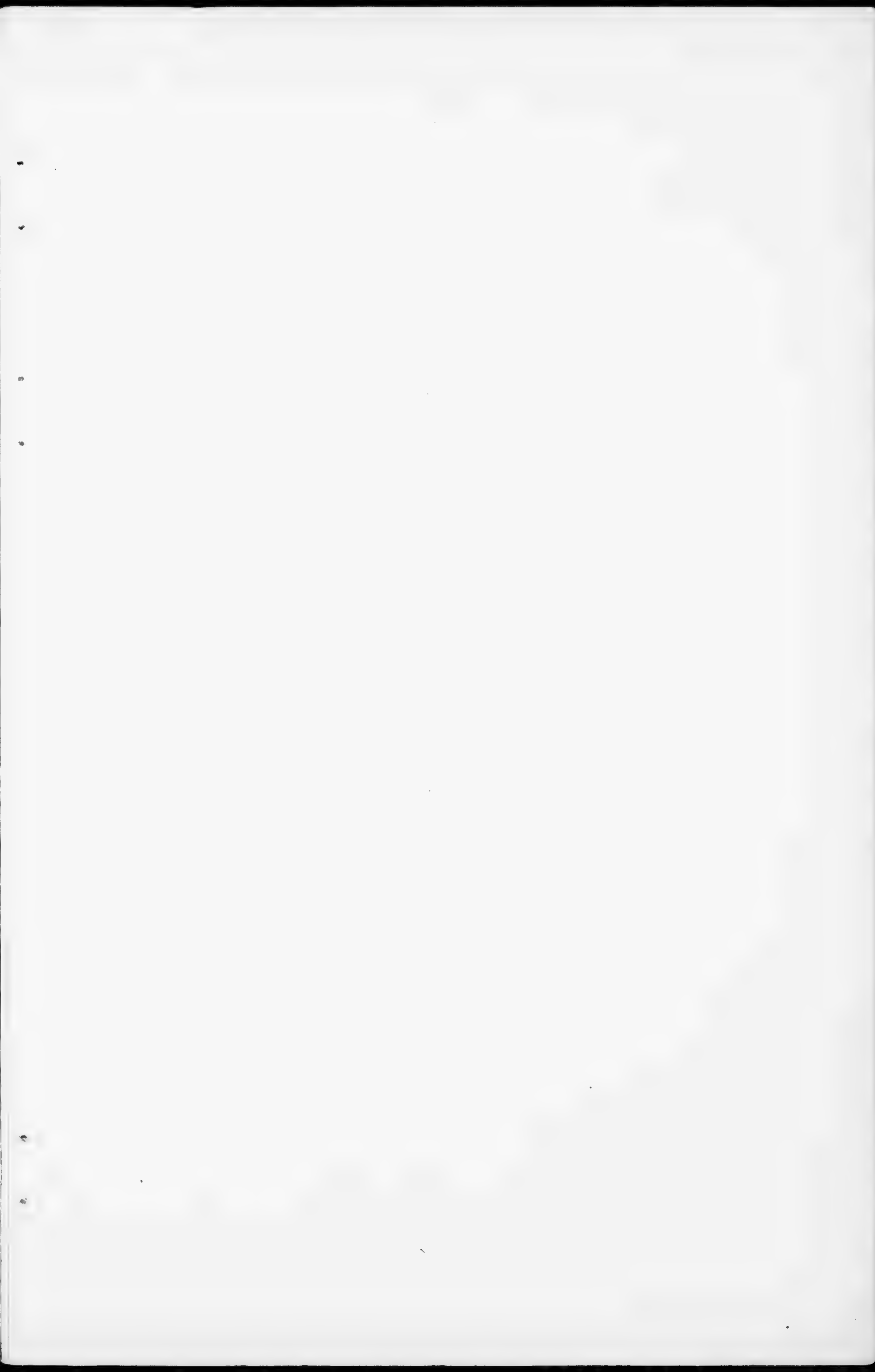
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Literary.

EVENING.

I.

Slowly sinking and descending sets the sun behind the mountain,
Casting round him glowing splendor, glorious, golden, ever-changing,
Painting all the clouds in colors red and golden with the sunbeams,
Casting shadows o'er the valleys long and tapering in the forest,
Calling home the birds at sunset to their nests among the pine trees,
To their nests of moss and grasses on the lofty, swaying branches,
Filling hearts with joy and gladness at the close of days of labor.

II.

One by one the stars appear twinkling in the azure blue,
Spreading o'er us in their beauty golden gems so fair and bright,
Looking down with stately grandeur on the earth so cold and dark,
Calling minds to higher thoughts, to the good that lies above us,
To the nobler, grander motives that lie buried in the heart,
Filling all the soul with rapture, with the silvery beams of glory,
Pointing out the love and mercy of the Power that rules above us.

III.

So the sun of life descending casts about him radiant splendor,
Filling all the land with glory as he sinks into the darkness,
Casting shadows o'er us standing as we watch the day departing,
Calling home the souls of dear ones to the rest beyond the river.

—J. G. P., '05

SMITH OF 188—.

A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

IN the early days of Bates when tall silk hats were much worn by young men, it was an unwritten law that, unless the class had earned the privilege by a victorious encounter with the Sophomores, no Freshman should wear a silk hat or carry a cane. One year the entering class was particularly strong, and early in the Fall Term showed the Sophomores that for one year, at least, the Freshmen should wear silk hats. Every member who possessed one took keen delight in appearing before the vanquished Sophomores in all the splendor of a tall hat.

However, the glory of one very joyful Freshman named Smith was rather short-lived. Soon after the Sophomore defeat he attended a lecture in the college chapel. With an imposing air he marched up the aisle, placed his hat on the seat beside him, and turned to take off his overcoat. The lights were dim, and as his

back was toward the aisle he did not notice any one enter. Unconscious of any impending disaster he turned just in time to see an extremely large woman seat herself upon his cherished hat. Shouts of laughter broke from the Sophomores, delighted that a Freshman should be thus discomfited, but the Freshman rose to the occasion. Lifting his treasure he straightened the damaged crown, saying, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," but, sad to tell, the hat, unlike Truth, did not rise, sufficiently to be worn again.

As a Sophomore Smith also made himself conspicuous. At this time there was in college a Professor who, though a most excellent man, was not very popular among the young men. In his endeavors to better the conditions of the college, he gained the reputation of being a little too inquisitive, for in some inconceivable way he always knew when anything was going on and would appear in the windows and rooms at most inopportune moments. The especial object of his attention was the tall Sophomore, Smith, whose fun-loving nature was always on the alert for mischief. Checked a little by the Professor's watchful care, for some time Smith had been rather quiet, but one night his active spirit could no longer stand the monotonous round of studies,—he had to do something.

The moon was bright, there was a fine crust, and he looked at the glittering snow, it seemed to beckon him away from his tiresome studies, to taste nature's charms. Quick as a flash his plans were laid. "We'll slide down Mount David, it's just the night for it!" The more he thought of it the more the reckless scheme pleased him, and off he hurried to call some boys to join him. As is usually the case, he found several eager to take part in anything new and striking, so getting the large traverse which the college boys then had, they started for the summit of Mount David. It was a hard climb, for the crust was slippery and the traverse rather heavy. Arrived at the top the courage of some of the more timid forsook them and they refused to try the slide. It did seem a bit dangerous, for although there was not much growth on the mountain then, the descent looked rough and it would require a skilful steersman to pilot them down and across the campus in safety.

However, Smith's courage held good, and to him fell the lot of steersman. The boys took their places on the traverse and with a push from those left behind, they shot down over the steep incline. Bump, bump, went the traverse over the uneven surface;

two unstably seated passengers were thrown, and the rest clung with all their strength. On they flew with terrible speed. Intent only on keeping their places they did not see the danger ahead until almost upon it. Walking slowly across the campus, his head bowed as if in deep thought, was Professor Brown. They were aiming directly for him! What if they should run into him! A cry of warning burst from Smith, "Jump, O, jump!" At the sound the Professor, starting from his reverie, leaped to the left, just as the traverse shot by over the very place where the moment before he had been standing. As he looked after the flying traverse, the Professor, overcome by astonishment and the icy crust, suddenly sat down,—perhaps to philosophize on the origin of the phenomenon he had just witnessed.

When the traverse came to a stop in the field beyond the campus, some rather bewildered boys rolled off and started back to find the two lost on the way, and to see if Professor Brown were hurt.. They met the lost ones limping home, a little bruised but not seriously injured. The Professor was nowhere to be seen.

At the door of Parker Hall the boys looked up at Mount David glittering in the moonlight. It was a grand sight, yet somehow it did not look as inviting as it had a half-hour before. With one accord they all became very studious; they weren't afraid to try it again, O, no! but they just couldn't take the time. Most of the boys went directly to their own rooms, but a few gathered in Smith's room to talk over their exciting slide. As they sat talking a soft step was heard along the corridor, then a knock at the door and a voice demanded admittance. "It's that Professor Brown," whispered Smith, "come to see about that slide; woe unto us if we hurt him when we passed! I'll teach him a little lesson, just make him think that I think he is one of the boys."

The voice outside was again heard, this time accompanied by a push on the door.

"Who's there?" called Smith.

"Professor Brown," answered the voice.

Smith, made reckless by his exciting slide, determined on a rash expedient. "Professor Brown! Professor Brown!" he called. "I'll teach you to play Professor on me!" A pitcher of icy water was conveniently near, the transom still more conveniently open, and the next moment the poor Professor felt like a man drowning in the Arctic Sea. Visions of icebergs crossed his gaze. There was a series of coughs, gasps and inarticulate

sounds, at which the boys rushed from the room to stare in surprise (?) when they saw the saturated Professor. Profuse apologies followed, which the Professor in the kindness of his heart received as honest expressions of regret, and forgetting his errand started for a warm room and dry clothes. The boys, laughing, yet a little chagrined at the way in which the Professor took the joke, soon went to their respective rooms. Two lessons had been learned that night, the boys', that perhaps practical jokes may be carried too far; the Professor's, that it is not always safe to stand beneath an open transom. —'05.

EMBLEM OF THE CLASS OF 1902.

[Written for the Class Ivy Day, by L. FLORENCE KIMBALL, '02.]

MIDST the various phases of student life, its frequent and imperative demands, its ceaseless activities and restless aspirations, midst its this, that, and other, one thing should primarily stand out in relief against this heterogeneous background. Faithful, earnest, honest study is the one thing which can fulfill the mission of our presence here; study alone can secure those ends which every true student has in view.

Gathered from all parts of the State, drawn from distant corners of New England, called even from the dark land of a foreign country, sixty homes have surrendered their dear ones with what end in view, other than knowledge? Desire for what, save for learning, could have brought them together for four of the most impressionable and decisive years of their lives?

I ask you to retrace with me the history of our college for the last three years. Every entering class sends ahead an echo of its coming. Three years ago the echo from the to-be Class of 1902 called forth new instructors both for modern languages and for the English branches. Two additional professors were needed to meet the increasing intellectuality of this class. Not only this, but after a few months had proven our ability and ambition for study, especially along scientific research among the young men, one of the most spacious and essential buildings on the campus was assigned to the pursuit of scientific studies, and to-day we have Science Hall, called into imperative need by the Class of 1902.

Therefore, what could be more emblematic of the class than a book, bound fast in the class color, even as our class members are bound one to another. What better symbol of the leading class

characteristic than studiousness? Not but what the class stands for other things! We have more than an ordinary amount of musical talent of high rank; ethically and religiously, too, we strive to set a high standard in lives that daily speak for the truest and best. For manager of track athletics, for manager and captain of both the base-ball and foot-ball teams, the institution draws upon this class. Nevertheless, notwithstanding our work in athletic, musical, social, ethical, and religious lines, as a class, we feel that for intellectuality we are particularly characterized.

If human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries surely it is the same in all colleges and in all classes. Because human nature is often weak, because too often "those things we would not, those we do," this book stands not only as our class emblem to-day but also a goal toward which the lower classes are to struggle. To follow this emblem for three or four years requires an effort; you who have not yet come where we to-day stand, see to it that you put aside from you those inclinations to procrastination, those desires for a smooth road to success and for those results which are secured by the least exertion and self-sacrifice on your part, but rather bend every effort toward the highest attainment possible, even though the pathway to honor be surrounded with difficulties and obstacles, for only by following this emblem as college people can you find the culmination of life, the sweetness of self-abnegation, and the laurels it becomes you to wear.

Doubtless you have oftentimes learned by experience that a book is something to be mastered by the individual, none other can do that for you. Part of this emblem already has been mastered by you, part of these pages are now an expression of you because they are traced by the work you have done. Some of these pages are now and forever written pages, "what you have written you have written," no man can change. Written alike with pure thoughts, noble deeds, high aspirations, and written, too, with trembling hands and sighs of regret, with holy resolutions, written also in tune with those thoughtful words, "what might have been." Letter by letter, word by word, deed by deed, they stand and will continue to stand an immortal monument of your lives here. Let us be glad and rejoice that from them shines a light which may guide others to this goal, which may inspire them to strive to attain that for which this emblem stands.

The vast majority of these leaves are still spotless. A wide expanse of unwritten pages lies before each one and there remains

only one brief year to write. Shall not a deeper wisdom, a greater carefulness be our guiding star? Did I say one year? Ah! Who shall say? But one year here, but what of the years beyond when we shall be out in the turmoil of life, launched into its activities? A good book is without exception a climax, not an anti-climax. Thus may our lives reach a climax in all that is good and true and worthy of our aim, crowned with long years of service until we again stand face to face with our number complete, once more with her who has already left us because it hath pleased Him to add one more jewel to the heavenly diadem.

May the emblem of this day go with you all and abide with you throughout life's journey, inspiring you to be always students, to live, to think and to have your being in the realm of good books, in the world of literature, until "earthly things shall have passed away" and we all stand before God, and another book is opened, which is the "Book of Life."

PERIODS.

WE philosophize a good deal, my room-mate and I, at odd moments, sometimes at even ones also, when we should be translating Schiller. Our range of subjects is by no means narrow. No theme, from the sublime to the ridiculous, can daunt us, for we are Seniors, and our power of reasoning, our mental grasp of things, so to speak, is all that could be—expected.

One of the most interesting features of our discussions is that they are never long. Sometimes we reach a *period* in five minutes, not always a logical conclusion as Professor Z. would say, for many things conspire against us. For example:

Perhaps Maud is in a deeply philosophical frame of mind. To-morrow is to be her easy day, while I have five recitations and a theme to prepare. Now it is very evident (to me) that I cannot stop seven times in the course of my German lesson to argue long, even on so important a question as "The Influences, Moral and Otherwise, to be found in a Co-educational College." Such disputation would doubtless be in a certain degree instructive, but under the existing circumstances it is obviously inexpedient, not to say imprudent. At such a time the portions of my brain that are not doing German should be busily engaged repeating, "Eight hours, five lessons, and a theme,—Eight hours, five lessons, and a theme."

It is just as bad when the tables are turned for, as is well known, the impoliteness of interruptions depends on one's point of

view. I announce to Maud that I have evolved from my inner consciousness a thought which Emerson himself might (?) be proud to call his own. And Maud only mutters a little louder from the depths of her "Pol-Econ," "The *want* or *desire* that we feel for a thing determines its value to us." I subside gracefully or ungracefully and muse.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene," etc. Thus incompatibility of temperament or circumstances often furnishes us with *very decided periods*.

Let no one think from the above that my room-mate is not a jewel. She is, in fact, one of a thousand just like her. I would not leave her for a position on the STUDENT board. Not the God of Mirth, nor the Muse of Mathematics, but the Spirit of Seriousness is my witness—I admire and appreciate that girl. "But of this subject more will be said farther on." (Ira Ramson quoted.)

Our second and more frequent cause for swift conclusions is the cocoa. And here, you will pardon me, I pray, but in the plan of this treatise (?), which you observe has been carefully worked out, I neglected to state at the proper time and place that we meal ourselves, my room-mate and I. As for sticking to one's text it is a difficult thing to do. I have always admired Samantha Allen for those two clever devices by which she strings stray thoughts together,—*"To rezoom backwards a spell,"* and *"But I am a eppisodin' an' to rezoom."* I mean to mention these to Professor Z. as excellent examples of what he calls *connecting links*.

To pick up the thread of our discourse, we board each other, Maud and I, not because we wish to economize, oh, no, we wouldn't have you think that, but because (theoretically) we can thus have each day what our own taste would order, and because we are thus fitting ourselves to become, a few years hence, "Bachelor Maids," who, it is well known, depend on the chafing-dish to cheer their hours at home. Last, but not least, we thus satisfy that craving for exercise which Seniors invariably experience after three successive winters of patient, conscientious Gym. work. Not even the climbing of four or five flights of stairs seven or eight times a day can fully satisfy this desire for active labor.

I do not wish to blame the Faculty here. I merely state that they underestimate our physical energy.

But house-keeping has its drawbacks, after all,—especially for the philosopher. Fancy yourself (and Maud) seated before the pleasant fire on a cold winter evening, calmly comparing the literary merits of Shakespeare and Milton, while you wait for the

cocoa to boil for supper. Suppose that you favor Shakespeare and that you have nearly convinced Maud of his superiority when, like a rocket in a clear sky, as it were,—fizz,—sputter,—crack,—the cocoa has boiled over again. This *period* although it may be interesting, is far from logical, as Professor Z. would say. If you disagree, try to lift a dish of boiling-over cocoa from a red-hot stove.

Thus we learn many practical chemical truths by this system. I should have mentioned this as fourthly among the arguments in favor of the self-mealing plan. (Truly, if there were time I would "Recast and Rewrite" this article.)

The coal fire with its various demands, sometimes furnishes *periods*, more often *dashes*, in our musings *in duo*. After I graduate I mean to write a forty-page treatise on "Pranks and Freaks Peculiar to a Coal-Fire," or "Remarks on Running a Coal Stove." We have searched the chemistry diligently to discover a method whereby the escape of C O may be prevented, but in vain, and we confidently expect to be asphyxiated at some future period.

I am sorry, after all, that I mentioned the coal fire in these pages, for it does not properly belong under the subject of Periods, being, as I said before, more fittingly described with dashes.

Every year at college the periods and dashes increase,—more care, more demands on one's time. For several weeks vague, shadowy images of dots, and colons, commas,—that sometimes look strangely like comets,—flashes of fire, come between me and the Psychology. The professors to whom I recite (I had always thought them mere machines) have lately exhibited a fatherly solicitude for my health. Can it be that the "Folks" have written them? They have sent me a score of letters advising a speedy home-coming and rest. Rest in this enlightened age! Not more rest but less is what I need,—that is, less of these interruptions to steady work, less commas and dashes as it were.

People do get such strange notions into their heads about their fellow-mortals. Dr. K. read me a free lecture yesterday on my duty to myself: self-interest, he called it.

At the beginning of this story (it was to be that), I had an idea, but it has slowly dissolved in thin air. I thought to follow this style of plot:

Introduction,—Falling action,—Climax,—Rising action,—Happy ending.

It has its advantages over the so-called tragic plot:

Introduction,—Rising action,—Climax,—Falling action,—Catastrophe.

Strangely enough, or perhaps it is owing to the gradual evaporation of my idea, the plot now looks like this:

Introduction,—Falling action,—Stop.

Careful re-reading fails to bring to light anything that could be called a catastrophe,—unless the cocoa exploit may be so considered.

To the Student:

My friend has been obliged to leave her college work. She asked me to "Re-write and finish that periodical thing," but I prefer to send it unchanged. The lack of plan, which she condemns, and of which she was seldom guilty, expresses better than words how bravely she struggled against failing health and shattered nerves. When her father came to take her home, he greeted her with, "Well, daughter, you have reached a period, I hear." And she for a moment rallied something of her old playfulness and retorted, "Yes, but it isn't a full stop! Truly, papa."

—MAUD.

THE DEBATE.

THE past few years have seen great and varied additions to the resources of our college; but with all her getting, Bates has hitherto failed to get a patron-saint. 1902 will, however, probably go down in college history as the year in which our saint came to us; for St. Valentine, the warm-hearted patron of young men and maidens, has chosen us for his own. Casting his eyes toward Lewiston, and observing with compassion our saintless—not to say unsanctified—condition, he singled us out for his peculiar favor; and on his own holiday, February 14th, he sent us his picked ambassadors—three youths from Harvard—with the message, "St. Valentine sent us; we are yours; take us;"—and we took them.

But not without a good fight. Like many of the great events of history, this coming of our saint was not recognized until it was past; St. Valentine has emerged only gradually from his background;—up to that night, our thought was only of the Harvard Seniors and of Shipping Subsidies.

For weeks the college had been looking forward to the great event; Bates was to face upon the debating platform, for the first time in her life, the representatives of one of our country's great universities—this time, it chanced, of the oldest, largest, richest

American university, the honored leader of national culture, Harvard herself. It is no wonder that our college, with the modesty which well becomes her, felt some uncertainty, not to say trepidation, as she girded herself for the contest. But the gauge had been thrown down, and accepted; we had not flinched before Harvard and Yale on the foot-ball field; and Bates shut her teeth together and set vigorously to work, saying to herself, "They shall see; I scored on them at foot-ball; they made only 16 to my 6. Who knows? I may not win, but—they shall have a surprise this time, too."

Six men—Childs, Daicey, and Hunnewell, '02; Beedy, '03; and Briggs and Spofford, '04—were chosen early in December as a "debating squad;" and for three weeks, from their quarters in the top of Roger Williams Hall, they surveyed the world and the question for debate: "*Resolved*, That the United States should adopt a system of Shipping Subsidies." At the end of this period, a trial debate was held, which resulted in the selection of Childs, Hunnewell, and Beedy as the team to meet Harvard. The other three men formed a second team, and with admirable devotion to the interests of the college, worked faithfully in helping the first team by suggestion and by opposition, though there was for them no hope of any but a reflected glory, in the event of a Bates victory. In the meantime, the first team was straining every nerve in the collection and digestion of material; the matter was worked and re-worked, arranged and re-arranged, sorted and revised and tested, till it seemed as if no negative argument could be presented that would not meet with ready demolition. It is interesting to note that the main point advanced by Harvard—that the shipping industry is already flourishing, and needs no aid—was an entire surprise to those who had been most closely in touch with the training of the debaters; it had been expected that the fight would be made along other, and far broader, lines. Yet, while their friends in the audience were wondering how our men were going to take the apparently strong intrenched position of their opponents, Childs was actually climbing the enemy's ramparts, and Beedy, seizing the flag from him, was carrying it with a triumphant rush into the very center of the hostile camp. It is not necessary to say more. Our men were ready for anything that Harvard might bring forward; their minds were supple through long and patient exercise in handling their subject from every possible standpoint; effectively combining independent work with a co-operation which forgot self in the common inter-

est, they had labored faithfully for their college;—and the end has duly crowned their labors.

On Thursday evening, February 13, the Harvard men arrived, five of them—Messrs. Earle, Sage, and Smith, the three debaters, all members of the Senior Class of the college; Mr. Norwood, the alternate, also a Senior; and the coach, Mr. Catchings, an old Harvard debater, now in the Law School. On Friday the Harvard representatives were given the honors of the town, and made to feel that Bates was genuinely glad to see them. They were dined by the President, and, at a reception in the afternoon at the rooms of Mr. Foster—upon whom, as a Harvard graduate, their entertainment devolved in large measure—they were presented to the Faculty and to their opponents in the debate. Everyone liked them, and their frank, manly bearing met quick appreciation at the hands of the manly frankness of our own men.

The evening arrived, clear and beautiful. A lively interest in the debate had been aroused in the Bates world; all realized that it was an important event in college history; but everyone was none the less surprised to see everyone else present at City Hall on the 14th. The hall was literally packed; all the seats on floor and in galleries were filled, and two or three hundred persons stood throughout the debate. It was the largest audience ever gathered at a Bates College function—an inspiring audience, a sympathetic audience. It gave its applause impartially, quickly recognizing the good points made by both sides, and following every word with eagerness. And at the end, by its ringing cheers for Bates and her three spokesmen, it showed that its heart was in the right place.

At 8 o'clock, the six debaters came upon the stage, and took their seats on opposite sides, at tables laden with literature in support of the various points to be made. Both teams wore an air of easy assurance; but in the eyes of the Bates men was a look of determination which suggested reserve force, and augured well for victory. Childs was suffering acutely from a felon on his right hand; but those who feared that this might weaken his nerve and lessen his effectiveness—simply did not know Childs. He is a Bates man, and the college was depending on him for one-third of the work that evening; and he did it.

Judge Savage of Auburn, who presided with kindly dignity, announced the terms of the debate, and introduced as the opening speaker Hunnewell, of Bates, who developed unsuspected power. In his earnest manner he stated the question, defined the position

of Bates upon its affirmative side, and proceeded to establish our country's need of a merchant marine; he pointed out the causes of our lack of ships, and disposed successively of the various plans, aside from that of government subsidy, which have been proposed for supplying them.

Sage, the first speaker on the negative, is youthful in appearance, quiet and self-possessed in manner, and effective, by his very simplicity, in delivery; as he told off his points, one after another, he carried his audience with him. He urged that, as the United States already has a system of mail-subsidies, the *adoption* of a subsidy system must refer to something new; this, he said, must be a gratuitous gift to the shipping interests, without any return on their part. He established—or at least seemed to establish—the fact that American shipping interests are now flourishing, and need no protection; and left in the minds of the audience the figures “1-8-17,” representing the increase in our construction of vessels for foreign trade in the past three years.

Childs was the next speaker, and he drove his points home with telling force; the bulk of the constructive argument was in his hands. His task was to show that the method of subsidies is practicable, and that it is an effective means of building up a merchant marine; his proofs of these points were convincing, and he promised that, in five years under subsidy, we shall construct ships as cheaply as Great Britain.

Earle, the second Harvard man, was unfortunate in his physical equipment; body and voice gave an impression of weakness or extreme weariness which detracted from the force of his words. One was conscious of a continual strain upon his voice, and at one time it was feared that he would break down. But his spirit was good, and his thought was clear. He found fault with the affirmative for making no answer to Harvard's points, and proceeded to show that the organization of the ship-building industry, which Childs had said would ensue in five years after the establishment of subsidies, was already a fact—that we can already build cheaper than England.

Beedy completed the case for the affirmative. With a winged enthusiasm that carried every auditor irresistibly with him, and with a quick dash of humor every now and then, he sped along to a brilliant climax. With a jocose hit at the feminine tendency toward spending, he showed that the benefits of the subsidy would be shared by all the people, and that the money would not simply go to line a few pockets; and pointed out the many indirect advan-

tages which the possession of ships would give us. He made an impressive muster of the advocates of shipping-subsidies, and finished with a summary of the entire case for the affirmative.

Smith closed the case for the negative. He was the most oratorical of the Harvard debaters, and his voice and stage-presence added to his effectiveness. He pointed out the evils of the subsidy system, and showed that a subsidy granted to an industry which is no infant would result in inflation, extravagance and monopoly. He urged that Nature be left to take its course, and left two watch-words ringing in the ears of the audience—"1-8-17," and "Wild-Cat Boom."

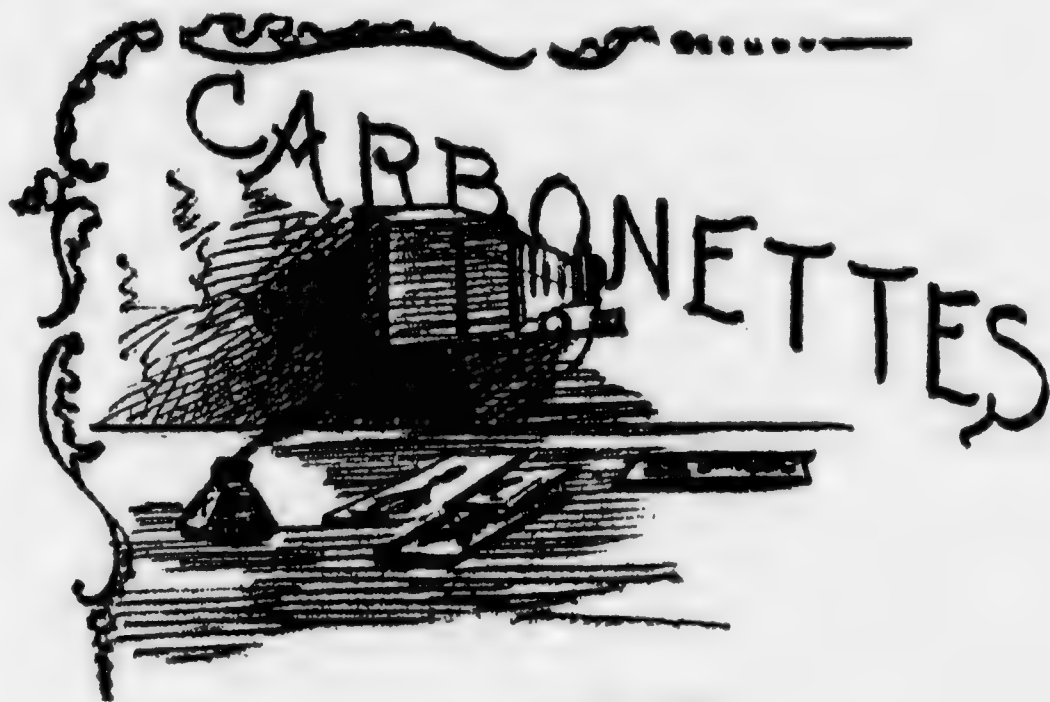
Each of the preceding speeches occupied twelve minutes; without a pause, Sage rose for rebuttal, for which five minutes were allotted to each speaker; here Harvard led off, and Bates had the last word.

And nobly did she speak it. Harvard advanced practically nothing new in these five-minute speeches—in fact, her strength lay largely in the repetition of a few statements which her debaters evidently regarded as unassailable; while fresh facts and arguments fairly radiated from the Bates men in every direction. Such readiness in rebuttal, such perfect mastery of the subject-matter, such a sure hand in turning an opponent's arguments swiftly upon himself, has seldom, if ever, been seen in a debate in this city. Serene, yet spirited, well-poised and confident, our men, who had steadily refused to answer the negative arguments until the affirmative structure was complete, dealt a succession of crushing blows to their opponents' case, which left it hardly strength enough to hobble away in confessed defeat, crying in ever-failing accents, "1-8-17." And when Beedy rose and advanced to the center of the stage, saying, "Don't applaud me; I need the time," we knew that even "1-8-17" was on the eve of its Waterloo.

Fifteen minutes later, three men of distinguished bearing walked upon the stage. Their leader, Judge Putnam, of Portland, said gravely, "Mr. Chairman: The Committee have considered the comparative excellence of the work of the debaters on the two sides; and, while we agree that both Harvard and Bates have made a creditable showing, yet, on the whole, we feel that the award should be given to B——;" and a tremendous outburst of applause at once drowned and completed the word "Bates."

It was one of the proudest days in our history, one that marks a real achievement. In the two cities of Auburn and Lewiston,

among our alumni wherever they are, and throughout the whole State of Maine, satisfaction has been deep and genuine. The newspapers everywhere—even in Boston—told of the contest with enthusiasm. And in years far hence, the names of these three men—Hunnewell, the forcible, Childs, the keen, and Beedy, the magnetic—shall be gratefully remembered as those of the team that beat Harvard.



MARCH.

First of the spring months, hail to thee!
 We sing thee a carol merrily,
 Though thou art gruff and bold,
 We brave thy rough winds' stinging cold,
 Thee we welcome.

Thy magic touch hath wondrous power
 To rouse from sleep the first spring flower,
 And free the streams from the embrace
 Of the mighty Frost King. Our voice we raise
 Thee to welcome.

First of the spring months, hail to thee!
 We sing thee a carol merrily,
 And for thy lessons of hope and cheer,
 Accept our thanks. Now thou art here,
 Thee we welcome.

—RUTH EUGENIA PETTINGILL, 1902.

WHAT THE OLD DOOR-KEEPER SAID.

"So ye wish to see the mills! Well, they are but piles of brick and mortar to look at, filled with machines, human and otherwise. But somehow I feel like taking off my hat when I enter here. Oh, yes, the genius, skill, and wealth that these busy hives exhibit

excite my admiration, but I could not honor these in connection with the souls that animate their human adjuncts.

Many a time I've opened these doors to fair ladies who swept proudly and disdainfully between the busy looms or diligent jennies, satisfying an idle curiosity. And when I have seen such a one pause suddenly beside a loom to gaze upon the face of her sister,—the toiler,—I have often noted the blush of shame burn on fair face and neck. Did my lady see in the haggard, patient face before her, the price of the dainty fabric which adorned her person? Or did she read deeper in the stricken soul and see there the extremities to which all this toil, privation, and ill-paid service has caused her sister to fall? Was her woman's heart touched by this showing of love unreturned, of longings impossible to express, of sin that is only greater than her own because it is not winked at by "good society"? Whatever my lady reads there, she cannot endure the gaze of those eyes, so hopeless and so cynical.

I've grown old since first these doors opened. I have seen bobbin boys and errand girls of a former generation become the men and women operatives of to-day. Some hold honored positions; some bear their fortune in their face. Slowly the wheels of life have evolved, but passion and unremitted toil have rapidly worn away all traces of beauty or of strength.

This bowed and broken woman was once the belle of the mill. To see her face at early morning with her bright smile and roguish eyes was an inspiration to toil! But that was long ago, long ago! Yonder is her husband, once the straightest and bonniest lad in all the place.

Well, ye wanted to see the mill, but my old head is growing dull. The machines of former days with which I was familiar are replaced by modern ones, and the only place I can fill is here by the door. The last whistle will blow for me some slack day and the doors will open to my hands no more. But the wheels in there will still move round; the human beings who now operate them shall pass away and their places be filled by others, and the world shall still be clothed with the sighs, the tears, the very heart's blood and honor of these poor creatures.

Ah, human life is cheap, very cheap to those who laugh, but dear, too dear, to those who act the tragedy!"

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'79.—Dr. R. F. Johonnot recently had the pleasure of entertaining at his home in the suburbs of Chicago two of his classmates who had not seen each other since graduation, twenty-three years ago, W. E. Ranger, Superintendent of Education in Vermont, and Hon. Fletcher Howard, Commissioner of Pharmacy of Iowa. Mr. Ranger went to Chicago to attend the National Meeting of Superintendents, and Mr. Howard came over from his home at Des Moines to meet his classmates.

'72.—In New York City on February 21st, occurred the death of the youngest daughter of George Herbert Stockbridge, aged about three years.

'75.—We take great pleasure in recording the recent appointment of Hon. A. M. Spear as Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. The career of Mr. Spear is essentially that of a self-made man, of one who has relied upon his own efforts for advancement and has not scorned to make use of physical labor to that end. Born in Madison on March 17, 1852, he spent the days of his boyhood at work upon his father's farm. He is one of the many who can trace the beginning of their educational development to the little red school-house of the country, for his early education was obtained in the district schools of his native place. Leaving home in search of more advanced instruction he completed the course of study at Monmouth Academy in 1869 and at Waterville Classical Institute in 1871. In the fall of the same year he entered Bates College, where he soon established a reputation for scholarship and natural ability backed by intense energy and power of application. He paid his own way through fitting schools and college by teaching in winter and working on a farm in summer. After graduating from Bates in 1875 he taught in Anson Academy for two years and then began the study of law with Hutchinson & Savage, Lewiston. He was admitted to the Kennebec Bar in 1878 and practiced law in Hallowell for six years, serving as city solicitor, member of the school board and representative to the Legislature in 1883 and 1885. During the latter year he moved to Gardiner and was elected mayor of that city in 1889. He was thrice re-elected, serving four consecutive terms. He was chosen member of the State Senate from Kennebec County in 1891 and again in 1893, acting as President of that

body during his last term. He is a prominent Mason and Knight Templar.

In regard to the office to which he has recently been appointed, Hon. George W. Heselton, ex-county attorney for Kennebec, says: "It is without peer among other offices in the gift of the State. It is an office to which every lawyer has the right to aspire, but few there are who attain it. Since the formation of the State only 36 have sat on the supreme bench of Maine. This is a striking illustration when you consider the thousands of attorneys who have practiced in the Maine courts within that time. It is this which illustrates the high position that our brother has achieved."

In regard to the man himself the same eminent authority remarks: "We who have met Judge Spear in legal contest appreciate his mental equipment and know that he will rank with any who are now on the bench or who have preceded. Always courteous in the trial of causes, always fair in the presentation of testimony, always willing to grant a favor, and always having the mental equipoise which can never be shaken—that is Judge Spear."

On the evening of March 3 the fellow-townsmen of Judge Spear tendered him a complimentary dinner in the banquet hall at the Masonic Temple of Gardiner. The room was prettily decorated with palms and at the head of the hall was a large picture of the guest of honor, decked with flowers. His chair was a mass of roses and smilax and directly before him was a magnificent Easter lily with a royal burst of blossoms. Everything was the best that could be procured, and the highly eulogistic speeches showed the esteem and respect in which the newly-appointed justice was held by his neighbors and friends. Hon. O. B. Clason of the Class of '77 acted as toast-master. L. M. Sanborn, Esq., of the Class of '92, was the first speaker of the evening. Among the other guests were R. E. Donnell, '84, and E. W. Morrell, '90.

'85.—Frank A. Morey has recently returned from a very successful business trip to England.

'86.—The "Holy Ghost and Us" Temple at Shiloh has been recently placed under quarantine owing to the presence of small-pox.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, A.M., who is taking a special course in Sociology at the University of Chicago, has returned to Lewiston for a short vacation. His home has recently been gladdened by the appearance of a new member in his family.

'91.—A valuable treatise on "Law and Anarchy" has recently been written by F. L. Pugsley, Principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

'95.—W. S. Brown has resigned his position as principal of the Dexter High School to accept a very lucrative position in the mining establishment of his brother in Colorado.

'95.—W. W. Bolster has recently been chosen a member of the school committee in New Auburn.

'96.—F. A. Knapp, who is now doing graduate work in Harvard University, has an infant daughter.

'97.—Some of the members of the A. F. C. E. Society of the Main Street Free Baptist Church have recently contributed in addition to their regular dues, a sum of money to be used to aid Lewis P. Clinton in his African missionary work.

'97.—Miss Winn is assistant in the Lisbon High School.

'99.—Alton Wheeler has been elected Superintendent of Schools in Paris, Me.

1900.—The appearance of small-pox in Massachusetts has caused some inconvenience to many Bates men who are principals of High Schools and Academies there. On that account F. P. Ayer recently received a somewhat longer vacation than usual, which he spent at his home in Cornish.

1900.—E. V. Call is taking a short rest after a very successful canvass with views.

1900.—Miss Clara M. Trask has become special teacher of Latin and German in the High School of Boonton, N. J.

1901.—V. E. Rand has succeeded to the position formerly occupied by Brown, '95, as principal of Dexter High School. Mr. Rand was in Lewiston for a few days recently.

1901.—Lincoln Roys delivered a lecture on Memory before the Norland Grange of East Livermore, Saturday, February 22. Mr. Roys is now principal of Wayne High School.

1901.—J. S. Bragg had a varied and extensive experience while canvassing in the employ of the North American Publishing Company of New York, last year. He intends to work in Michigan this summer.

1901.—We are glad to hear from our friends on the other side of the globe. A letter recently received from W. K. Bachelder shows that rapid postal communication with our distant colonies has not yet been established. He writes: ". . . I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are having winter here; it is just agreeable summer weather; the days are very hot, but there is a fresh breeze the most of the time and the

nights are cool. And the moonlight evenings have a beauty all their own. I intend to travel a little by moonlight this week, expect to see Stinchfield. I am much better than when I last wrote, but catch cold at every breath of wind, and yet this is called a healthy climate. Wagg is so far away that I almost expect never to see him in the Philippines. These islands are numerous and the southern are a long way from the northern, especially by the present conveniences for travel. I am glad to hear that so many of 1901 have positions, and good ones, too. Please remember me to the fellows. . . . I haven't heard from the Bates-Bowdoin foot-ball game yet. I feel confident that we have won after the game played against Harvard. . . . I have two more weeks' vacation which ends January 5. Then I suppose a good long grind will begin, lasting nearly a year. We have one month in June, or July, I believe. Soon after school begins I shall have one holiday, the fiesta of the patron saint of the pueblo (village). Thursday evening I had been out and on my return I was surprised to find a large assembly of men and women of a lower grade. They had been dancing. Of course all was quiet when I entered, but I was much surprised when several of the women hopped up, saying, "buenos noches" (good evening). My muchacho (boy) wanted me to give them some money; it would go for the fiesta. I had company and was a little annoyed at the whole affair, so they didn't get any. Some of them went away about 12 P.M., but I heard quiet, hushed women's voices until late in the morning. . . . They have quite a celebration here at Christmas, when many typical eastern scenes may be seen. The serenade before Christmas, the hushed, sad, mournful dirge in the soft moonlight; a beautiful scene yet weird; far from civilization, yet it almost seems like the yearning of these heathen beings for something better. The Catholic Church connects them with a higher, better life, and their sadly sweet songs are the audible expression of that tie. . . . Wagg has been ill, is isolated, etc., like the rest of us. 'Twill be a strange Christmas for us, but pleasant. Thermometer 90° in the shade."

1901.—Rev. Joseph E. Wilson, pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Me., was united in marriage to Edna M. Gosline, formerly a member of 1902, at the home of the bride, Sussex, Kings County, N. B., on March 5, 1902. A reception was tendered to the bridal pair Friday evening, March 7, by the members of his parish.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE feel that Bates has reason to congratulate herself upon the course of debates which she offers her students. With the Sophomore year comes the first one. This is compulsory. Every student is obliged to write and deliver a debate with no help from his instructors. It is a lesson in independence and self-dependence. Next comes the Sophomore Champion, then the Junior and Senior team debates. These are not compulsory, but are taken up by those who have the inclination and ability to do the work.

Great good would be derived from such a course, however the work was prepared, but we admire the discretion of the Faculty in compelling the student to do his own work, to make his own stand, and to fight his own battles. His debate, whether good or bad, must be his own.

Side by side with this work is the work done by the literary societies. Here we have the opportunity of meeting each other in friendly, serious debate, of training ourselves in quickness, keenness, and all extemporaneous work. And we do not hesitate to say that to the interest thus kept up in debate, and to the skill here obtained is due, in a large measure, our victory over the Harvard Seniors.

WHILE from all sides, congratulations are coming to us upon our success in the recent Bates-Harvard debate, it is really quite interesting to see the view taken of it by one of our rival colleges. In the issue of the *Orient* for February 20th, Bowdoin, from all the greatness of her heart, congratulates Bates on her victory, but she also makes of this an opportunity to heap congratulations upon herself, and in so doing she draws some conclusions which are far from favorable to Bates. Not doubting but what the statements were made in entire good faith, we must say that they were made in a good faith which arose from a complete ignorance of the facts. And while wishing to do nothing to imply that their falsity was known or intentional, or that this adverse criticism sprang from any spirit of jealousy, we take this opportunity to correct some of the statements made there. We learn that Bowdoin men are famous in debating, "while some other colleges not far away which have made a specialty of debates for years, can point to few or no parliamentarians among their

graduates." Owing to the skilful evasiveness of the words, at first we can hardly tell whether this is a thrust at Bates or not. From what follows, however, we judge that this subtle irony is directed against ourselves; however, we think we will be pardoned for our hesitation in attributing it to ourselves, considering how utterly groundless and false such a statement concerning us is.

It is difficult to make a fair comparison between Bates and Bowdoin. For Bowdoin is comparatively an old college, while Bates was founded in 1863. We must allow a man twenty-five years out from college, in which to make his mark. This leaves to Bates the men whom she graduated in the nine years between '67 and '76, as the only ones who have had a fair chance to show their ability. And even comparing the graduates of these nine years, Bowdoin would have an enormous advantage, for Bates graduated only one hundred men to her two or three times as many. A very large number of our early graduates went into teaching; and we incidentally suggest that the relative merits of the two schools along this line be considered. Few of them went into law. But we can make this statement, and back it up, too, that with Bowdoin's graduates since 1867 Bates can match, one to one, men prominent in any of the professions. Among her "few or no parliamentarians" Bates numbers a judge of the Supreme Court, an editor of the *Manual of the United States Senate*, twenty-five or more members of the senates and legislatures of different states, three Presidents of the Maine Senate in the last ten years, thus covering a period of six years, and a President of the Massachusetts State Senate. We are glad and rejoice with Bowdoin that her men are being taught to be independent, and we hope that they will be "able to stand on their own legs," if anything, better in the future than they have in the past. We congratulate them in their resolution to make the debate purely an undergraduate one. It is the policy which Bates has always followed, and her success does not need to be told. We hope that they will be able to carry out the "peculiarity," as they style it, of being independent. We have never found any "peculiarity" in depending upon ourselves, but this is doubtless due to the management of the course of debate here. Our men do their own work and we wish to make it plain that the statement to the effect that, in our debate with Harvard, our men depended upon Faculty assistance, is entirely false, and that it is a statement which no one has any right to make. We cannot admire the spirit which leads

one college to malign another, but when they use false statements for this purpose we must express more than lack of admiration. Our men wrote their own briefs and their own arguments, the work was undergraduate work, the ideas undergraduate ideas, and the debate an undergraduate debate.

In this misrepresentation we are obliged to find a compliment, too, for the statement must have been made upon the writer's own judgment. The Bates men surpassed his expectations, it was not within his conception how college men could have written such debates, and he jumped at the conclusion, evidently, that they had had assistance from the Faculty. However, we wish to remind the writer that throughout the course at Bates, men who are interested in this line of work are given thorough training in depending upon their own abilities, and in delivering debates which they themselves have written. And so in intercollegiate debates our men, working as they are accustomed to work, and depending upon themselves alone, achieve results which may well seem impossible to other colleges.

THE base-ball practice is now well under way and we are approaching the season when Bates must either have a winning team or be compelled to acknowledge that with the very best of material she is unable to put a good team in the field. We cannot say that we are altogether satisfied with the work of the team last year, though they won some notable victories. The student body wants to see our ball team win from Maine colleges as well as from those outside the State, from Bowdoin as well as Columbia, from Colby as well as Tufts. This result we believe can be accomplished by consistent hard work and faithful training—two requisites always insisted upon in those colleges whose athletic success has been most marked.

The students are being constantly urged to unite in support of the various teams, and this is right, but if we are to support the team and thus enable them to represent us, we believe we have the right to insist that each team be the best possible. The spirit of fair play demands that if we support them, they in turn shall support to the limit of their ability, the athletic reputation of the college with which they are associated. This much we believe we have the right to insist upon,—that our base-ball team this year shall train faithfully and consistently, and put forth their best efforts both in the games with Maine colleges and with those outside our State.

IN a recent publication by Hinds & Noble of *Songs of the Eastern Colleges* the representative songs of all the colleges in the eastern states are collected. While turning its pages we discover, along with the representatives from the larger colleges and universities, songs also of Bowdoin, University of Maine, and Colby. We seek in vain for a Bates song until we come to the last page in the book. Here we find "Our Honored Bates," arranged for a male quartette, the words of which are written by authors unknown to the STUDENT. Is this meagre showing worthy of Bates? When we are gaining such signal victories in athletics and debate, are we willing to make known our joy in the singing of borrowed songs? If we ourselves have no talent for the composition of suitable verses we can at least inspire some friend who has this talent with enthusiasm to attempt it. Let us all make an effort in this direction. Let the offspring of the Bates spirit be the production of several Bates songs which shall be worthy representatives of the college of which we are all so proud. Let our next celebration of victory be crowned with the melody of a song which we can call our own.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Bates Y. M. C. A. was represented at the Toronto Convention by E. A. Childs, '02, H. C. Kelly, '03, and D. E. Andrews, '05. They bring back a report of the largest and most helpful convention ever held by the Students Volunteer Movement. We hope that the spiritual life and missionary interest in the college may be deepened and strengthened by the new thoughts and inspiration which they received. Reports were given at the Union Meeting, March 12th.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The delegates sent by the Y. W. C. A. to the Convention of the Student Volunteer movement at Toronto from February 26 to March 2 were Misses Ida Manuel and Clara Williams of '03 and Miss Anella Wheeler of '04. They report a convention pressing upon us *responsibility* and *inspiring resolution*.

The officers for the next year have been chosen as follows: President, Miss Ida Manuel; Vice-President, Miss Anella Wheeler; Recording Secretary, Miss Marion Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hattie Milliken; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Perkins.

The Washington's Birthday social held annually in the gymnasium for raising funds to send delegates to the summer conference was delayed this year until Monday evening, February 24th.

The program included several novel features. After being admitted at so much per foot of height, the visitors found booths where fortunes were told, the celebrated red bat was displayed, and much skill was shown at the fish pond and the shooting gallery. Edison's rag dolls also gave much pleasure by their solos and recitations.

The committee is congratulated on a social and financial success.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

MARCH.

We thought we had a winner sure,
A blue-beribboned prize,
"With fleece as white as snow" and just
The sweetest of sheep's eyes.

But alas for hopes of budding flowers,
Of southern zephyrs balmy!
That horrid old March lion up
An' gobbled down our lambie.

Debates!

Declamations!!

Senior Parts!!!

Hicks, '03, has been teaching.

Junkins, '03, has returned from teaching.

Dunfield, '04, has been ill with appendicitis.

Hunnewell, '02, has gone to Livermore, where he will teach for a few weeks.

News has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Knapp of Somerville, Mass.

Miss Cornforth, '03, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health, but hopes to return in the spring.

Casson, formerly '03, who has been absent from college for a year on account of ill health, has returned to continue his studies with '04.

We wonder what the Bowdoin man said after he had waited two hours in front of Music Hall for the doors to open for the Bates-Harvard debate.

Mr. Ramsdell, '03, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is reported as convalescent. His classmates will be glad to welcome him back to their ranks as soon as his health permits.

We wish to express our sympathy for Professor Stanton in his recent bereavement by the loss of his two sisters, Mrs. Jordan and Miss Stanton, who passed away on the same day at their home on Main Street.

By the will of the late Sarah Edgecomb of Bath, \$20,000 is bequeathed to Cobb Divinity School for the maintenance and education of young men studying for the ministry. The bequest is to be called the Nancy Chase Edgecomb Memorial Fund.

Chapel exercises were recently conducted by Rev. Mr. Symonds. At the conclusion of the regular exercises, Mr. Gray, a missionary worker from Burmah, gave a short but interesting talk on the extent and growth of the missionary work in India.

On Thursday, February 27th, Mr. B. Peck gave a talk on Co-operation before the Class in Economics. As is well known, Mr. Peck is at the head of the co-operative movement in this city, and the students were very glad of an opportunity to listen to him.

An addition to the equipments of the college has recently been made by way of a goodly number of fire extinguishers. The advisability of such a provision was no doubt impressed on the minds of the Faculty by the approach of the Freshman declamations and Sophomore debates.

On Wednesday, March 5th, occurred the marriage of Rev. J. E. Wilson, '01, and Miss Edna Gosline, formerly '02. A very pleasant reception was given at their home on Oak Street by the members of the Pine Street Baptist Church, of which Mr. Wilson is pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were both very popular while in college, and have many friends who extend best wishes for future happiness.

On February 25th after chapel exercises, the students had the pleasure of listening to two of our alumni, Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner, and Richard Stanley of this city. They both spoke on Bates Spirit—what it is and should be. Mr. Clason spoke with enthusiasm of the recent victory over Harvard in debate and of the good showing of the men in foot-ball last fall. Mr. Stanley made especial mention of the need of support in the Athletic Association from the young ladies. The students would be very glad to hear oftener from the alumni of the college.

Exchanges.

IN looking over the college publications we find that several have no exchange columns. It seems too bad to neglect this department, for here many of the brightest and most pithy sayings find their way. Again, it is always well to know what other people think of you, and if we tell you, you ought to tell us. The friendly hints and criticisms are often of much value also.

There is always room in a college magazine for good, serious reading. An article to be "solid" need not necessarily be dry, though too often this is the case. The college magazine is printed for the benefit of the college as a whole. While few write, many read, and the contents which they read should contain material which will instruct as well as interest and please.

Many of the exchanges show almost too much space devoted to light reading. If we realized that the paper is a pretty good picture of the college we might be a little more particular about what goes into it.

The Wellesley Magazine for February devised the unique scheme of filling its literary department with the work of its alumnæ. This may be one good way to bring the undergraduates into closer touch with the graduates.

The request of *The Vanderbilt Observer* that the colleges which receive their paper, send in return their own, leads to the thought that possibly the larger colleges would not be stooping so very low if they sent their magazines to some of the smaller ones. Exchange certainly does not mean a one-sided transaction; and its purpose is to aid the smaller colleges as well as the larger.

This magazine commends itself to us in general, but in one point particularly, the Flashlight department, where "not one unnecessary word may be used."

The Buff and Blue is up to its standard. The story "Sentenced" is a strong one; the first part of it arouses our imagination; the last our sympathy. From the magazine we take this cutting:

MEMORIES.

When you touch the strings, the music,
Like a prisoned bird set free,
Swells so sweetly and so grandly
In some happy harmony,
Bringing back my boyhood visions.
All the dreams of long ago
Are entwined within the music
Of your zither soft and low.

Aye play on, and let the music,
Swelling from the vibrant strings,
Touch upon this heart of silence
Where an echo faintly rings;
Let it loose the bonds of mem'ry;
Let the stream of Fancy flow
While the soft notes of your zither
Bring back dreams of long ago. —J. H. Keiser, '05.

It has been suggested that the editor of the *Colby Echo* be allowed to drop one study in the regular course in consideration of the work put in on the paper, as it is thought by many that this is about equal to the work required for one study. Nothing definite has been done as yet, but the plan may be tried.

The suggestion seems quite delightful.

"A Rabbit Hunter," in *The Tuftonian*, is a fine bit of pathos. Of the Bates-Harvard debate *The Bowdoin Orient* says:

Owing to the local interest which naturally centers in a matter which concerns Bates, the enthusiasm was, at times, intense. The debate, however, was rather disappointing, in that the arguments were evasive. The opponents resorted too often to shifts and shuffles. Bates, especially, eluded one of the particular challenges offered, though she had the burden of proof. There was also need of more irony and pungency; and an occasional anecdote would have relieved the monotonous sobriety of the contest.

We realized that the Bowdoin men might be somewhat depressed at the debate, the result of it, at least. But it was hardly expected that they would lay it to the manner in which Bates conducted it. It is too bad if they came up expecting to hear some new jokes and instead heard only a good, rousing debate conducted in a smart, business-like manner. Possibly the last clause of the cutting raises the standard of debate too high for Bates to reach.

The Sibyl contains an editorial on college spirit well worth reading and worth acting upon.

"A man comes to college not alone to memorize books, but to round out and polish himself in the best manner possible for contact with the world."—*The Campus*.

The Red and Blue shows excellent work, especially in its verse. From it we take:

THE NIGHT SPIRITS.

I.

They come at the fall of the crimson pall
That follows the sun's decline,
And they flutter away when the light's first ray
Shoots over the horizon's line.
Their realm is the shade o'er the universe laid,
The gloom unpierced by a spark,
For these are the sprites that live through our nights,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

II.

They have never a shape of man or of ape,
No form of an earthly mould,
Yet they fashion themselves into giants or elves
As the fancy may lay them hold;
Though all unseen their ghostlike mien,
Their presence we each may mark,
Through ear and eye may we clearly descry
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

III.

The whole night long, a numberless throng,
They are rustling to and fro,
Flitting about in a spectral rout,
Like a fete of the fiends below.
In uncouth groups, in dark, weird troops,
They dance in their ghostly lark—
The nightly sport of the spirit sort—
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

IV.

In shadows deep, where never may creep
The tiniest ray of light,
Strange masses of murk they stealthily lurk,
These phantoms of fear and fright.
And he that fares by their teeming lairs
Shall falter and peer and hark—
Like the demons of wrath they are haunting his path,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

V.

When the last twilight has merged into night,
And the earth is quiet and still,
And the deep night shade is finally laid
O'er valley and plain and hill,

From the sunset's crown they come fluttering down,
 (And their presence ye well may mark)
 They have come to stay till the dawn of day,
 The People that Dwell in the Dark.

—Robert Thompson McCracken.

The Smith College Monthly is among the best, if not the best of our exchanges for this month. The story "Johann and I" shows a strong imagination; there is an abundance of poetry; the sketches are fine, and true to life; and it has in an editorial a good, fair facing of the examination problem.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
 For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

We have read many descriptions of the Pan-American Exposition and feel perhaps that our interest in the "Rainbow City" is nearly exhausted. But when we open *Around the Pan with Uncle Hank*¹ we find that we have a new view of the Exposition which attracts our attention at once. Thomas Fleming, the author, has depicted to us a genuine Yankee farmer who tells us about the marvellous wonders of the Fair, all of which he viewed from a humorous standpoint. While he gives us a full and accurate account of the Exposition, he at the same time causes us to enjoy many a hearty laugh at his mistakes and crude jokes. Uncle Hank is a veteran of the civil war and he meets several veterans of the Confederate army. Among other prominent men he encounters Chauncey Depew, W. J. Bryan, and President Roosevelt, then Vice-President. If any criticism were to be passed on the book it might be the wish that the record of the tragic scene of President McKinley's assassination had been omitted. The description of the Midway in Uncle Hank's characteristic Yankee dialect is particularly interesting. The illustrations, consisting of numerous marginal and full-page grotesque drawings by the author, are a marked feature of the book. On the frontispiece is a unique portrait of President McKinley drawn with a pen in one continuous line by the author. The reader finds himself amused and refreshed throughout the perusal of this book, and the features of the great Exposition, set forth in the light of fun, leave a more vivid impression on his mind than ever before.

A dainty and attractively bound book is *Songs and Scenes from Faust*², published by the H. M. Caldwell Company. We have presented to us some of the best scenes of Goethe's great masterpiece beautifully illustrated from designs by A. Liezen Mayer and Ad. Lalanze. These excellent full-page reproductions alone are enough to make the book a valuable possession. The translation from the German, although many of the scenes are much condensed and the length of the line and consequently the movement of the original is often departed from, gives a clear idea of the thought. We recommend this book to all admirers of Goethe as a most interesting and attractive work. Together with this book, in a series of songs from the great poets, the *Song of the Brook*, by Tennyson, and *Song of the Bell*, by Schiller. These are to be followed by *Songs for all Seasons* by Longfellow, *Song of the River* by Kingsley, and *Songs of the Echoes*, by Milton, Ben Jonson, and Tennyson.

In *Elemental Experimental Chemistry*,³ by W. F. Watson, A.M., we have a clear, concise presentation of the fundamental principles of elementary chemistry. The author, who is Professor of Chemistry and Biology at Furman University, Greenville, S. C., prepares this work after fourteen years of experience in teaching chemistry. While the aim of the

book is not to give an exhaustive treatment of the subject, still each element is taken up thoroughly enough to give the student a good general knowledge of chemistry. It is especially designed for the student who is able to take a course of only one year in the science, but it is equally valuable as a text-book for those who intend to continue in the advanced work. The order of discussion of the elements is based on the Periodic Law. A brief but clear explanation of the newly accepted theory of solutions is a strong feature of the book. Recognizing the importance of laboratory work as a part of the study of chemistry, the author has introduced experiments whenever possible. These experiments were written out by the author immediately after performing them and are stated in a clear, accurate manner. The great advantage of this book over many chemistry text-books is its artistic illustrations. These consist of full-page, half-tone engravings of all the apparatus and chemicals used in the experiments. The appendix consists of a valuable list of Chemical Synonyms, and various convenient tables for reference, including those on Valence, Acids, Comparative Temperatures, and Colors of Beads, Precipitates, and Flames.

One of the American Book Company's new text-books is *Lessons in Physical Geography*.⁴ This valuable work is prepared by Charles R. Dryer, M.A., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geography, Indiana State Normal School. The author believes that physical geography is capable of treatment such as to develop a scientific habit of mind. This view is carried out in his presentation of the subject. General laws are developed from the complete and accurate investigation of certain types. The essential facts of each topic are first given, then by inductive reasoning the student is led to appreciate their causes and results. A number of realistic exercises are introduced at various points in the text for the purpose of a realization of the methods of geographic research. The arrangement of the topics is, in general, based upon the pedagogical order of presentation to students. The final chapter consists of a systematic discussion of the relations of the physical features of the earth to human progress. A bibliography of English geographical literature is added for reference. Considered as a whole, the book is an accurate presentation of the geographic science of the present day.

*Songs of the Eastern Colleges*⁵, lately published by Hinds & Noble, is a collection of typical songs from all the eastern colleges with the addition of the most popular songs sung by students everywhere. The selection has been made by Robert W. Atkinson of Harvard and Ernest Carter of Princeton, who are to be congratulated on their wise choices. While we gladly welcome new songs of real merit, we are loath to see our old favorites replaced as is sometimes the case in new song books. In this collection, however, we find that all the old beloved tunes, which stir the latent college enthusiasm in every alumnus, are retained, while there are introduced many songs of recent date which are destined to be added to the list of "good old college songs." What better way to strengthen the feeling of brotherhood and mutual interest which exists between the colleges of our eastern states than by occasionally singing, together with our own college songs, the representative melodies of our sister colleges? Each of the larger colleges and universities is represented by several songs, while in our own State, for Bowdoin we have "Bowdoin Beata," for University of Maine "O, dear, loved Maine," for Colby, "Alma Mater," and for Bates "Our Honored Bates." We recommend this book for those who wish an excellent collection of college songs.

¹Around the Pan. Thomas Fleming. Nutshell Publishing Co., New York. Price, \$2.00.

²Songs and Scenes from Faust. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York.

³Elementary Experimental Chemistry. W. F. Watson, A.M. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

⁴Lessons in Physical Geography. Charles R. Dryer. American Book Co., New York.

⁵Songs of the Eastern Colleges. Hinds & Noble, New York.

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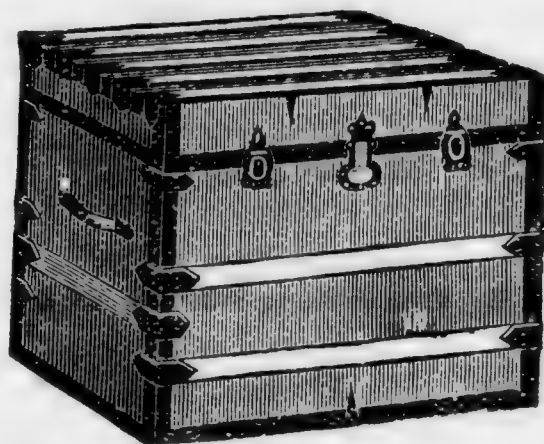
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And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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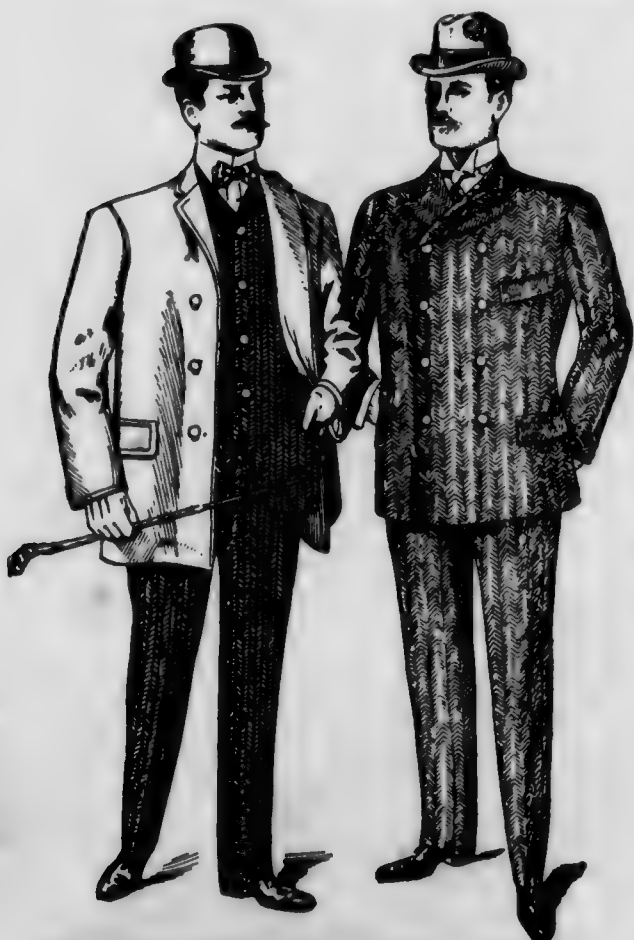
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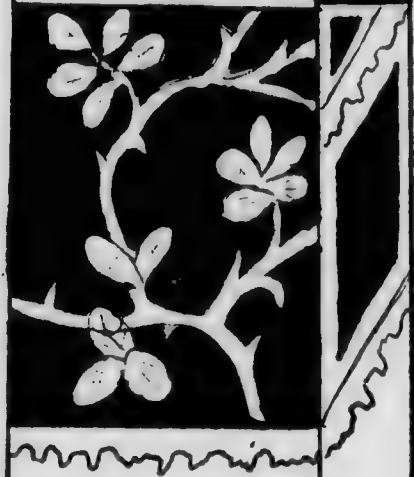
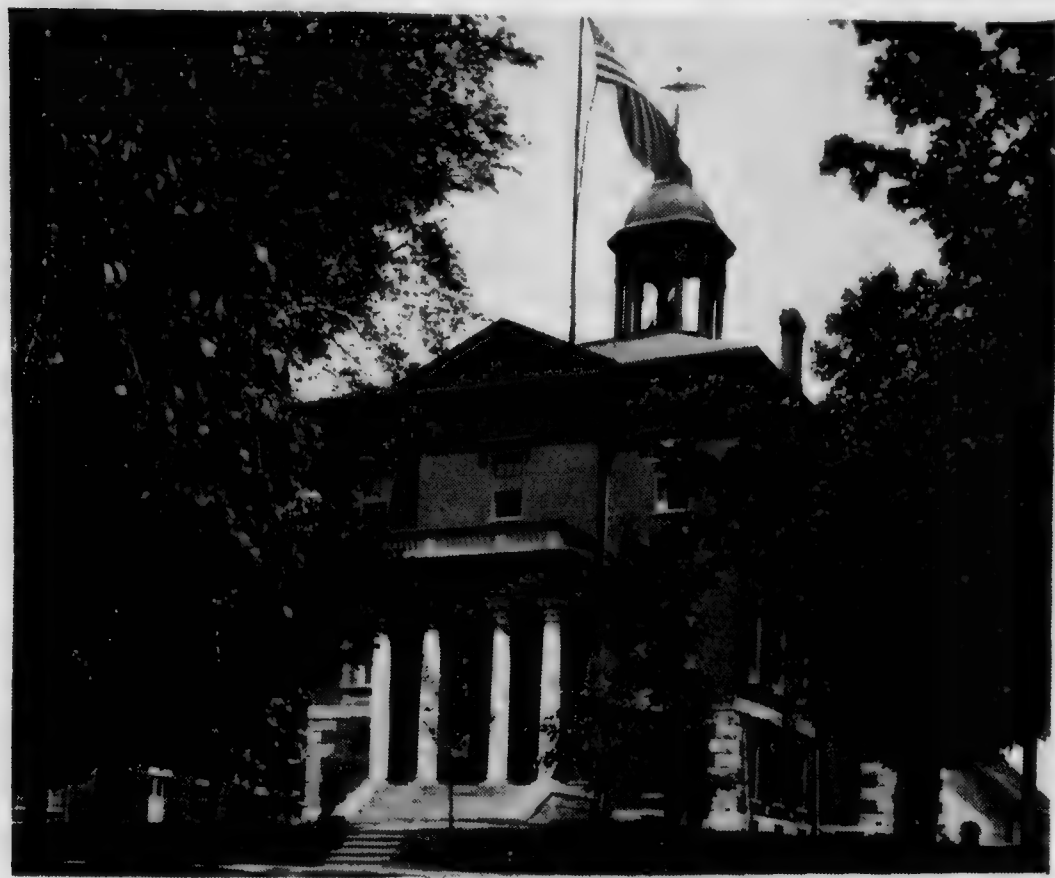
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The Bates Student.



April

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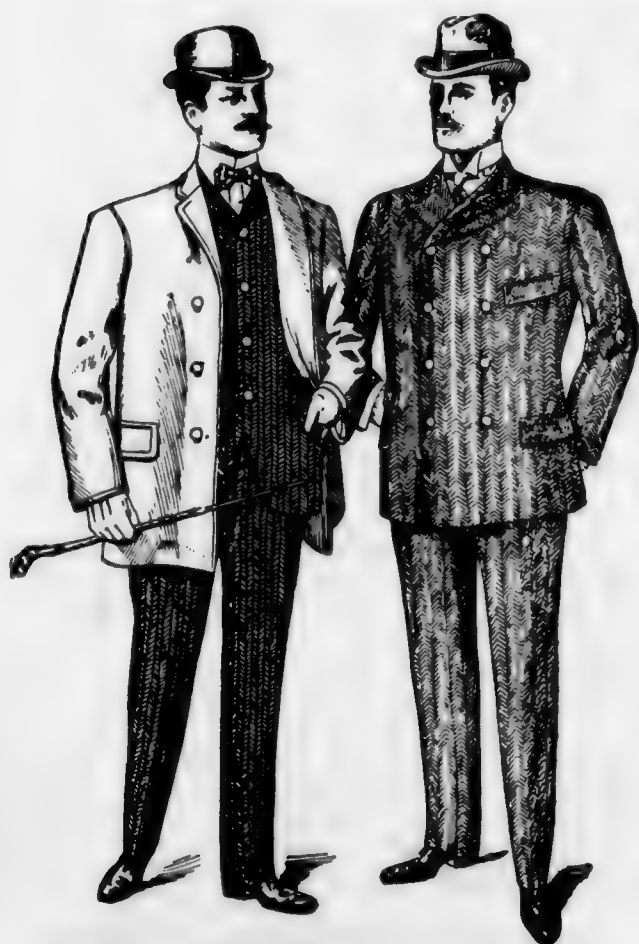
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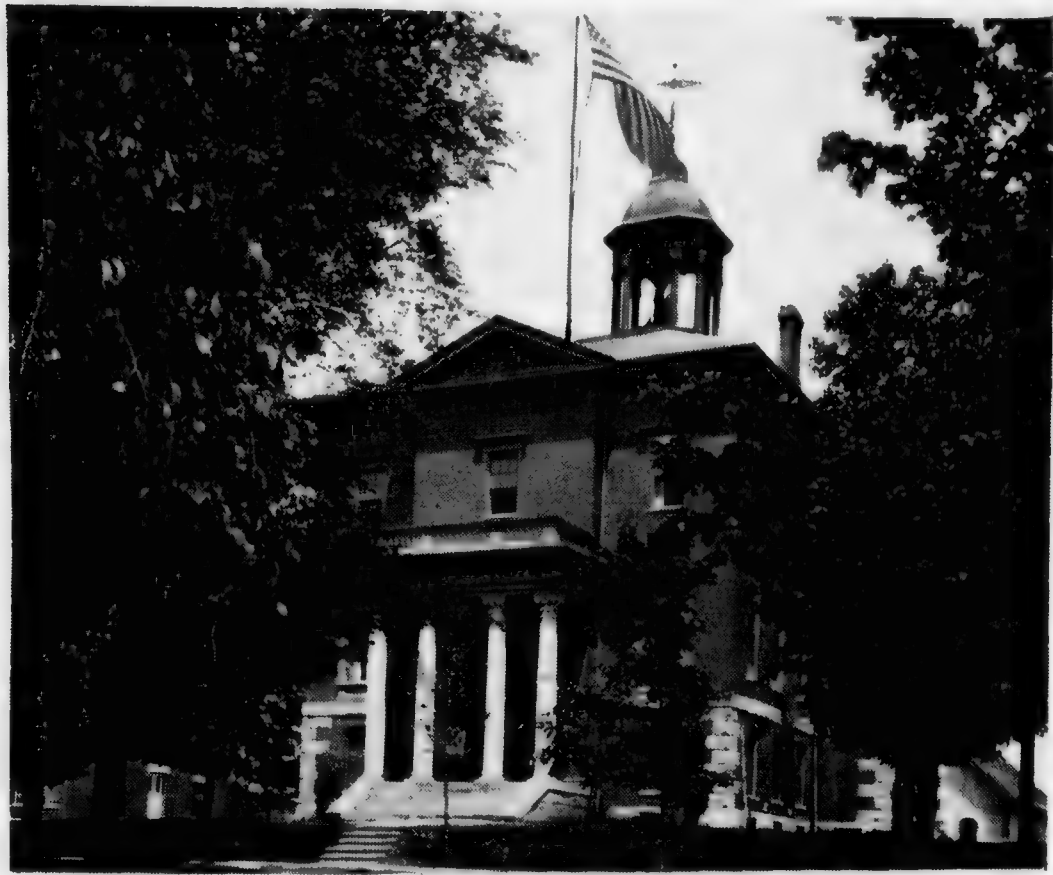
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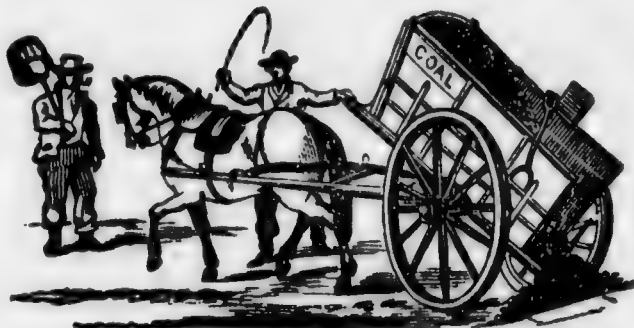
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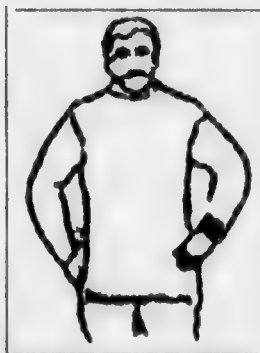
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Literary.

TO J. Y. S.

Thou leddest us all in days long since ago;
Thou ledest us now. Thy kindly words and thoughts
Are guides in all life's ways, for thou hast taught
Us more than Greek and Latin in life's morn;
We learned of thee—to serve is to be strong.

Our most respected teacher, counselor, friend;—
Thou who dost walk by faith, thou who dost spend
Thy days in search of Truth! we fain would throng
To place the laurel on thy noble brow.
No helpful thoughts, or kind advice, or praise
Hast thou withheld from us; victorious thou
In duties bravely done! Oh, may thy days
Be full of rest, and joy, and peace, as now;
God follow thee and keep thee in thy ways.

—LEONORA B. WILLIAMS, Brunswick, Me.

Class of '91, Bates College.

SNOWBOUND ON THE BROADS.

IN a picturesque spot at the base of a range of mountains in central New Hampshire is an ideal New England village. It is situated on the shore of a large lake and is the Mecca for many tourists in summer. The village still retains many of the customs and characteristics of olden times. The inhabitants enjoy life in their own quiet and inoffensive way and are content to watch the progress of the world without taking any great active part.

One afternoon in February, 189-, a group of villagers were assembled in the village store awaiting the arrival of the stage and mail. There had been much cold weather and little snow that winter. The lake was frozen and the young people, and, indeed, many of the elder population, had greatly enjoyed the fine skating. Fishing through the ice had also been an agreeable pastime.

"Howdy doo, John," greeted a later arrival. "Glad to see you."

"So be I you," answered the one addressed. "Be'n't we goin' to git no snow this winter, Cy? Bad for the lumber men."

"I reckon we'll be gittin' some snow," said Uncle Sam, the postmaster. "Signs point to an ole ring-tail-snorter afore long. There was a mackerel sky last night and the blue-jays weremakin' a great racket out by my corn-crib. When them birds make such a fuss, it's a sure sign uv a storm."

In another part of the store, two boys, Harry Hooper and Frank Black, each about fifteen years of age, were completing arrangements for a fishing trip next day.

"Here's the mail," said Frank. "Be around early with your sled and traps. Don't forget some grub."

The next morning dawned clear and cold. The boys set out across the "broads" of the lake, hauling a sled loaded with traps, live-bait and other articles necessary for a fishing trip. The "broads," as this part of the lake is called, is about eight miles wide, and, with the exception of one small island on which there is a summer camp, is unbroken by land.

The boys skated across this long stretch of ice and proceeded two or three miles further, winding in and out between islands, until they came to a series of small bays where pickerel abounded.

A more perfect day could not be desired. The bright sunlight gleamed on the thin layer of snow which covered the summits of the high mountains sloping to the shore of the lake and sheltering the spot chosen for fishing. The traps were set and the boys kept busy watching the red signal flags and taking care of the fish. They ate their lunch on the shore and continued the fishing in the afternoon with exceptionally good luck.

The sun sank early behind the mountains. Clouds began to gather and the wind rose, but on account of the nearness of the mountains and the interest in fishing, the boys did not notice the change until it began to snow. They hastily gathered their traps and started homeward.

The northeast storm gradually increased in force. The strong wind was against them and the increasing snow blinded them. Little drifts began to form where there were cracks and these little drifts grew rapidly. The boys left the heavily-loaded sled in a familiar place on the shore and put all their energy into their skating.

When they reached the "broads," they realized that a great blizzard was raging. They started in the direction of the village, eight miles away. The snow came thicker and faster, and soon they could not see a hundred yards in any direction. For an hour they struggled blindly on in what they supposed was the right course. As the snow grew deeper it was necessary to remove their skates. They understood that their situation was becoming serious.

"Do you know where we are going?" asked Frank.

"Not sure," replied Harry. "I've tried to go straight by keeping the wind a little to the left. But it is likely to vary a little in such a storm. Anyway, we've got to keep moving, so's not to freeze."

"I can't move much more," said Frank. "I've got to sit down and rest."

"None of that," quickly replied Harry. He took hold of Frank and, half carrying him, went on for nearly another hour. The snow was now ankle deep and they slipped on the ice.

Then Harry, who had been straining his eyes through the dense wall of falling snow, barely noticed an indistinct black streak. He turned towards it and soon found that it was the island. With a shout of joy he hastened with Frank to the piazza of the camp. Both boys threw themselves down, nearly exhausted.

"That was something like work," at length remarked Frank. "I guess it is lucky for me that you saw this island."

Harry did not reply. It would have been difficult enough to have walked those four or five miles without being obliged to help his companion. Frank saw Harry's condition and said: "We'd better get into the house, hadn't we?"

"Break in. Any way to get in," directed Harry.

After resting a few moments, Frank looked around for a chance to enter. The search was little encouraging. All the windows had shutters firmly bolted on the inside and the doors were securely locked. Under the circumstances he felt justified in breaking and entering if possible.

Suddenly Harry exclaimed: "I tell you, Frank, see if the trap-door to the ice-chest is unlocked."

"Ah! never thought of that."

Frank pushed away some snow and crawled under the house to where the ice-box was located. He tried the door and it opened. There are usually no cellars under camps and many have a trap door in the floor opening over a hole in the ground where ice keeps very well in summer.

Frank found a lantern, got a fire started in the stove and prepared to make themselves at home. A good supply of canned provisions was discovered, and, thus situated, there was no immediate danger of starving or freezing. They made their supper of canned meat, pilot bread and hot coffee.

"What more could the Crown Prince of Germany wish?" laughed Frank.

The big fire in the stove and the hot coffee put new life into Harry.

"You're a boss cookee, Frank," he said. "Why don't you go into the business?"

"Guess I will. I could fill people up on canned stuff and get a reputation as a cook. Thanks for the suggestion."

"This is solid comfort, all right," added Harry. "And we have a good excuse for enjoying it." After a few moments of silence he remarked: "Where do you suppose our folks think we are? Wish they knew we were all right."

"That's so," said Frank. "Perhaps they'll think we stopped at my uncle's. He lives not far from where I told father we intended to fish. Anyhow, we're here and must stay until morning at least."

Outside, the storm continued with undiminished force and the boys could hear the dull moaning made by the strong wind in the woods surrounding the camp.

They passed the evening talking and reading magazines, with which the camp library was well stocked. After filling the stove with wood enough to last until near morning, the boys found blankets and went to bed to enjoy a good night's rest:

"Content to let the North wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door."

Awaking late the next morning, a beautiful sight greeted them. It was a perfect New England winter day. The branches of evergreen trees drooped with the heavy burden of snow. A gentle, cold breeze blew the light snow in clouds which glistened in the dazzling sunlight. The distant tapping of a lonely woodpecker, engaged in securing a delayed meal, and the occasional scraping of dried limbs of trees were the only audible sounds to break the stillness of the woods. A low chip, followed by a plaintive "chic-a-dee-dee-dee-dee" called the attention of the boys to an unnoticed flock of little birds hopping about on some near-by birch trees, busily picking away at the buds.

"We must get some breakfast and try to get home," announced Harry. "It will be a long, hard walk to get over to the village. The snow must be two feet or more deep on the ice."

"How easy and what fun if we only had some snowshoes," replied Frank.

"That's right," said Harry, "and we must have some shoes. I tell you. Why can't we make good use of that empty barrel up in the loft?"

"That's what we'll do, Harry."

By fastening two staves together for each "snowshoe," they each made a pair that answered their purpose.

After eating a hearty breakfast they fastened the camp and entered on the homeward tramp, arriving in time to help the men break out the roads with large sleds drawn by several yokes of oxen.

The case of breaking and entering the camp was satisfactorily settled with the owner out of court, and the boys agreed that, on the whole, it was the most enjoyable day's fishing in their experience.

—E. T., '05.

A NEW-YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

THE clock struck ten just as Elsie Gray finished writing that last resolution: "I resolve to do all that I can to keep the Sophomores from hazing the Freshmen."

A rather unusual resolve for a girl to make, surely, but Elsie was an unusual girl. Her brother Tom said that you never could tell when she would startle everyone with some unheard-of idea. She had an original way for doing everything.

Tom came in just as she laid down her pen. "What now, sis?" he said, looking over her shoulder. Then, as he read the last resolve, "My dear infant, what do you imagine you can do to prevent the Sophomores hazing us?"

Elsie's face flushed. "You needn't be so scornful, Mr. Gray. You may see the time when you will be glad of my help."

Tom laughed good-naturedly and went off whistling.

The college which he and Elsie had entered was a small one in Northern Vermont. Though hazing wasn't carried to such an extent there as it is in the larger colleges, it was growing more

violent every year. The Fall term had already passed. There had been some "skirmishes" but no serious trouble. The Faculty were strongly opposed to hazing, but had not succeeded in checking it fully.

It was now the beginning of the winter term. Nothing had happened for excitement for some time and the Sophomores were getting restless. Something must be done to show the proud Freshmen their failings.

A few days after Elsie wrote out her resolutions, she was sitting in the Latin Room, waiting for the bell to ring, when two boys entered. They did not see her, for a book-case partially hid her from view. She paid no attention to what they were saying, until she heard one of them mention the name "Gray." Then it was too late to leave the room. Elsie tried not to listen, but she could not help it.

"Yes," said one, "Brown told me that Gray was going to join Gamma Sigma next week. Now I'll tell you my plan. Of course some one from the society will go up after him. We'll go to the house a little bit early, and when we tell him that we have come to take him to the Gamma Sigma room he won't suspect anything. We'll blindfold him and he will think that is a part of the initiation. We'll take him to that old vacant house on the corner of Franklin and Pine streets (almost out in the country, you know), and put him through a mock initiation. Let's not tell the other fellows, for if we do our plans will be sure to get out. After we have had all the fun we want, we'll leave him to get home the best way he can and no one will be the wiser."

"Oh, is that so?" said Elsie to herself as the boys went out.

The next night she went to a reception. Both of the boys whom she had overheard talking were there. When some one introduced Haskell to her she bowed demurely, though there was just a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.

"I believe you are a Senior, are you not?" she asked innocently.

"Well, no, I am sorry to say I am only a Sophomore," replied he.

"Oh, I am awfully glad, for now I shan't be afraid to ask questions. Do you know, I have heard so much about hazing, but I have only a very dim idea of it. What do they do?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," answered the unsuspecting youth. "They duck their victims in the pond, put them in coffins, give them mock initiations, and make life unhappy for them generally. That is, I have heard the upper class men say so. Of course, I don't know much about it myself."

"Of course not," assented Elsie. "It must be fun, though. I wish I was a boy."

Just then some one called her away. Haskell looked after her admiringly. "Isn't she pretty, though," he said to himself. "I'm sorry I didn't catch her name when we were introduced."

For a week everything went on quietly. The Sophomores

were remarkably peaceful. The weary Faculty congratulated themselves on the fact.

One day Elsie took a trip down to Franklin Street. The old house which Haskell had mentioned belonged to her aunt, so she had no difficulty in getting a key.

As she was returning she met Haskell and recognized him with her sweetest smile.

At tea-time that night Tom said, "I am going to join Gamma Sigma to-night, Elsie?"

"Don't you dread the initiation?" she asked.

"No, that is, not much. The Sophs usually interfere; but they are very quiet this year. Why, one of the fellows was telling me that Haskell (their president) didn't believe in hazing. Two of the society boys will call for me about seven to-night, so I shall be all right, anyway."

"I hope so," said Elsie, gravely, "but don't be frightened by anything that happens, will you?"

"Why, sis, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I didn't know but that the goat might get loose," she answered.

A little earlier than Tom had expected, the door-bell rang. Two dark figures stood at the door when he opened it.

"We have come to take you to the Gamma Sigma room," one said, "but first you must be blindfolded."

Tom had heard enough about initiations so that he was not surprised at this announcement. He got on his coat and hat, then submitted to have his eyes carefully covered.

The boys started off at a rapid pace. "The Sophomores don't know anything about this, do they?" asked Tom.

"We have kept it perfectly quiet," said Haskell, with a grin, "but you mustn't talk. That is against our rule."

They walked on in silence. The streets were nearly deserted, for it was a cold winter night. After a few moments Tom felt, rather than saw, that he was in an unfamiliar part of the city. He began to grow uneasy and was just going to break the silence by asking where he was, when his conductors halted.

"Now step up-up-up!" they said gruffly. Tom obeyed, trembling. He felt himself going up what seemed endless flights of stairs. When at last they reached the landing the boys thrust him into a dark room and told him to stand perfectly still while they went for the goat.

Tom began to tremble in spite of his resolutions to be brave. The silence was dreadful. His fancy pictured all sorts of horrible things. Besides, he was now shivering with the cold. "The goat must be unusually hard to manage," he thought.

Suddenly he heard what sounded like shouting and vigorous kicking. "Some other poor victim," thought Tom.

Then, he could hardly believe his ears, but he fancied he heard a low, smothered laugh, that sounded strangely familiar. In a moment he heard footsteps. Some one stood at his side. "Are

you ready to swear allegiance to this noble order of Gamma Sigma?" asked a deep voice.

"Yes."

"Then tell me who is speaking to you?" This time there was an unmistakable giggle.

"Elsie Gray, what does this mean?" cried the boy, tearing off his blindfold.

"Oh, nothing much, only that the Sophomores have brought you here for a mock initiation and you are a mile from the Gamma Sigma room."

"Where are they?" gasped Tom.

"Locked up safely in the front part of the house," answered his sister, "and now come, it is time you were going home."

"Elsie, what on earth—how did you know?"

"Oh, it was easy enough. All I had to do was to keep my eyes and ears open. Of course I am only a girl, but then"—

"Elsie, you are a sister worth having. I'll never say that again."

"I think," said Elsie, "that since we have the Sophomores' president in the other room we had better make him promise not to do any more hazing. I think he would prefer promising even that, to staying in this cold house all night. He must be tired kicking that door."

They went softly down the long hall.

"Mr. Haskell, and Mr. Roberts, too," said Elsie through the key-hole, "do you want to come out?"

She could hear them whispering. Finally one said, "Yes, but who are you?" "O, never mind that. You must make one promise before I unlock the door. Promise me that you will stop trying to haze the Freshmen and I will let you out."

After a moment's hesitation they both said, "We promise."

"You see," said Elsie, as she unlocked the door, "I really couldn't let my brother stay here. He would have been so frightened"—with a glance at Tom.

The boys recognized her voice. "Miss Gray," said Haskell, "it wouldn't be any use for us to attempt to haze the Freshmen if they all had sisters like you."

The next day there was a special meeting of the Sophomore boys. The president briefly stated its object. "Boys," he said, "this meeting is called to see what you will do about giving up hazing. You all know how the Faculty feel about it. Many of the students feel the same way. It seems to me that we ought to give it up."

Astonished glances from the boys. What could it mean! Haskell, the foremost hazer of them all, calling a class-meeting for such a purpose as this.

"I shall have to tell you my reasons," he said, "though I didn't mean to." Then he told quickly the story of Elsie Gray's pluck and courage. It had the desired effect. The motion in favor of giving up hazing was made and carried without an opposing vote, and, as the meeting adjourned, the boys, with one impulse, gave nine 'Raahs for the plucky Freshman girl. —M. E. G., '05.

CARLYLE AND HIS INFLUENCE.

CARLYLE, the critic and historian! What shall we say of the man? Not a reformer like Martin Luther, nor a statesman like Gladstone, yet he holds as unique a position in the world's history.

Now that the bitterness of contemporary thought has worn away, we may realize more clearly what he has done for humanity.

First, however, let us consider the condition of society in England at the time when he lived. The universal doctrine was Individualism—the right of the individual to accumulate whatever he could, in whatever way he could without the interference of the state.

In economics this doctrine meant the degradation of the laborer, who, crushed with the stern creed of the Manchester school, found no redress in the corrupt legislation of the government. The motto seemed to be, "Each one for himself," forgetful of a brother struggling at one's very side. Art and learning, that is, for the majority, were unheard of things. Cities were crowded with an over-worked population, ignorant and abused.

People clung to their theory, trusting that it would set right all present evils.

Now we come to a man whose cry was "Don't worship the majority;" who could dare to express his opinions and stand by his convictions, though alone.

He denounced democracy, considering representative government as a delusion and a snare. He considered democracy a government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich. Society divided into two classes—those with money and those without, and the latter, though free in theory, the slaves of the former, a society dominated by vulgar and sordid aims, with the accumulation of wealth as its chief ideal.

Will anyone, viewing the rush and turmoil of business life, the corrupt state of municipal government, and the growth of classes, even in the free land of America, say that Carlyle was a false prophet and a ranting philosopher?

If Carlyle tore down old structures, he also, to a certain degree, furnished the materials for new ones. There are two special points in which he showed his remarkable insight and keenness of thought. First, he was in favor of emigration to relieve the crowded condition of the cities. Though not a final solution to the social problem, yet for the time the relief was far-reaching and effective. Second, his voice was raised for national education, though it was not till twenty-seven years later that British public education was established.

Can you doubt the benefits of national education? Yet in Carlyle's time, his plea was almost alone and unnoticed. He was in advance of his times—a genius misunderstood and therefore harshly condemned.

A German writer has said that Carlyle is the real author of the modern progressive movement in England.

In history—how great is Carlyle's influence! Take, for example, his Oliver Cromwell. Maligned, harshly judged by church, state, society, and literature, this great statesman had for two centuries borne the reproach of all England. No sarcasm had seemed too bitter, no criticism too unjust, no reproach too severe to hurl at the character of one of the noblest English statesmen. Such was Carlyle's power that with one book he entirely changed this opinion, brought England to regard aright true worth and to revere Cromwell as the great hero he really was.

Again: Frederic Harrison says, "To make men think, to rouse men out of the slough of the conventional, the sensual, the mechanical, to make men feel, by sheer force of poetry, pathos, and humor, the religious mystery of life and the wretchedness of unclean living—nothing could be more trumpet-tongued than 'Sartor Resartus.' " What an influence is this, greater than that of a mere teacher, for it goes to the fountain head of life and inspires with zeal to better living.

People condemn Carlyle for the plan he adopted in his *Heroes and Hero-worship*; they say he omitted some of the greatest heroes, yet who, before Carlyle, though in an age of such men as Wellington, Macaulay, Southey, and Coleridge, had understood the true nature of a hero. Only soldiers had been considered heroes, but Carlyle gave to us other types, who show that life's battles are not all fought with the sword.

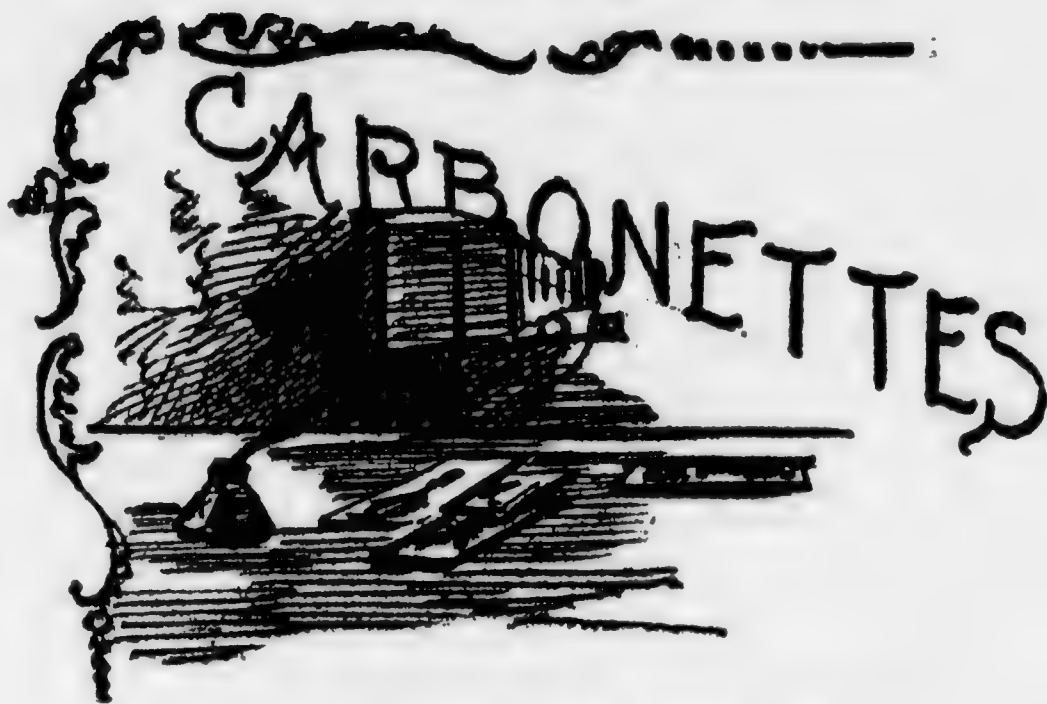
To this great thinker, sham stood in the greatest contempt. His delight was to throw aside the veneer of life and to look at the heart and soul of matters. If his touch was harsh, yet his duty seemed plain and his purpose in life was both earnest and sincere.

Lowell says, "As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth, if even to his."

From all this we see what Carlyle has done for society.

Though he has not forced any doctrine upon us he has taught us to think, each one for himself, and to despise sham. In economic views he was in advance of his age, and though men did not adopt his ideas entirely, they were aroused and stimulated from the selfishness of Individualism to the broader charity toward humanity.

—F. S. A., '02.



THE TWO STOWAWAYS.

We were in the English channel about opposite the Bill of Portland when our attention was attracted by a group of sailors gathered amidships of the lower deck. Jim, who was more inquisitive than I, drew me along with him until we were near the party. "See," said Jim in a whisper, "the sailors have found a couple of stowaways. Just listen!"

"Come now, mates, give account of yerselves," cried a man whom we recognized as the cockswain, addressing the oldest of the two boys.

"Wal, sir," began the lad in a tone which reminded us of a New England Yankee out West, "Bill and me have got to git back to the States somehow, any way we wuz all out of cash and were starving in London. We'll work, though; we expect to work."

"Ye can just bet your last bob, ye'll have to work. But spin the rest of that air yarn! Where'd ye live and what ye going to the States for?"

"Well, sir," replied the boy quickly, "me and Bill live in Lyons out there near Chicago. We left hum to canvass for these view pictures and got to New York last May. The agent who hired us, told us we could make the money in Paris at the Exposition, and we were "darned" fools enough to believe him. We got a chance to work our way over on the *Bostonian*, bound for La Havre from New York. When we got in France we couldn't do a thing with those jabbering Frenchmen and got over to London as quick as possible, where we could talk Yankee."

"Go on, mate. Did ye find smooth sailing in London?"

"It was the neatest place for a round-up that we ever struck. But the money didn't last. We got out of cash; didn't have any way to get any; pawned our watches and coats, and at last crawled on board this ship and hid ourselves in the hole. That's all!"

"That's all, is it! I think the Cap'n will give you lubbers a new tack. Ye can follow my wake, my hearties."

We saw the boys, two young fellows with honest, western faces,—following the cockswain toward the Captain's quarters. After this little episode between decks, we saw no more of the two

American stowaways until we reached Boston, but from inquiries we learned that they were put into the hole as stokers. We often wondered who they were and how they would endure the hardships to which they were subjected.

As we walked down the plank to the Charlestown wharf, we recognized two faces in the crowd. The two boys had landed. We managed to slip a couple of dollars into their hands and to wish them God's speed.

"Thank you, sirs, thank you! It seems good to hear the voice of a Yankee. I say, you can bet your best hoof that when we see the plains again, we'll know enough to stay there. Good-by, friend. If you ever come to Lyons, just hunt us up."

IN THE APRIL WIND AND SUNSHINE.

"Hallo, Freckles!"

"Don't ye call me that again!"

"I will if I want tur!"

"Ye darsn't!"

"I dare!"

"If ye dur, I'll smash ye!"

"Ye can't dur it!"

"Don't ye tell me I can't!"

"Wall, try it, then!"

"I will in two jiffies, if ye give me any more yer lip."

"I guess I'll talk for the likes o' you."

"You are a good one, you are!"

"If I ain't as good as yer be, I'll 'go way back!'"

"Wall, ye better, then!"

"Who said so?"

"I did!"

"You're nuthin'!"

"You're another!"

"Take that!" Bang.

"And that!" Bang.

Bang, bang, sputter, yelp, shriek, crash. Two enraged small boys led off the field of battle by two red-faced mothers,—said boys following the direction of their left ear.

Thirty minutes later. Ground still trampled; a shattered cigar box, broken top, several marbles in the mud, a fish line with bob. Two boys with swollen lids.

"Here's yer top, Billie!"

"All right. Be this yer marble?"

"Yap."

"Can't find my alley, nowhere!"

"There 'tis!"

Both spring forward together. Heads bump again.

"My head!"

"O, O, but that wuz a linger!"

"Ye wouldn't catch me bawling for a little thing like that."

"Nor me, either!"

"Skinnie Bill would, though."

"Yar, and Reddy Finn, tur!"

"The'r boobies, the'r be!"

"Yar!"

"Want tur play puck-a-rue?"

"I don't ker."

"Get in ter der game, then."

—'03.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—The *Lewiston Journal* recently published an interview with Prof. L. G. Jordan, chairman of the Lewiston school board, in regard to the new High School building of this city.

'73.—Ex-Mayor Harris of Auburn, who has been quite ill recently, is now much better.

'75.—A complimentary dinner was recently given to Judge Spear by the Kennebec Bar at Augusta.

'77.—The death of L. H. Moulton, resulting from pernicious anæmia, occurred at his home in Lisbon Falls, March 12th. Mr. Moulton left a large circle of friends and former pupils who sincerely mourn his loss. By his death Maine has been deprived of one of the best of her educators. He began his career as a teacher in the schools of Durham when only 13 years of age. Soon after his graduation from college he was principal of the academy at China for a year. In 1879 he became principal of the Normal Academy at Lee. When he entered upon his duties at this institution it was in an unprogressive condition with a student body of 45. Under his charge the number of its students was trebled; the school itself came to be better known than any other in the regions of Northern Maine, and its principal recognized as one who had done more for the manhood and womanhood of a vast territory than all other forces outside the home. In 1891 he left this position to take charge of the Lisbon Falls High School. Here as before his talents as an instructor were manifested. He made it a college preparatory school and greatly increased the number of its students. Under his direction the school has grown to be one of the finest and most progressive high schools in the

State, the pupils furnished by it to the colleges comparing favorably with those from any preparatory school. For this school, to which he was deeply attached, Mr. Moulton expended his best thoughts and energies, and his loss is severely felt along these lines of his greatest activity. His funeral was held at the Free Baptist Church, March 20th, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias.

'88.—Two sermons preached at the Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., by Rev. S. H. Woodrow, have recently been printed at the request of the congregation. The sermons deal with the subject of miracles. In the first Mr. Woodrow conclusively proves that miracles are possible and answers the objections which have been made to this statement; in the second he as conclusively proves the actuality of Bible miracles.

'89.—Through the kindness of Mr. F. U. Landman, Bates, '98, now principal of M. C. I., we hope to publish in our next number a biographical sketch of the late Professor A. B. Call. He was a great student of nature and one of the most promising of the Bates graduates. A man in Chicago University is now engaged upon his life.

'89.—Prof. G. H. Libby, principal of the Manchester (N. H.) High School, and formerly of the Lewiston High School, has purchased the D. B. Stevens farm, near Maple Grove Farm in the suburbs of Auburn, for a summer home.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, Esq., has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial address before Mountford Post, G. A. R., at Brunswick on Memorial Day.

'92.—A revised edition of "Wild Birds in City Parks," by Herbert Eugene Walter, '92, and Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, has just been published. Mr. Walter is one of the ablest teachers among the Bates alumni. "Wild Birds in City Parks" had its origin in the author's observations of the birds in Lincoln Park, Chicago. This book is unique in design and has its contents methodically arranged. The paper is clear and white. The printing is as good as that done on some of the celebrated private presses. The Migration Record was beautifully executed with a pen and reproduced. It would not be surprising if within a few years this book were greatly prized and eagerly sought for by collectors. It is an exquisite piece of work.

'93.—L. A. Ross, principal of Turner High School, visited college recently in company with one of his students in the interests of debating work.

'94.—L. J. Brackett is treasurer and general manager of the publishing firm which has just bought out "Modern Culture" and combined it with "Current History." This is issued as a monthly illustrated chronicle of the world's progress. Mr. Brackett was formerly the advertising manager of the *Morning Star*.

'99.—Albert T. L'Heureux has recently been elected city solicitor of Lewiston. He was a member of the upper board of the city council last year.

1900.—Among the squad of teachers who are now returning from the Philippines is, according to report, Hal Stinchfield, 1900.

1900.—The marriage of U. G. Willis to Miss Aimee Rodick of Bar Harbor occurred in Chicago, March 7th.

1900.—Instead of quietly resting after his successful view canvass, E. V. Call is now hard at work in the medical school at Brunswick. Not much rest about that.

1900.—Among the former students who have recently visited their *Alma Mater* we have been glad to see the familiar faces of B. T. Packard, S. O. Clason, and E. V. Call.

1901.—The engagement of Mr. Leroy Williams to Miss Danskin, has recently been announced.

1901.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Libbey of Lewiston announce the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude Brown Libbey, to Professor Alfred Williams Anthony of this city. Miss Libbey is distinguished by much scholarliness, and known as among the best of Lewiston's young contralto singers. Professor Anthony, who is associated with Cobb Divinity School, as Fullonton Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism, is a man of national reputation, having published several works of repute and lectured widely on literary and Biblical subjects. Congratulations are being tendered.

1901.—Ralph Channell is principal of the Sabattus High School, taking the place of Mr. Foss, who has gone to take charge of Lisbon High.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE used to think that all our editor had to do was to sit in his office with scissors and blue pencil to receive the flood of manuscripts sent by timid aspirants for literary fame. We used to think that everybody was anxious to see his or her work in print, and that the Editor was troubled only with choosing from the immense number of contributions.

We used to think of the dignity, power, and influence of the editorial chair, but we have ceased to think of theories since hard experience has taken away some of the glimmer from our dreams.

However, the facts remain now as ever before. A college paper is one of its most potent representatives to other colleges and institutions and to readers in general. One glance at our exchanges for one month would surprise a large number of students who have never given the college paper much thought. Here we see magazines from all over the United States and from Canada. Our own paper is sent in exchange for these. How necessary is it, then, that the STUDENT be representative of our college. Now the only way this can be brought about is by contributions from the student body. As it is now, and as it has been in the past, the STUDENT is supported by the few. Hence it is not a representative paper in the best sense of the word. Some say they cannot write, that they have no ability. This is almost wholly due to false modesty. Let there be at least one contribution, good or otherwise, long or short,—each term from every student in this college. Let this contribution be given some of the editors, unsolicited, and what would be the result? It is plain that under such conditions the editors would be able to make better choice and the variety would not fail to speak the tone of the college. Those whose articles are published should always consider it an honor; those whose articles are refused should not be discouraged, but moved to try harder since it really means something to be able to write acceptably.

We praise and honor those who sustain Bates' honor on the field or platform, and justly, too, but we are of the opinion that we should honor,—more than we have ever honored them before, those who support our publication. Some have, throughout their college course, been loyal and earnest in their endeavors to help make the STUDENT what it should be. We most heartily thank them. Others of the undergraduates are doing noble work

and we appreciate their work. But there are a great many who have never contributed and who are, we feel confident, capable writers. It is to the latter class of students that we wish to appeal. Let us hear from them. We do not wish to criticise here the quality of the work passed in. We are glad to examine all and only wish there were ten times as much.

Many cannot distinguish themselves upon the athletic field, in the debates or in the class-rooms who can make a reputation as writers, and the college paper is ready to give recognition to any merit of this kind.

THE Intercollegiate Track Meet will be held in Lewiston this year, and there is greater necessity than ever that Bates should make a good showing. The conditions for success seem to be favorable. We have the best track, the best grand-stand, the best athletic field in the State; and we have no hesitancy in declaring that Bates students furnish as good material as those of any other college if that material were only developed. Along the lines in which such development has taken place, in base-ball, football, and tennis, the results fully bear out our statement. Why not, then, apply this development to track work and make use of these favorable existing conditions? We all hope that the result of the coming contest will be favorable to Bates; then why not go ahead and endeavor to realize our hope through our own individual efforts. There is nothing like one's own efforts, both to inspire himself with enthusiasm and bring about the accomplishment of the work which he desires. And we should not forget that the success of the college as a whole depends upon the energy and efforts of the individuals who compose it. Everyone who decides that he will not train this year lessens the final chances of success for his college. Everyone who makes the opposite decision increases those chances for, even if he fails to win a point himself, he may by his example and enthusiasm inspire some one who will do so. Of what use then is the claim: "It is useless for me to train, I could not do anything," when viewed in this light? Besides, no one can tell what he may do until he tries. Steady, hard, every-day training has often enabled a man to triumph over an opponent who possessed greater natural powers but had not trained as faithfully and prepared as effectively for the contest.

Another excuse with which the individual too often satisfies his conscience is that of "lack of time." And yet how many there are who, while abstaining from track work under this plea, devote

as much or more time daily to some far more unprofitable employment. How few who realize that perfect balance between the physical and the mental man, so essential to the best brain work, is best maintained by daily exercise at a fixed time, such as is furnished by track work.

This year our opponents meet us upon our own ground, and it is more essential than ever that the Bates fellows do credit to themselves and their college. But here, as elsewhere, there is no golden key to the door of success. Whether we win or lose depends in large measure upon the hard work and earnest endeavor with which we as individuals prepare for the issue. May none of us have occasion to feel that we have left our share undone.

AS in most institutions of the kind, student government is frequently agitated here at Bates. And in the elimination of certain evils now existing in our college it seems as though intervention on the part of the students as a whole will be the only effective means. One especial instance is the matter of mock-programs.

As is well known, these are gotten out annually by some few of the Sophomore Class as a "roast" on the Freshmen at the time of the prize declamations; and for the past three years these so-called programs have sunk from vulgarity to sacrilege, and from sacrilege to absolute rottenness. The ones published and sown broadcast about the campus and through the streets this year were not only utterly devoid of sense and wit, but were a disgrace to the class, an insult to every decent man and woman in the college, and a blot upon the institution.

Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. All upright, clean-minded students in the college should unite to *expose* and *remove* such violators of common decency, be they foot-ball stars or track heroes. It is impossible for the Faculty unaided to check this evil. The students *must* help, and we believe the time has come when a decided stand should be taken by them in bringing offenders to punishment.

As students and alumni we shall wish to point to our college as a monument of earnest work and clean morals, and we heartily believe that we may. But we must each and all do our part toward maintaining the fair name long borne by Bates. Whether in other matters we have student government or not, let us govern ourselves to this extent that we shall crush out by united and individual effort the abuses now extant in our college.

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The newly elected officers assume their duties at the beginning of this term. The following committees have been chosen:

MISSIONARY.—Clara Williams, '03, chairman; Lucy Billings, '04; Mabel Hodnett, '05.

MEMBERSHIP.—Marion Tasker, '03, chairman; Elsie Reynolds, '04; Rae Bryant, '05.

DEVOTIONAL AND BIBLE STUDY.—Lucy Freeman, '03; Bessie Cooper, '04; Edna Conforth, '03; Mary Ramsdell, '05; Mary Gould, '05.

SOCIAL.—Louise Clark, '03, chairman; Luella Green, '04; Lucile Goddard, '05.

HOSPITAL AND HOME.—Susie Kendrick, '03, chairman; Ethel White, '04; Amy Thissell, '05.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.—Gertrude Hartley, '04, chairman; Viola Turner, '04; Desdemona Williams, '05; Charlotte Millett, '05.

FINANCE.—Elizabeth Perkins, '05, chairman; Katherine Kendrick, '03; Edith Thompson, '04; Marie Pettingill, '05.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Hattie Milliken, '04, chairman; Hazel Donham, '03; Elsie Bryant, '05.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh! April showers bring May-flowers sweet,
Uncurl our hair and wet our feet;
But whatsoe'er their faults may be,
On this we one and all agree:
They give the Sophs a rest most meet
By ducking Freshies free.

College attendance for the first of this term was comparatively small, owing to the absence of a large number of students engaged in teaching.

Through a misunderstanding the article in our last number on "The Debate" was printed without signature. It was written by Dr. F. H. Chase.

After an extended business trip in behalf of the college, President Chase has returned to Lewiston, and will conduct his usual recitations for the summer term.

Bates is glad to welcome Mr. Fowler, a former student of the Latin School. Mr. Fowler has entered the Class of 1905, and will be a strong man, it is thought, in track athletics.

A game of basket-ball was played in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, March 22d, between the young ladies of the Junior and Freshmen classes, resulting in favor of the Junior team by a large score.

Bird walks once more! And he who seizes not this delightful opportunity to become acquainted with the wee feathered denizens of wood and field surely loses an important part of his college course. N. B.—These walks are strictly co-educational.

We are glad to announce a new department in debating for next year—a debate between the Junior and Senior classes. Teams for this contest have already been chosen from the Sophomore and Junior classes: Juniors, Beedy, Lothrop, Wardwell; Sophomores, Briggs, Spofford, G. Weymouth.

Professor Stanton offered to the Freshman Class the usual prizes in excellence in winter sketches and for largest list of winter birds. The prizes for sketches were awarded to Miss Gould and Mr. Tuttle. Those who had largest bird lists were, for girls, Miss Ramsdell first, Miss Reed second; for boys, Bessey first, Staples and Tuttle second.

The Senior Exhibition took place Friday evening, April 11th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The speakers for the evening were Misses Babcock, Kimball, Pettengill, Wheeler, Watts, and Chase; Messrs. Felker, Ohol, Sawyer, Hamlin, Moody, Elkins. The parts were well delivered and showed careful thought and work in preparation.

The prize-winners in the Sophomore debates were, in the order of their diversions: M. W. Weymouth, Swan, Miss Sands, Spofford, Briggs, Miss Wheeler. Those chosen for the champion debate, which occurs commencement week, were: Misses Sands, Russell, Phillips, Wheeler; Messrs. Sinclair, Swan, Harmon, Bradford. Alternates: Misses Cooper, Frost, Bray, Carrow, Messrs. Babcock, Rounds, Fortier, M. W. Weymouth.

The renovation of Dr. Leonard's recitation room has been rapidly carried forward, and the room will doubtless be ready for use very soon. The floor and platform have been laid of best matched boards. The walls have been finished in a very light tint with a harmonizing border of green and new blackboards have been put in as usual. The attractiveness and usefulness of the room as a recitation room will be augmented by the addition of some selected pictures representing German views and scenes mentioned in German literature.

During vacation week, the Bates Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs enjoyed a most successful concert tour through Franklin County and vicinity. Six concerts were given, at Dixfield, Strong, Phillips, Farmington, Wilton, and Livermore Falls. The boys were greeted everywhere by large and appreciative audiences, and are very grateful for the hospitality extended to them during their stay in the various towns. Especially pleasing is the fact that the club returns with a good sum in the treasury, which is not always the case at the end of glee-club tours. Mr. David, who accompanied the clubs as reader, scored a decided hit at every appearance. Much credit is due to Messrs. Donnocker and Hunnewell, the directors of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs respectively, and to Mr. McCleary, who is responsible for the financial success of the clubs this season.

On Friday afternoon before test week the Junior girls gathered in the gymnasium to celebrate their "Last Gym." No fixed pro-

gram was carried out, but all indulged in every kind of possible or impossible feats on Swedish horse, rings, etc., played basketball, ran races, and in general worked with a zeal that would have delighted "Billy's" heart. In the course of the afternoon a bountiful feast was spread, and the rapidity with which sandwiches, sardines, crackers, olives, sherbet, candy and peanuts disappeared would have overcome with astonishment one who knows not a college girl's capacity for such delicacies. The shadows had gathered in nook and corner when the score of tired but happy girls gathered together for the last time to give "Cheirete, cheirete, Nikomen," and a hearty "three times three" for the gym. And every girl as she looked back on the deserted place half seen in the twilight, must have felt a pang of sorrow at leaving the dear old gym., the happy realm of tousled hair, bumps and bruises, and jolly good times.

The speaking of the prize division in Freshman declamations took place in the chapel on March 23d of last term. The speaking, especially that of the young ladies, was especially good. The program for the afternoon was as follows:

MUSIC.

(By Payne & Plummer's Orchestra.)

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Duty of the American Scholar.—Curtis.

Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar.

The Permanence of Grant's Fame.—Blaine.

The Heroine of Nancy.—Anon.

P. H. Blake.

Miss L. M. Small.

J. S. Reed.

Miss M. D. Ames.

MUSIC.

The Unknown Rider.

The Leper Scene, from Ben Hur.—Wallace.

Elijah on Mt. Carmel.—Bible.

Kit's Holiday.—Dickens.

W. L. Parsons.

Miss L. B. Goddard.

G. D. Milbury.

Miss D. V. Downey.

MUSIC.

Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.

Ole Mistis.—Moore.

The American Flag.—Beecher.

The Storming of Torquilstone Castle.—Scott.

J. E. Peterson.

Miss I. N. Spiller.

C. P. Durrell.

Miss G. M. Peabody.

MUSIC.

Award of Prizes.

The committee of award were Hon. D. J. Callahan, Rev. N. M. Simmonds, and Miss Alice Bonney. The prizes were awarded to Miss Ames and Mr. Reed.

Exchanges.

WHAT can the ex-editor do to make his department interesting, is the question which confronts him at each issue of the paper. We sympathize with the ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal* who says, "We deem it highly improbable that the majority of our readers care whether 'the Whachumacallit' has an essay on 'Metempsychosis and Prunes,' in which the writer," etc.

It seems to us that the best we can do is to try to give good, fair criticisms. And we offer all the encouragement we can give, to one of the ex-editors who urges that the criticism be honest, favorable if the pieces be worthy, and unfavorable where we feel that such will help.

The March number of *The Tennessee* is very interesting. It abounds in fiction, and we should say that this was superior in quality to its other literature. "Algebra as Seen Through a Glass Darkly" is a story which arouses a sympathetic interest in all of us, one of memory, if not of present suffering. But we should think that there might be one objection to the author's method of "clearing of fractions." It makes the work entirely mechanical.

The Vanderbilt Observer has a fine article on "The College Hero." It brings in pertinently a quotation from Carlyle, that "No man who represents one phase of development and that alone, has any claim to greatness." The editor claims that the college hero must be a man of honor, a man of thought, and possess a spirit of courtesy.

We wish to express our thanks to *The Delineator*, *The Protectionist*, and *Education*, for sending us copies of their magazines. The reading matter which they contain is always acceptable, interesting, and helpful.

The Laurentian is doubtless a very interesting magazine for the students of St. Lawrence University. For outsiders, however, it has little of interest.

The Dartmouth Magazine brings us some interesting reading—if one is interested in the history of Dartmouth. The writer of "An Unfortunate" should be complimented on his sketch, strong chiefly in its suggestiveness.

The tragedy of *The Doane Owl*, "The Death of the Muse," shows a great deal of humor.

The William and Mary offers an opportunity for some interesting reading. The two stories, "Self Sacrifice: Its Reward," and "The Governor's Pardon," are the best. "The Ghost of Saint Peter" is a good story of its kind, but does not belong in the same class with the other two. The power of "The Governor's Pardon" lies in the beauty of the style rather than in the plot. The poetry of this issue is abundant and worthy of honorable mention.

The College Days contains some of the finest reading matter which comes to our notice this month. We congratulate the

students of Ripon College on being able to get out such a good number.

"A Boarding School Freshman," in the *Smith College Monthly* has, strangely enough, for its text, "Scholarship is not the only aim for a woman." And we must confess that it is with some degree of pleasure that we note the successive discomfitures of the woman who considered learning the all in all.

We are always glad to receive the fitting-school publication, and we wish to acknowledge the following: *The Leavitt Angelus*, *The Aegis*, *The Oracle*, *The Olympian*, *The Arms Student*, *The Vermont Academy Life*, and *The Hebron Semester*.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hark, the night falls. Dost thou hear the sighing
Of the sunset wind in darkness dying?

Dost thou hear the timid water falling
Where shadows on the rocks are lying?
Tell me, dost thou hear it?

Tell me, dost thou fear the spectral quiver
Of the starlight on the sullen river?

Dost thou fear the dark that broods upon it
As the hopeful day were gone forever?
Tell me, dost thou fear it?

Fear not. These are hours when dim discerning
Feels the phantom of an old-time yearning

Wandering far amid the dusk and silence—
Wandering far, and sometimes nigh returning,
But returning never.

Through the twilight deepening, backward bringing
All the passion to remembrance clinging,

Old affections fall upon us softly,
Like the memory of a far-off singing
That is gone forever.

—Edward Harshberger Butler, in the *Nassau Lit. Mag.*

THE MEMENTO.

"'Tis just a little shamrock, lad,
'Twas sent from o'er the sea;
'Twas sent, years past, by dear old dad,
'Tis all the world to me.

"These words he wrote, 'With father's love';
'My boy, be ever true,
Be true to God, the One Above,
In ev'rything you do.'

"Soon after came a message, lad,
'Your father died to-day!'
Since then I've kept the shamrock, lad,
The light to guide my way."

—J. V. McCANN, '03, *The Mountaineer*.

"If a doubt should come between us," she faintly faltered out,
But the way he moved up nearer left no room for doubt.

—*Ex.*

"This," said the man of the house, as he mournfully surveyed
three carpets and ten rugs hanging on the clothesline, "this is a
combination hard to beat."—*Ex.*

Mother—"My son, did you eat the whole of this doughnut?"
Son—"No, I ate what was around the hole."—*Ex.*

You can't keep a good man down,
'Tis truth beyond assail;
'Twas proven many years ago
By Jonah and the whale.

—*Ex.*

THE ANCIENT ROMAN.

• Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
He erat was you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
An elegant caravatum,
A maxima cum launde shirt,
And such a stylish hatum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,
And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others tho'
He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo-goo-oculorum.

He frequently was seen
At combats gladitorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees,
And said on starting homus,
"Hic labor—opus est,
Oh, where my—hic—hic—domus?"

Altho' he lived in Rome
Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a different thing
Was the homo (dativ, homini)
Of far-away B. C.
From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

I sit in moody silence, and I watch the flames at play—
 The firelight falling crimson in the gloomy after day.
 It must not be, I must not muse, I dare not dream; for there,
 Beside the glowing flames and me, I see your empty chair.
 I smile; it mocks me, and within I feel a sting of pain.
 I thought I would forget, and yet perhaps I've tried in vain;
 I put aside all stern resolve, and fondly, sadly, take
 That chair's cold arm within my hand and sigh "for old times' sake."
 "For old times' sake" I let my thoughts drift where they will; I see
 You sitting here and smiling, dear—O blush of memory!
 You speak; your voice is music still. I hear the night winds cry;
 You're saying that you love me, and I see the embers die;
 You stand beside me in the gloom and watch the ashes gray;
 And now—and now—my heart turns back and breathes its sad to-day.
 Ah me! 'tis well the veil of night is drawn o'er Reason's wake,
 For by that empty chair I kneel and weep "for old times' sake."

—C. L. P., *The Peabody Record*.

Rock-a-bye Seniors on the tree top,
 As long as you study the cradle will rock,
 But if you stop digging the cradle will fall,
 And down will come Seniors, diploma and all.

—Ex.

STRAINS FROM THE VIOLIN.

High above, white clouds are sailing,
 Breezes cool set leaves a-stirring,
 Flowers are blooming, grasses bending,
 Waters rippling, bird-wings whirring.
 Sweet contentment steals within,
 For lightly plays the violin.

Far away the hazy mountains
 Melt into the sky and sleep.
 Gently drooping willow fringes
 Send the river shadows deep.
 Dreamy memories now float in
 While softly plays the violin.

Deepening moans from wind-swept forests
 Join with rushing torrents' crash.
 Darkness dense is rendered denser
 By the lightning's sudden flash.
 Hopes and fears then strife begin,
 While loudly plays the violin.

In its sleep the earth is smiling
 For the moon's sweet light and love.
 Silently the stars are shining,
 Oh, so far—so far above!
 Singing souls aspire and win,
 As upward soars the violin.

—Clara M. Austin, in *Lasell Leaves*.

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
 Is Rider Haggard Pale?
 Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
 And Edward Everett Hale? Was
 Lawrence Strong? Was Herman Grim?
 Was Edward Young? John Gay?
 Jonathan Swift and old John Bright?
 And why was Thomas Gray?
 Was John Brown? and J. R. Green?
 Chief Justice Taney quite?
 Is William Black? J. D. Blackmore?
 Mary Lemon? H. K. White?
 Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
 John Suckling vealy? Pray,
 Was Hogg much given to the pen?
 Are Lambs Tales sold to-day?
 Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
 Did C. D. Warner? Howe?
 At what did Andrew Marvel so?
 Does Edward Whymper now?
 What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
 Did Richard Boyle beside?
 What gave the wicked Thomas Payne?
 And made Mark Akenside?
 Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
 Did Richard Steele I ask?
 Tell me, has George A. Sale suit,
 Did William Ware a mask?
 Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
 George Horn Took what and when
 Is Gordon Cumming, has G. W.
 Cabled his friends again?

—Pottsville High School Monthly.

HIS COLLEGE COURSE.

As a Freshman he struggled with cosine and sphere,
 Doffed his hat to his betters, and sighed with a tear:
 "How happy I'll be in Sophomore year!"

The Sophomore labored both early and late
 To initiate Freshmen and "keep up his slate,"
 And he said as he passed his exams with a squeeze,
 "How I long to enjoy that famed 'Junior ease!'"

As a Junior, however, his troubles began,
 He tried to play foot-ball and flunked his exam.
 While his father at home said he hardly could see
 Why he wore with such pride on his sweater the "B"
 When across from each subject on his rank card was "E."

The Senior walked 'round with a dignified air.
 He thought of the future and seemed not to care
 For the duties at hand. Yet a chill was sent thro' his stately limb
 When a letter from Prex was handed to him.
 The letter ran thus: "Dear Sir: Take a brace or else I shall see
 That the college grants you no degree of A.B."

—Blaine S. Viles, 1903, in Bowdoin Orient.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our hearts a stain;

If we knew that clouds above us
Held our gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the hearts of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Life has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men.

—The M. C. I.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

All the Christmas wreaths are faded
And the mistletoe is bare,
But the sweet balsamic fragrance
Of the fir still fills the air;
And the garlands all are withered,
All the holly leaves are sear,
But the whole world waits and watches,
For to-night there dies a year.
Overheard the stars are twinkling,
Adding their cold, ghostly glow
To the pure and silvery radiance
Of the moonlight on the snow.
On the hearth the fire flickers,
All the lights burn low and dim,
And the wind moans like an organ
Softly crooning some great hymn.
As the night draws on in silence

One by one the minutes go:
Time is slowly, surely ebbing,
And the glass is running low.

* * * * *

Hark! for through the death-like stillness
Of the frosty winter's morn,
There goes ringing down the ages:
"Lo! Another year is born!"
And there comes reverberating
Back an echo-answer dread,
From the womb of Time resounding:
"Lo! Another year is dead!"

—G. C. Reid, '02, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

TIME.

Like paper barks upon a rolling sea,
Men's lives drift aimless o'er the vast expanse
Of time. A little while they dance upon
The rocking billows, then are swallowed in
The depths. Encircling ripples eddy from
The spot, and all is peace. Great ships pass on
Unmindful of the wrecks that lie beneath;
So, puny man, think not to reach the isles
Where treasures hidden lie; think not the boundless
Sea to survey, its shoreless wastes to ply.
Thy feeble mind can but a little know
Of that great desert, see a trifle more.
Of all infinitudes that try man's soul
Time is the strangest, vastest, most obscure.

—Ex.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart."

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

Our Book-Shelf is fortunate this month in having as new members some of the most charming publications of the season. One of these is *Music and Its Masters*,¹ by O. B. Boise, whose reputation as a musician is too widespread to need comment. In this book we have a careful exposition of the author's æsthetic theories regarding music. The treatment is not strictly technical, but enough of the history and science of music is made use of to give to the reader a perfect understanding of the theories which are evolved. A brief account is first given of the nature and origin of music. Of the two classes of music, natural and artificial, the latter is cast aside as worthless. "It is to natural music, which springs from our imagination, is formulated for purpose by intellect, appeals to the sympathies, and sways the emotions, that I shall devote my attention. It is shown that the composer's work is the result not merely

of his own genius regardless of surrounding conditions; that men require that music be adapted to their feelings and sensibilities. An account of the work of six "high-priests" of music, Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wagner, is given, together with a portrait of each. As candidates for the position of seventh "high-priest" are mentioned Brahms and Tschaikowski. In summing up the attributes of music, the author uses an interesting analogy between the symmetry, color, and fragrance of a rose, and the symmetry, color, and sentiment of a musical composition.

One of the best historical novels that have lately appeared is *The Colonials*,² by Allen French. The earlier chapters depict Indian life and adventure in the forest in the region of the great lakes, but the scene of the main part of the story is Boston. It gives us an accurate and vivid picture of the life and manners of the people at the beginning of the American Revolution—at the time of the Tea-Party, of the Battle of Lexington, of the Siege. We see Dr. Warren, Samuel Adams, Gen. Knox, and General Putnam surrounded with well-portrayed characters of Tories, patriots, and Indians. The story is strong and the intricate plot is well managed. The action is rapid, and many bloody encounters and exciting episodes are introduced. The heroine is a young, fascinating English girl who has been adopted as the child of an Indian chief, while the hero is a pattern of strength, courage, and ability. The dangers through which both pass in his attempt to rescue her are many and grave. The villain is one who has hardly a shade of that better nature which often compels admiration in spite of cruelty and meanness on his part. The quaint prints throughout the book are in keeping with its character.

Cavalier Poets,³ by Clarence M. Lindsay, is a collection of the best poems of those writers of the time of Charles I. who remained true to the King in his bitter struggle with Parliament. While in literature these poems are not to be compared with the works of the great Puritan writer, Milton, it is interesting to note the chivalric outbursts of these Cavalier poets who wrote for the court. Their themes are chiefly love, and loyalty to the King. While their songs are frivolous and often licentious, we realize that this was due to the customs of the times, and we know that in the men themselves we have some of the best examples of courageous action and patient endurance. This volume gives a short account of the life of each of the following men: Lovelace, Godolphin, Davenant, Broome, Graham, L'Estrange, Suckling, Carew, Chamberlayne, Sherburne, Shirley, Denham, Fanshawe, and Cleiveland, also a portrait, and selections from the works of each.

An attractively bound volume is *Cynthia's Way*,⁴ by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, which, as a story, is somewhat of a relief from the hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of our historical novels. However, the plot does not lack interest, and we have given us a picture of German life among people of the middle class. To a person who does not enjoy hearing about the details of household affairs, parts of the book may be somewhat tedious, but the interest will not drag long. The story is that of a rich English girl who fears she is courted for her money rather than for herself, and who consequently accepts a position as governess in a German family, where her rank in society is not known. She finds the family to

consist of an aunt and four spoiled children, two nieces and two nephews. Wanda, the elder niece, is a discontented, capricious young lady who thinks that herself and her tastes are not understood or appreciated. Cynthia, from the first, becomes a favorite of the entire family, and succeeds in managing the affairs of the household in rather an arbitrary way. Adrian, the older half-brother of the children, who, returning to take charge of the home, falls in love with Cynthia, is the hero, and a happy conclusion is reached after overcoming the opposition of Frau Hertha von Erlenbach, who is herself in love with Adrian.

The Mind and Its Machinery,⁵ by V. P. English, M.D., is a remarkable and unique book on character reading. The author states that the basis of correct character reading is the accurate observance of the different organs of the body; that these organs develop in accordance with the direction of the mind. He says: "The mind is the workshop—the tools, implements, or machinery, by which it acts upon the material things of this world and accomplishes its purposes." Anatomy and physiology are used to such an extent as to render the explanation of the manner in which the mind controls the body perfectly lucid. A new classification of temperaments is introduced, and the philosophy of this classification is made plain. The whole subject is taken up in a systematic way and all the topics are treated in a clear, simple manner. We find in this book a statement of the legitimate sphere of the medical doctor as well as that of the mental healer.

¹Music and Its Masters. O. B. Boise. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia. \$1.50.

²The Colonials. Allen French. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

³Cavalier Poets. Clarence M. Lindsay. Abbey Press, New York.

⁴Cynthia's Way. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

⁵The Mind and Its Machinery. V. P. English. Ohio State Publishing Co. \$1.00.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

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Instructor in English.

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Instructor in English Literature.

WILLIAM K. HOLMES, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

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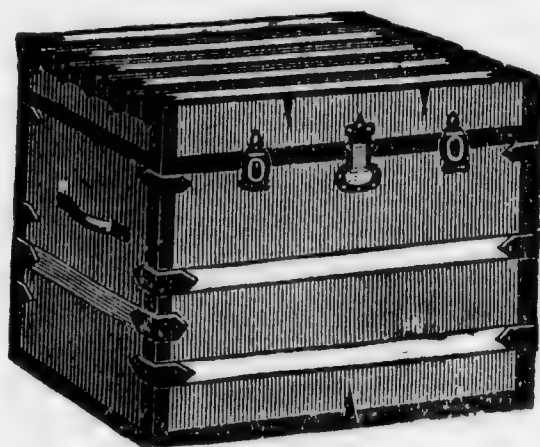
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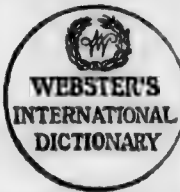
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CHORUS. — U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da! etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's,
And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks!

When 'cross a muddy street she flits,
The boys all have conniption fits!



The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,
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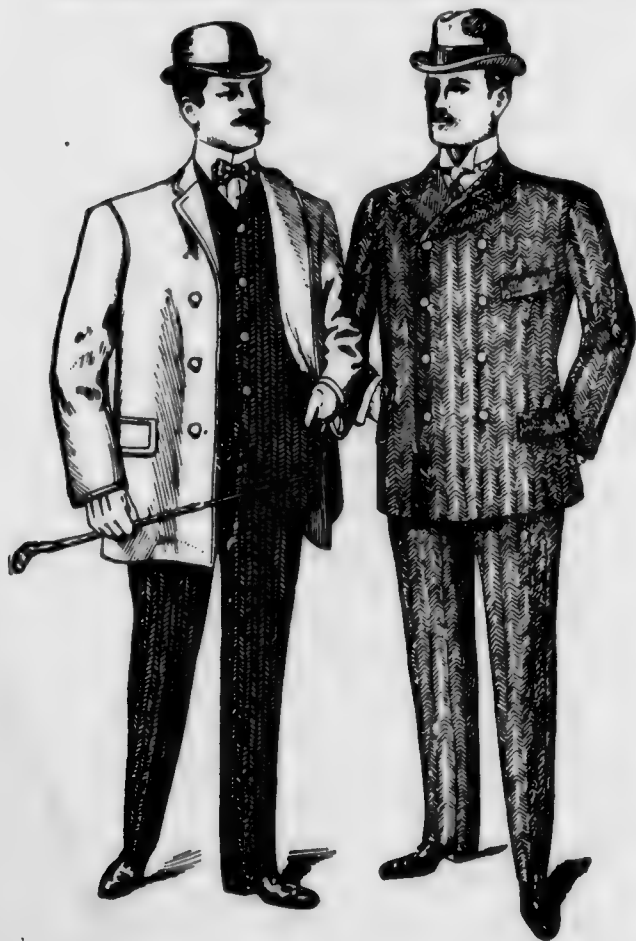
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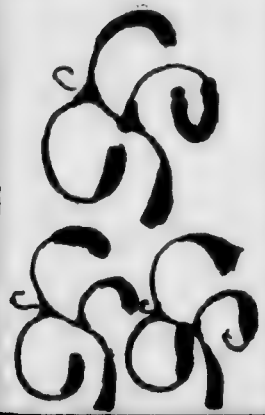
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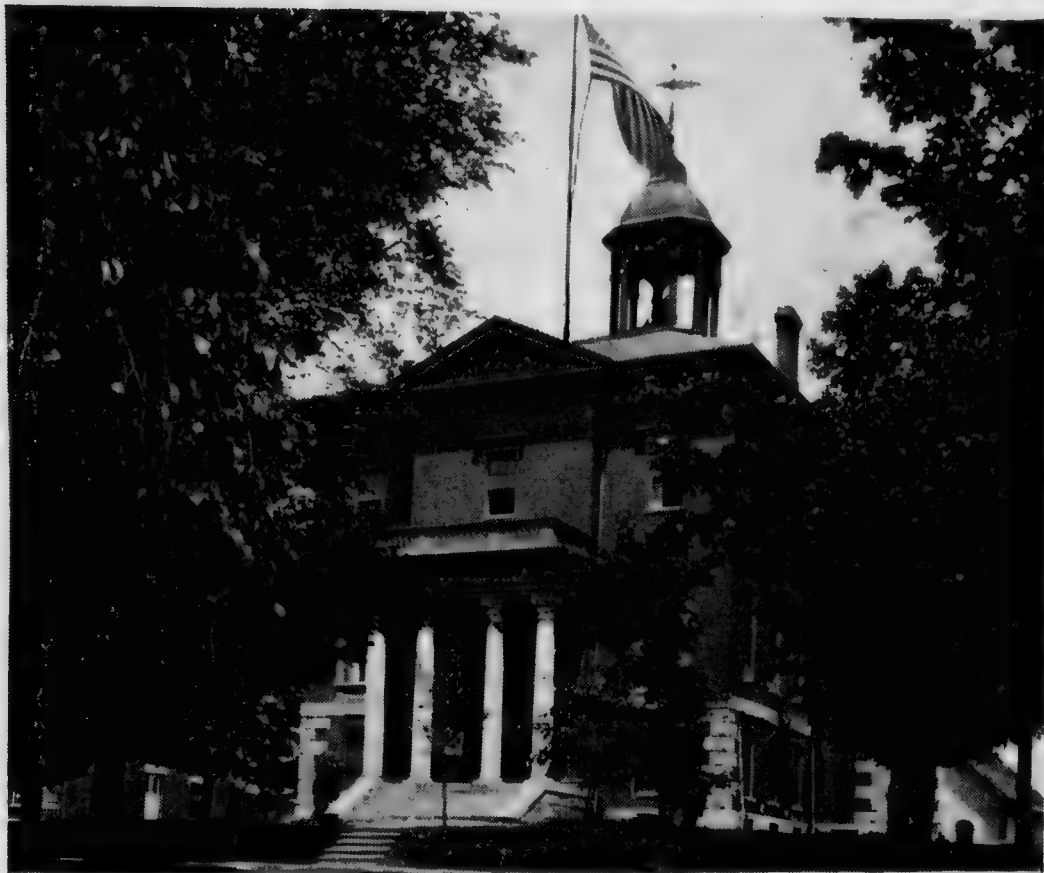
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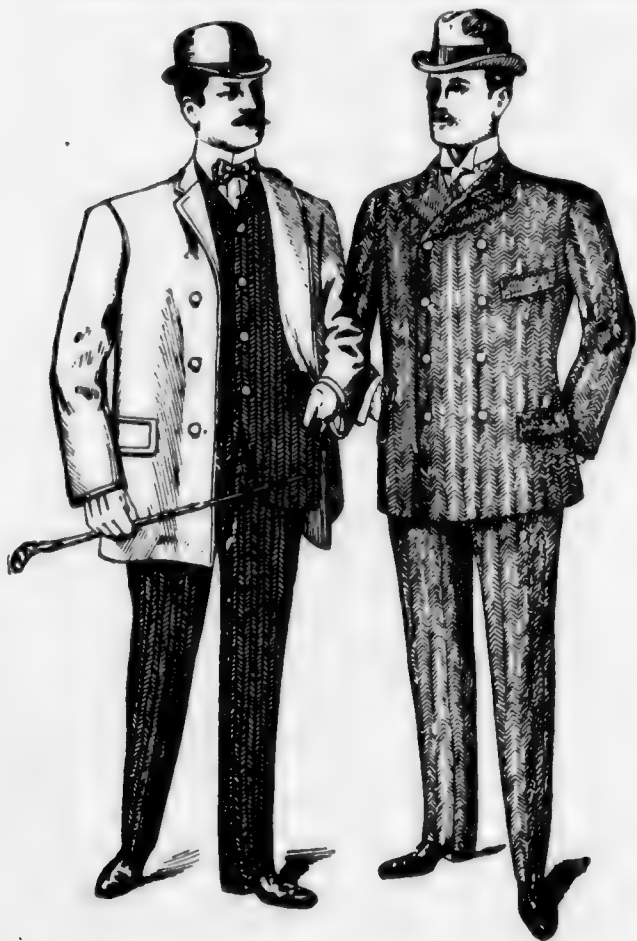
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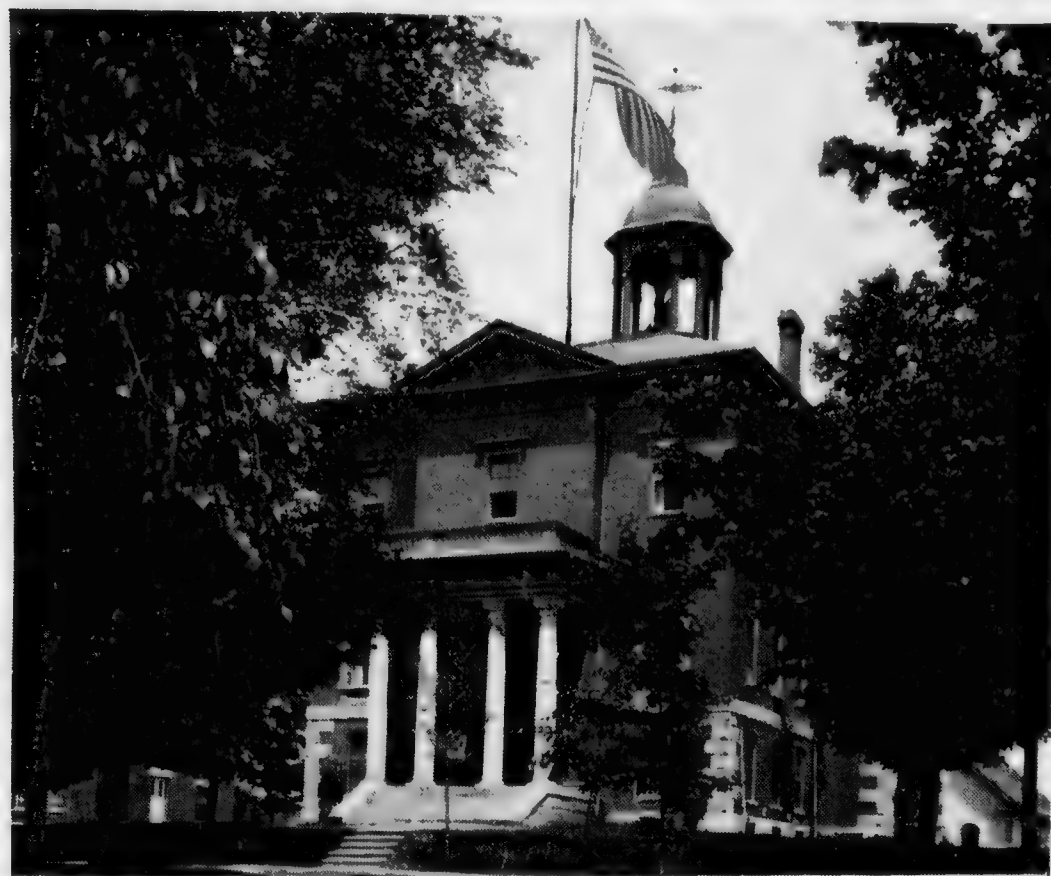
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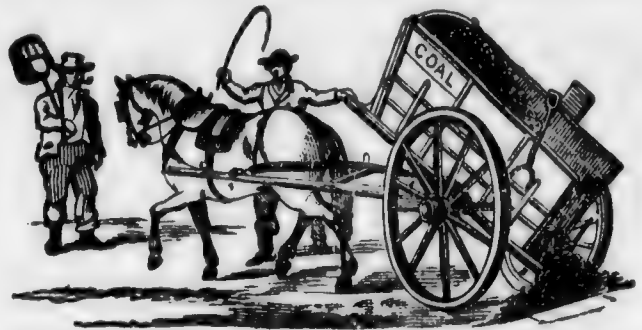
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Literary.

THE LAND OF THE PEJEPSCOT.

In the land of the Pejepscot,
 Land of happiness and plenty,
 Ere the white man on their wigwams
 Laid his hand with dire destruction;
 On the shores of Androscoggin,
 With its rippling, laughing waters,
 Dwelt the tribe Anasiguntook.
 Strong and stalwart were their warriors,
 Skilled were they in chase and hunting,
 Theirs the fleetest, truest arrow,
 Their canoes the swiftest, lightest.
 Now, where stood the Indian wigwam
 Where the Indians lived and labored,
 Where they met in savage conflict,
 Danced in cruel glee their war-dance,
 Or in times of calm and quiet
 Watched the waving, curling smoke-wreaths
 From their peace-pipes wander skyward,
 Stands the white man's busy city
 With its bustle and its whirling.
 And along the Androscoggin,
 As it floweth, floweth, floweth,
 Floweth onward to the ocean,
 To the mighty, heaving ocean,
 They have built an honored college,
 Buildded it in toil and hardship,
 Buildded it with firm devotion.
 And beneath its faithful guidance,
 We, its pupils, live and labor
 In a land of light and culture,
 In a land of peace and knowledge.

—'05.

A REVERIE.

WE sit about the fire, and watch the flames flicker and dance behind the andirons; the patter of the rain on the windows making a good background for the cheery snap and crackle of the birch knots. But our thoughts are not over-cheery to-night. This is our last evening before this household shrine; to-morrow we begin preparations for the flitting. It is the old story; the family having grown up, and left the old roof, a smaller home is necessary for the best good of those left behind.

To-morrow we begin preparations, but to-night we can sit in the familiar room, listen to the familiar voice of the fire, and study the panoramic pictures it throws open to us.

What the others see I can only guess, but from their faces I can tell visions of the past are before them. Tiny cradles that stood beside that fire re-appear. Baby feet totter with eager haste towards its glow. Boys and girls sit within its circle of light with dolls and marbles. Dolls and marbles are laid aside, and books and games take their place, and the fire welcomes the Greek lexicon with the same ruddy glare that it did Red Riding-hood and Bluebeard. But even the lexicon is outgrown. Fire-side conferences on weighty matters are held; one day a trunk is brought down, is packed, and strapped. The fire sings on, but a familiar face is missing. Then another, and another.

I can see it all in their faces as I sit in the shadow, and watch the others at the hearthstone.

As for me,—the fire has always been my confidant,—and so sure a one! It will never reveal to others the secrets in its trust, but to me to-night it vividly pictures years that are gone. Those happy, thoughtless years,—so happy and care-free that they scarce seem possible now. Days when dolls and kites, and books, and mud-pies filled every moment, from the porridge and milk in the morning, till the white night-gown was donned before this same fireside at bed-time. But these days passed, and others came, others not less happy because lessons were being learned of responsibility, of self-sacrifice, and of charity. Days when temptations came,—how many have been faced as I sat here beside this glowing hearth! Days when idols have fallen, and ideals have been shattered before my gaze. Days when, for the time, life seemed humdrum, or perhaps even empty. Days when the life-questions refused to be longer ignored. What dialogues this cheery friend has been party to! What letters it has taken within its eternal care. Letters yielded up in passion, in pain; letters which piqued the pride, or brought a flush to the cheek. They are safe there,—safe on the family altar. Oh, how much this fire has meant to us all!

And now we are to leave it. Other household gods must be left behind; but, of all, the fire-place, with its now smouldering and reproachful glimmer, holds us longest. Will it miss the faces of its nurslings? Will it beam with the same loving smile on the new hands that so soon will wield this household sceptre? Shall we ever have another fire-friend? Ah, shallow, superficial mor-

tals, wedded to cricumstances and environment, how long will it be so? How long shall we be held in the thralls of the familiar; how long will the loved be necessary to our best living; how long will change and transition touch so deep a chord?

But the fire has flickered out. On the other side of the hearth a deep bass voice is singing,

"O, Thou who changest not,
Abide with me."

—G. H., '04.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

(A Lyrical Fantasy.)

A young man is bending over the dead body of his betrothed. Beside him stands his little sister. All is silent. Nature seems to translate herself to words thus:

When ruddy lights are flashing in the west,
Are flashing, burning, paling, as the day
Still lingers with fair Twilight on her breast
And murmurs, "Fare thee well for aye;"

Pale echo calls the words, but as in dreams;
For dim and far they float through isles of space,
As mystic as the sheen of moonlit streams
That through the woodland silver lightnings trace.

And they are chorded with a mighty woe
That quivers on the verge of frozen tears.
"Farewell for aye"—what this must mean we do not know,
Nor shall, till all the world is but its years.

Till all the world is but its years, and Death
Lies vanquished in a crimson sea of blood,
While Silence, sole survivor, lingereth,
Eternal monarch of that hideous flood.

The Little Sister (eagerly):

Oh, come away, 'tis death, and gaze
No more upon her lovely face.
The sunlight on the mountain plays,
Or flashes through the wooded ways.

The crystal brooklet silver gleams,
In throbbing 'mid the waving ferns,
Where purple orchids' fragrance seems
To charm us with elysian dreams.

Oh come away, for still she smiles;
I know she would not wish thee stay.
The streamlet with her dimpling wiles
Calls flashes from the rosy isles.

The light past yonder plain is pale;
The phantom shadows raise their heads;
And silence mingles with the wail
The lonely owl calls from the vale.

Oh come away! Cold is the dew;
The shimmering stars call to the night;
Quite dim and misty is the blue
Save where the fleecy rifts show through.

The Betrothed (with infinite sadness):

Come sweet, be still,—ah, would I might
Roam through the woodland by thy side;
But dark and deeper falls the night;
All heaven is veiled in filmy white.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? Hast thou
A sting? Her face is fair with peace.
Eternal slumber smooths her brow;
Yet I would wake her, even now.

We ask, Oh Death, where is thy sting,
As ages call the quivering strain.
“Not there,” the mournful zephyrs sing,—
“Yea, here,” in fainter accents fling.

Oh Death, come lay me by her side;
The earth in gloomy blackness lies,
While sorrow loometh vast and wide;
With her all light and beauty died.

So deep thy sting, Oh Death, perchance
The flowers have died along my path;
The ferns have withered at thy glance;
The startled deer have left the manse.

With her my every hope is dead,—
The vista'd fancies of my dreams;
The rose is pale—and once so red—
Grave Horror steals abroad with Dread.

No mountain brook shall soothe my cares;
No purple orchids blow for me;
The Sunlight or the Shadow wears
The sable shroud that Sorrow shares.

I look beyond—athwart my mind
A frozen calm of blackness steals;

THE BATES STUDENT.

Fear-faint I turn to gaze behind,
And anguish starts the tear that feels.

But oh, my child, pass to thy play,
Nor gaze with those wild eyes on me;
For thee the sun still lights the day,
And frolics o'er the woodland way.

Oh child, thou, too, must wake some distant day,
To feel the hurtling shaft that Sorrow bears;
But may thy golden fancies ne'er quite stray
Beyond the flowering ken of hopes and prayers.

CONCLUSION.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? Hast thou a sting,
Oh Death, when all the world is bathed in tears;
When sleep may but a transient solace bring
To sorrows manifold, and cares, and fears?

Oh Death, where is thy sting, when in the heart
Consuming fires of anguish burn and burn,
Till with each gust of woe pale ashes start
Of memories scattered never to return?

Oh Death, Life is too sorrowful, too strange.
Her mighty meaning glimmers, then grows dim;
The bravest heart shall tremble at the change
One day may mean to all the world, to him.

Life's meaning is a chaos of remorse;
Life's meaning is a whirl-wind of despair;
Life's meaning is a sea of tears, and loss
Of all things beautiful, most passing fair.

The woe of Aeons speaketh in a voice,
Or gazeth from some wild and weary eye.
The world is misty with her tears; rejoice
Not that ye live, rejoice to die.

—MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

THE DANGER OF THOUGHT.

A POWERFUL locomotive is rushing across the continent.
The engineer stands with his hand on the throttle and
directs its course over prairies and through forests to the great
centers of civilization.

A soldier lies suffering and bleeding on the field of battle.
He breathes in the quieting opiate and becomes unconscious of
his pain.

The engineer, pulling back the lever, lets water into the scorched, dry boiler. The locomotive gives a bound. Then a terrible explosion rends the air and that wonderful piece of machinery is scattered in fragments, while the engineer lies a shapeless heap by the track. The careless hand administers too strong an opiate and his patient never awakens to realize the wrong he has suffered. The motive force of the locomotive proved its destruction and the saving opiate brought death to its victim. Thus all the most useful agents of man may become terribly destructive when carelessly handled. This is no less true of that most wonderful of all human instruments, the power of thought. Without it man would be no more than the savage beast whose only aim is self-preservation. But as the engineer must stand with his hand ever on the throttle, so man must guard the course of thought. If he opens the throttle too wide, giving free and complete range to his thoughts, they will paralyze his actions, produce partial blindness or leave him a mental and moral wreck on the track of experience.

The foul death of Hamlet's father called for revenge. Hamlet did not shrink from the obligation. He claimed only that he must think. Instead of enlisting the sympathy and aid of his friends to discharge this terrible obligation, he shut himself up alone to consider his position. He did nothing but think till at last his thoughts slipped away from the real question and lost themselves in a bitter criticism of all created things. His whole nature became so intoxicated with thought that he was powerless to act. He not only sacrificed his own life and happiness to thought but he dragged those nearest and dearest to him into a still greater ruin.

Before us lies a city at the high tide of the day's activity. Long rows of handsome houses reach from the suburb to the city's center, where high brick blocks are pouring forth their songs of labor. The streets seem alive with carts and carriages. Everything bespeaks prosperity. As we view this city each of us sees what he is looking for. The politician sees in its smoking furnaces merely the result of certain political movements. The economist traces the same prosperous conditions to economic reasons; while the historian sees in them only a repetition of history. Thus a specialist who devotes all his time and thought to one branch of science or one line of work becomes blind to every thing which he cannot connect with his own absorbing interest. With the increasing demand for specialists there is danger of forc-

ing men to confine their thoughts to one channel until they become narrow and unsympathetic with the world.

We see a man standing almost at the zenith of his hopes and ambitions. He has climbed to that height over crags and obstacles which seem insurmountable to the crowd of friends who stand below ready to applaud when the next height is gained. In the crowd he sees an enemy. The sight awakens hatred in his breast. Then the thought comes, why endure his presence? He shudders and shrinks back. No, he can never do that. But the thought returns again and again. Each time it seems less repulsive, until at last it ceases to appear a crime and takes rather the form of justice. Then he strikes the fatal blow which is to free him from his hated rival. But alas, as he strikes he loses his footing and falls helpless on the rocks below. His whole life ruined because he allowed the thought of crime to enter and take possession of his mind.

Man naturally believes in an all-wise Creator and in a mysterious unseen future. But he can think himself into almost any condition. If he allows himself to speculate and wonder concerning the nature and position of this Creator, he may soon begin to doubt the existence of a supreme being and regard nature as a self-created, self-acting machine. He becomes skeptical in all his views, a man without a God, the most unfortunate, the most pitiable of human beings.

But the power of thought was not given man as a curse. It is only when he allows it to be master rather than servant that it becomes other than a blessing. There are two forces, work and education, which serve to balance thought, education to stimulate, work to restrain. Thought and action should go everywhere hand in hand, thought prompting the deed and then returning to aid and bless the doer. The present century calls for a broader, more general education. An education which shall teach the power, the possibility, and the danger of thought.

—F. E. L., '02.

FRED JORDAN'S EXCHANGE.

IT was April in 1861. Sitting in the little store of a back town in Maine, Fred Jordan had just heard the message then sweeping across the land, "Sumter has been attacked and has fallen." He, like thousands of other men, was horrified to hear that his country's flag had been attacked. He realized that war had begun. He shuddered at what it would bring forth.

A few days after, news came that the President had called, and the young men of the nation were rising to put down the rebellion and avenge the insult to the Stars and Stripes. Excitement ran high. Men were enlisting, drums were beating, and regiments were marching away. "On to Richmond" was the cry that stirred the green pines of Maine, ruffled the waters of the Great Lakes, and swept across the prairies.

Fred caught the fever and longed eagerly to join the force from his town. But what could he do? At home a wife and child were dependent on him. On the other hand, his country needed men for battle. So, after a fierce struggle within himself, he made arrangements for the care of his family and enlisted under the Union banner.

He went to the front and passed the customary life of the soldier in camp. In the morning he woke at the tap of the drum; in the evening the drum released him from duty; all day that same drum directed his movements. But although he was in camp, his desires were not satisfied. He longed for active service. He wished to see the rebels and to bear a hand in conquering those forces. Although in his dreams he saw the old homestead and wanted to walk over the hills and through the meadows and pastures, awake, his greatest desire was to see the gray suits. Once in a while a report spread through the camp that the enemy were coming. It made the soldiers expect battle immediately. But the days wore on and Fred Jordan seemed as far from battle as he had been on the home farm. Week by week the camp became more monotonous and tiresome.

One morning the report came that an army under Beauregard was advancing toward the north to seize Washington. This report was received differently from the others. The leaders seemed to believe this, and made preparations for departure. "Sleep on your arms" was the order at night-fall, and all knew that a march and battle were near at hand.

"Forward" was the command at day-break, and the soldiers, half-asleep but excited enough to keep awake, fell into line and began the march to Manassas. "Forward" was the order all along the line as the whole "Army of the Potomac" marched into Virginia.

Those were exciting days. Nobody thought of himself,—only of the insulted flag and the wronged country. But a reaction came. Then, many of the bravest thought of home with sad and anxious hearts. Thus they went to sleep. Throughout the night

there were troubled dreams and wakeful hours. Fred and his tent-companion lay for a little while, talking of boyhood days, of old friends, of home, and then of the coming battle. The excitement had died away and war seemed fearful to them now.

The day dawned bright. Few clouds were in the sky to keep the sun from pouring its hottest rays down on the Union and Rebel armies. The dew dried quickly. The earth, parched and hot, almost burned the feet of those who were marching.

Both armies were astir early. The blue-coats hurried about, then settled into order and drew up in battle-line. McDowell was in command. He formed his lines in an open field on both sides of the road. Not far off, on a little mound, was the center of the Confederates. Their left was on the bank of a little brook which flowed at the edge of a thicket. The right was in the open field. Then both armies were prepared for battle.

Fred Jordan, gazing at the enemy, heard a cannon shot scream through the air. The work of death had begun. All day he and his companions fought, now gaining, now losing, now feeling that the blue was ahead, then realizing that the gray was advancing steadily against their line.

But the Zouaves of the North were iron-hearted and only death, it seemed, could conquer them. They held their ground. They advanced a step, with a solid mass of Union soldiery behind them. But they met another firm, solid body of troops, for the Rebels were not to be driven from the field by shouts.

Both sides charged. There seemed to be one mighty wave struggling with another mighty wave. Each pressed hard, but neither gave way. The Confederates were fighting for so-called freedom; the Federals were contending for the Union. Again they dashed forward. The rebels gave way. "They run," cried a hundred of the blue-coats. But it was only a step. Some fresh courage seemed to come to them, and as new troops swept on to the field, the cry "Reinforcements have come" resounded on every side.

Fred pressed on with the others. All about him, he heard the sobs and groans of the wounded or dying; he saw the sad sights of a battle-field. The one who had marched beside him now had but one arm. A short distance from him lay the one who had been his tent-mate. Some one called for help to gain the rear. He stopped. Stooping he raised from the ground a boy and gave him water from the canteen. Then he hastened to the front. So

great was his excitement that he forgot where he was, and entered heartily into the fight.

It seemed to him that a steady flash of fire ran along that line of gray coats. He heard the roar and thunder of the cannon on the side of the Union Army, answering the sharp cracks of the rebel guns. Little time did he find to think of the men falling on every side. Zip! A sharp snap came to his ears and he felt himself sinking to the ground with a dull pain in his leg.

The field and sounds went farther and farther away. He fainted. When he revived he was at the rear of the army and the old surgeon was saying, carelessly, "Guess it'll have to come off." Then others took charge of him and the doctor passed on to his next case.

He heard the sound of battle, cries of defeat and victory, roar of guns, groans of the wounded. Suddenly all about him changed and he saw the gray uniforms rushing toward him. He was amazed. Then he realized that the flag was down, his friends were defeated, that his country was in danger once more. He thought of flight. Forgetting his wound he jumped to his feet to escape, or to aid in the fight, should the Unionists rally. No use! He fell; the rebels seized him, and he had become a prisoner of war.

Night came. Fred Jordan and his fellow-prisoners were huddled together in an old building near the field. Weary, tired, faint-hearted, they dreamed troubled dreams about the day that had gone. Then day broke, and they were taken to Richmond. Here they found a yard with slight shelter in one corner, and a guard at the gate which someone entered occasionally to see that all was well inside.

As these were the first prisoners, they found a clean camp, pure air, and at first wholesome food. To be sure they were taunted by some of the guards, but with others they became even friendly and through these gained news of the North. Hope was strong. They expected release, for each day the keepers spoke of an exchange to be made, and their spirits rose.

Hope deferred too long becomes despair. When the camp was no longer clean the food was not so good, the taunts were more and more bitter, then it was that the prisoners became more distrustful of their keepers. The number of dead increased rapidly in the prison. What wonder that the prisoners became heart-sick!

Fred Jordan's wound was troubling him. His leg had not

been taken off, but he had been on his back for some time. Now he could go about on crutches. He was gaining in strength, but so slowly that it seemed he never could get well.

One day news came that an exchange of prisoners was surely to be made. Poor fellows! That exchange, by report, had come often. But this was different. The stir about the prison meant something and many a man had sweet dreams once more,—or saw new visions of the home so far away. It strengthened all.

The conditions of the exchange were these. "He who reaches Rumford station, near Maple Grove Court House, by noon, Thursday, the thirteenth, shall have free passage to Washington." Fred's wound healed rapidly; his leg grew stronger and stronger.

A few weeks later a letter came to that Northern home, written by one of the guards who had seemed to take an interest in Fred. It told the story of the exchange of prisoners.

"Fred Jordan," it read, "was very confident of reaching the station. His leg was healing fast. Already he could bear his weight on it and in a few days expected to go without the sticks he had been using.

"He had been down-hearted, like the others, over the condition of affairs here, but that Thursday morning he was the brightest of all. He laughed and talked about the good time he would have at home, then walked across the yard to show how strong he was.

"After he started for the station he had not gone far when he began to limp. His wound was telling on him. But without his wonderful courage and endurance he never could have gone as far as he did.

"The train was standing at the station when he came in sight. With all his might he tried to run, but his leg could not stand it and he fell. Again and again he tried to reach the station, but was at some distance when the train pulled away and he was—left.

"He fell as if dead. His disappointment had broken his heart. He lost courage and could not wait for a second exchange. After a few weeks of trouble he went to the hospital.

"We did what we could for him, but the trouble was with the mind, not with the body. Yesterday we placed him in grave No. 33, at the regular yard near Richmond.

Yours respectfully,

EDWIN D. KNOWLTON."

—D., '05.



A COUNTRY LANE.

How often in the withering heat of summer do I think of that charming old lane! There the short, bright grass has such a downy look one longs to lay the cheek to it. Crumbling walls creep along on either side; farther down stands the "Sop of Wine" tree—foot in a field and lopping arms thrown over the wall as if urging its spicy fruit on every passing friend. And who is not a friend? All are welcome here. The drowsy sheep steal up the path, pressing their soft noses into one's palm. By a mossy rock is a deep spring where a willow throws a cool shadow. The leaves flutter without a wind and the frivolous dragon-flies hum a song of dreamy forgetfulness.

—B. L. R., '04.

FROM THE CANOE.

"Ouch! I'm wet to the shoulder! Turn her round, Tom."

A slight turn of the paddle sends the canoe a little toward the left.

Silence.

A sudden blub-blub of the water.

"Heavens, was that meant for a water-spout? I'm wholly submerged. No, you needn't bother to change the course. There isn't a dry spot on me to be wet.

"Don't apologize, Mr. Eliver. Oh, no, of course you didn't do it on purpose.

"What did you say? Makes you think of heaven out here? Well, I can't see the similarity."

"An angel, yes, I think I am, to stand being soaked with so much patience."

Swish, swish of the waves. A smothered scream from the canoe.

"That's the last straw. Take me in at once."

A few swift dips of the paddle—the boat scrapes on the beach.

"Thank heaven, I'm on land once more. No, you needn't call to-morrow. Good-bye."

The rustle of skirts in the darkness. The boom-boom of the breakers in the distance. That was all.

—D. H. W., '05.

THE STORY OF SOME RUBBISH.

As every housekeeper knows, it is on Thursday that the city waste cart comes around to gather all the old rubbish. This particular Thursday was one of those golden August days, that help to make a Maine summer more beautiful than anything else.

We had worked hard the night before that we might for once get rubbish enough to make a more creditable (?) appearance than our neighbors. How those old magazines had tumbled and thumped down the stairs, and what a brave array they made in the morning light, in four large barrels by the roadside.

There is nothing more pathetic than seeing some one else try to find something good in what you have thrown away. But there may be fun in it, too. Let us watch the adventures of this literary rubbish.

The first person to notice it is a rather poorly dressed little boy, evidently looking for something to amuse him. What a disappointment to find in the barrels only dull, heavy reports, uninteresting statistics, and too learned magazines. He at length goes off with a few such prizes as a jeweler's catalogue and some pictures of the World's Fair.

Next the crossing-sweeper comes limping along, his dust-colored clothes, slow step, and badge—the dingy brush over his shoulder—a sad contrast to the beautiful day. Politics, pictures, newspapers would interest him. But he finds scarcely anything worth while.

And now a carpenter or two from the new house building across the street strolls over to see what is going on. There is nothing here to care about after all.

But although the valuable literature has failed to please all these, at last it finds some one more responsive to its attractions. A fat and business-like ragman drives up. See, with longing

haste, he rapidly fills his cart from the overflowing barrels. There they go—scientific reports, publications of the most learned societies in the country, and all the rest. What a prince of ragmen he must be to want all these. We should be glad to think so; but alas, it is too evident why they please him so much—the bright colors alone attract his eye, pink, blue, yellow. What an unworthy end they have reached.

As he works busily away, scattering papers on the ground in his haste, the rubbish cart drives grandly up at last. Now, ragman, in severe and outraged tones its driver harangues you for meddling with what was meant for him. He calls to your attention that you have even lost some of the precious things upon the ground. So, tossing a bright pink school report on the top of his load, the ragman goes rapidly off, leaving the treasures to their proper owner.

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It is afternoon. The empty barrels wait to be taken in.

—B. C., 1902.

Alumni Round-Table.

FORMATION OF A NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE formation of a New York Alumni Association of Bates College was completed May 2 at the Saint Denis Hotel. Among those present at this meeting were G. L. Record, a member of the Class of '81, who is now city solicitor of Jersey City; C. S. Haskell of the Class of '81; A. F. Gilmore of the Class of '92; G. H. Stockbridge of the Class of '72; G. A. Stuart of the Class of '77; C. J. Atwater of the Class of '83, and some thirty or more other ladies and gentlemen who are prominent in the social, business, and professional life of New York and its vicinity. F. L. Blanchard of the Class of '82 presided. C. S. Haskell was chosen President; G. W. Thomas of the Class of '96, Secretary-Treasurer; F. L. Blanchard, A. F. Gilmore and R. A. Sturges of the Class of '93, members of the Executive Committee.

This Alumni Association will be of great service to Bates in increasing her influence in the great financial center of America. There live many of the great financiers who are willing to give their money, while they live, to institutions whose value and

importance they are made to understand, and it is expected that this recently formed Association will be able to supplement the efforts of Dr. Chase to raise money in that vicinity. Dr. Chase is devoting much time and the best labor of his life to the improvement of the financial condition of the institution of which he is the honored President. He works in season and out of season for the welfare of Bates, taking philosophically the excuses which are given him by men of means as showing why they are not able to give, yet still urging with the persistency which characterizes him the needs of his *Alma Mater* until he makes people feel as he does about the college, and consequently give something to help maintain it.

Bates can well be proud of the men who, bound together by the common tie of college brotherhood, assembled on this occasion to give outward expression to that tie. Mr. Stockbridge is one of the best electricians in the United States, a man who has made an international reputation as a scientist and is now entrusted with the important affairs of the Westinghouse Company. Mr. Haskell is one of the most prominent educators of Brooklyn, and many of the other alumni were men of recognized influence and ability.

The New York Alumni Association sends a greeting to those interested in Bates College, and pledges itself in every way to assist in the work of widening the influence of that institution, until it shall be known throughout the length and breadth of the world even as some of the larger American universities are known.

Through the special committee of the Stanton Club, an alumni and alumnæ association of Bates College, notices are now being sent out to all the graduates of the college inviting participation in contributing toward the fund for the Stanton portrait. It has been deemed best by the committee, in whose hands the matter was left, to employ Frederic P. Vinton of Boston to paint a three-quarter length portrait. Quite a portion of the necessary amount already has been pledged. Vinton is considered by art critics to be one of the two leading portrait painters of this time, in the world, the other being Sargent. The work will be done the coming summer, Mr. Vinton already having named the date when he can come to Maine to do the work. Such an art piece at Coram Library on the Bates campus will be one to be recognized by all the world, and will be of value not to the college alone but to

Lewiston, as a city. The committee endorsing and furthering this movement is as follows: Scott Wilson, '92; Alice E. Lord, '99; Emma J. C. Rand, '81; O. B. Clason, '77; A. S. Littlefield, '87; C. S. Cook, '81; Frank H. Briggs, '78; F. W. Baldwin, '72; Dora Jordan, '90; W. H. Bolster, '69; J. L. Reade, '83; C. C. Smith, '88; W. F. Garcelon, '90; W. B. Cutts, '91; Wilbur H. Judkins, '80; O. C. Boothby, '96.—*Lewiston Journal*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—President Chase and his brother, Rev. J. A. Chase of the Class of '77, were the guests of honor at a banquet given on May 2d by the New York Alumni Association of Bates College.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan recently gave a talk on Respiration at the Bates Round Table.

'77.—H. W. Oakes presided over a large audience, which had assembled to hear the sheriff issue discussed, at Auburn Hall, Thursday evening, May 8th. One of the leading speakers of the evening was Prof. Anthony, who in a brilliant address clearly showed the true state of affairs as regards the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and made a stirring appeal to the voters to see that this state of affairs was improved.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes, pastor of the Congregational Church at Manitou, Col., has resigned his charge there and accepted a call to the First Congregational Church at Topeka, Kan. This is a large and influential church and offers a wide field for work.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey was one of the speakers at the recent prohibitionist rally in Auburn.

'83.—F. E. Manson is editor of the *Pennsylvania Grit*, a paper consisting of twenty-four pages, exclusive of the story supplement, and published in Williamsport, Pa. It is divided into several departments each with its individual function to perform. Its Special Feature section deals with the quaint and curious; its Miscellany section with fact and fiction; its Department section with current topics; while its Telegraphic News section brings us tidings from abroad, and the Local News section makes us acquainted with affairs at home. Such an arrangement is of great value to the man whose time is valuable, for he knows just where to find that which he wants and is not obliged to spend several minutes in a fruitless search.

'85.—W. B. Small addressed the Bates Round Table, Friday evening, May 9, on the subject of Tuberculosis.

'92.—Scott Wilson of Portland has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial address at Bowdoinham.

'96.—O. F. Cutts recently gave a talk to the Bates students after chapel, speaking forcibly and to the point, mentioning the things in which Bates had improved since he was here and pointing out ways in which further improvement might be effected. It was truly a heart to heart talk with the students, and he gave some wholesome advice which was well received.

'99.—The home of Edith I. Leonard, wife of Professor Leonard, who went to Japan a few years ago, was recently gladdened by the appearance of a daughter, who has received the name of Agnes Iola.

'99.—Albert T. L'Heureux, who has lately been in poor health, is now trying the beneficial effects of a fishing excursion.

'99.—Miss Lettice Albee has been in Lewiston for some time and is a valued contributor of poetry to the Lewiston papers.

'99.—H. C. Small of the New Church (Swedenborgian) Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., gave a Scripture talk on the central doctrine of Christianity in Co-operative Hall recently.

'01.—J. E. Wilson gave a talk to the students of Bates on the subject of Lewis P. Clinton and his work, Wednesday evening, May 7.

Around the Editors' Table.

IN a comparison of our magazine with those of other colleges, it falls below their standard in one respect. There is a lack of verse. Nor is this the fault of the literary editors. They must take such work as they can get. The fault lies in the student-body and the student-body must remedy it. A member of the alumni has recently called to our notice a fault in our college, which is a very probable result of this fault in our magazine. Bates has no college song. If our students had trained themselves in this form of writing we might now be enjoying all the benefits of a college song or of several of them.

It is not probable that there are none in our number who have ability along this line. It is far more probable that what ability there is, is being neglected. If those who feel any urging of the Muse in their hearts, however slight, would only give their possible genius a chance we feel sure that the following numbers of our magazine would by no means be ashamed by comparison with others; and that soon we would no longer have to say that Bates has no college song.

WHAT does your literary society mean to *you*? Are *you* getting from it all the good which it is capable of giving? Are *you* doing all you can to make your society the best in college? If we cannot each one answer the last two questions affirmatively, we are failing to appreciate one of the finest educational advantages we possess.

From time to time we hear little complaints that the students as a whole are rather lax in their support of the society of their choice. Especially does this seem true in debate. Outside duties and attractions press in upon us and we slight that for neglect of which we are the least likely to be called to an account even though it be the most valuable part of our course.

We are proud of the fact that Bates has been able to take an honorable place in debate as well as in athletics, but do we not sometimes forget that *we* are Bates now and unless *we* keep up the debating interest here in college we shall be forced to resign the place which we have held so long. Viewed in this light, our society meetings are too valuable to be slighted for a single night. Our best efforts are none too good.

If "the object to be aimed at in education is the development of the person to the mastery of himself and his resources" there is

nothing in our whole course here more valuable than faithful *work* in our literary societies.

IT is with pleasure that we note the increase of interest in athletics here. It is what we need, what we *have* needed for a long time. But let us not be content with the present development of enthusiasm, for we have only made a beginning, and though the conditions now are much better than they were a year ago, there is still room for a great deal of improvement. By enthusiasm we show that we are alive, that we are active, aggressive forces instead of merely passive objects, that we are interested in the result of a contest and are not ashamed to show it. The heart-felt enthusiasm with which the student-body of a college support their athletes is one of the most prominent factors in the success of those athletes. Even as the college paper cannot attain its fullest degree of success, no matter how hard the editors may work, without the hearty support of the student-body, so the college athletes cannot do the utmost of which they are capable without the interest and sympathy which they have a right to expect from their fellow-students. There is nothing more disheartening to a contestant, no matter whether he be base-ball or track man, than the listless silence and apparent lack of interest which too often hovers over the benches where the men are sitting whose champion he is. We should not think that because we do not enter the lists ourselves we have no share in the contest, for a hearty cheer at the critical moment may put new life into our struggling champions and help them win the victory. Every athlete should be made to feel that the student-body is behind him, that his fellow-students are not only ready to celebrate with him his victory, but to sympathize with him in his defeat; that they are interested in his welfare and appreciate the denials he has made for the sake of doing himself and his college credit in the coming contest. No doubt we have all along felt this interest, but now we are beginning to show it. Perhaps we are beginning to understand that all the interest and enthusiasm in the world is useless, if we possess not the energy and decision to make it manifest.

But the manifestation of this interest and enthusiasm, far from being a simple matter, is something to which we should give much earnest and sincere thought. If on the athletic field it takes the form of individual effort the result cannot help being disas-

trous. Part of the students would be shouting one thing, part of them another, while the greater part would not be shouting anything at all simply for lack of a leader. The result would be expressive of nothing save noise. It would be as inefficient in comparison with organized cheering as a disorderly rabble in comparison with an organized force. What we need is a good leader who understands the situation and in whom the boys have confidence and students who are able through practice to follow out his directions and who do not join in their college yell as though it was the first time they had ever heard it.

Local Department.

FLUNK.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
 On that Physics test, Oh Prof.,
 I would that the power of my glance
 Could easily let me off.

But no! Ah no! Forever,
 As long as life shall be,
 Shall I ever be able to utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

For "Force," and "Work," and "Power,"
 I've used with all my might,
 But somehow the work of my brain-machine
 Quite vanishes out of sight.

My temper got hot over "Heat,"
 My brain grew tired of "Work,"
 And the pumps and syphons and films
 Made me sick enough to shirk.

And shirk I did for sure,
 But no pleasure did I gain,
 For the density of my conscience
 Worried me quite insane.

Then
 Flunk, flunk, flunk,
 And the life that is left in me
 Shall sing me the song of my sorrow
 In sort of a minor key.

—X. Y. Z., '04.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

One of the prominent features of our Association work this term has been that in the Social Settlement. At the beginning of the fall term, four Sunday afternoon classes were formed, and these have been kept up regularly through the winter. In addi-

tion to these there have been three weekly night classes in different branches of English, under the direction of three of the college professors. Another department of the work has been the entertainments given, as often as thought advisable, by college talent.

No marvelous or unusual success has attended our efforts, but if the "bread" quietly and conscientiously "cast upon the waters," is sure to "return" even though it be "after many days," we are content.

The plan of work for this term is somewhat different. Instead of going to the children of the Settlement we hope to bring them out of their dreary surroundings, to us, and, by afternoons in the woods, walks, talks, and glimpses of another sort of life, give them some ideas apart from street, mill or factory. This, with an occasional social or entertainment, in the Settlement class will be our method for the summer term.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

"Pluck wins! It always wins though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go;
Still pluck will win—its average is sure,
He gains the prize who can the most endure,
Who faces issues, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and who always works."

Blanchard, '02, is teaching at Boothbay.

We are glad to welcome President Chase again after his long absence.

Rev. Mr. Downey, '86, and Rev. Mr. Howard, '96, led the chapel exercises recently.

Doe, '05, who was recently called home by the sudden death of his father, has returned to college.

The college regrets the loss of Dr. Chase, who has accepted a position in the Harvard Library.

The renovation of the Y. M. C. A. room is nearly completed. That the improvement is great goes without saying.

Ex-President O. B. Cheney of Bates, and Mrs. Cheney, arrived in Lewiston May 19th, and will reside on College Street.

Mr. Pomeroy, '98, Bates instructor, who is doing post-graduate work at Harvard, was in Lewiston for a week recently.

Three of the STUDENT editors are absent from college. Miss Norton is teaching at Wells, Miss Freeman at Woolwich, and Jordan at Lincoln.

Monday evening, May 12, a lecture was given in the chapel by Rev. John Perkins, Class of '82. Mr. Perkins spoke about art in music and drama. He has a pleasing delivery and held the interested attention of his audience throughout.

It is putting it mildly when we say we are pleased with the work of our base-ball team and with the spirit which they are

showing. They have won seven out of the ten games played and have done their best on every game. Such a spirit we can and will support.

Among the new officers of the college are special student police whose duty it is to keep the gymnasium and athletic field free from those who are not entitled to use them and also to keep a watchful eye upon the "rising generation" which sometimes attends our base-ball and foot-ball games. A good scheme.

Eurosophia has elected officers for next year. They are: President, Lothrop, '03; Vice-President, Briggs, '04; Secretary, Miss Mitchell, '05; Assistant Secretary, Miss Downey, '05; Treasurer, Andrews, '05; Executive Committee, Ramsdell, '03, Holman, '04, Miss Bartlett, '05; Music Committee, Miss Norton, '03, Miss Lugin, '04, Winslow, '05; Decorating Committee, Miss Clark, '03, Jennings, '03, Miss Phillips, '04, Doyle, '05; Librarian, Blake, '05.

The graduates of Cobb Divinity School have taken their examinations. The examiners were Rev. C. S. Perkins of New Hampshire and Rev. C. E. Cate of Rhode Island. The following is the program of the week:

MONDAY, MAY 19.

7.30 P.M. Discussion, Sermon Plans and Preaching. Class in Homiletics, Professor Howe.

TUESDAY, MAY 20.

9.00 A.M. to 5 P.M. Public examination of classes.
 9.00 A.M. Systematic Theology by Professor Howe.
 10.00 A.M. Biblical Training Class in Church History, taught by Professor Purinton; examined by Professor Howe.
 11.00 A.M. Senior Class in Church History, by Dr. Salley.
 3.00 P.M. Elective Class in Messianic Prophecy, taught by Professor Purinton; examined by Professor Hayes.
 4.00 P.M. Biblical Training Class in Theology, by Professor Howe.
 7.30 P.M. Elective Class in the Apocalypse, by Professor Anthony.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

9.00 A.M. Biblical Training Class in Pastoral Theology, by Professor Hayes.
 10.00 A.M. Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni.
 2.30 P.M. Exercises of the graduating class; presentation of diplomas, address to the class by Dean Howe.
 President's address before the Alumni Association, by Rev. Fred L. Wiley, '68, of Laconia, N. H.
 6.30 P.M. Banquet of the Alumni Association and friends. Toastmaster, Dean Howe.

LIST OF GRADUATES.

Welbee Butterfield, Dover, N. H.; Edward B. Foster, Lewiston; George E. Manter, Lake Shore. Biblical Training School, Robert S. White, New Haven, Conn.

Of the Harvard game the *Boston Globe* says: "After the first two innings Bates outplayed Harvard both in the field and at the

bat. Had Towne been as steady in these two innings as in the rest of the game, the Maine boys would probably have won.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Harvard	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—6
Bates	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—2

Hits—Harvard 4, Bates 5. Errors—Harvard 10, Bates 2. Batteries—Clarkson and Kernan; Towne and Stone.

At Worcester the team was not quite so successful, Holy Cross seeming to rather out-class them. The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	5	0	7	1	1	x—14
Bates	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0—3

Hits—Holy Cross 14, Bates 5. Errors—Holy Cross 2, Bates 5. Batteries—McCormick and Noonan; Doe, Towne and Stone. Umpire—Gaffney.

They fully redeemed themselves, however, by defeating the Massachusetts State College in a close game, bringing the first trip to a successful close:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	2	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	2—9
Massachusetts State.....	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	3	0—8

Runs earned—Clason 2, Parsons, Allen 2, Stone, Purington, Dean, Moody, Gregg 3, Paul 2, Halligan 2, Cook. Two-base hits—Stone, Allen, Dean, Cook, Halligan. Three-base hit—Dean. Sacrifice hits—Moody, Hunt. Stolen bases—Clason, Parsons, Allen, Dean, Purington, Paul, Bodfish, Ahearn, Cook, Ingham. First base on balls—Lang 2, Clason, Purington, Maerz, Paul, Halligan. First base on errors—Parsons 2, Dean 2, Allen, Stone, Lang, Cook 2, Ahearn 2, Gregg, Halligan, O'Hearn. Left on bases—Bates 9, Massachusetts State 7. Struck out—Moody 2, Clason, Ingham 2, O'Hearn, Hunt, Halligan. Passed balls—Bates, Massachusetts State. Wild pitch—Allen. Hit by pitched ball—Moody, Paul. Time—2 hours, 20 minutes. Umpire—Merritt. Attendance—300.

The second trip was more successful from the standpoint of games won. The first game was an easy victory over Middlebury College—6 to 0. Doe pitched. The next day Davis of the University of Vermont proved a puzzle to the Bates men, and the game went to U. of V. by a score of 12 to 2. Sure and steady playing, together with Towne's excellent work in the box, turned the tables in the second game and Bates won, 7 to 5.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1—7
Vermont	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—5

Two-base hits—Orton 4, Allen, Clason, Doe. Stolen bases—Clancy, Crumb, Moody 2. Bases on balls—by Clancy 4, Towne 3. Struck out—by Clancy 8, Towne 3. Double plays—Kinlock to Abbott; Brooks to Orton. Passed balls—Orton, Stone. Umpire—Lieut. Mumma of West Point. Time—1.50.

The home games so far have been especially satisfactory. While Mitchell of U. of M. did not prove as formidable as we had feared, the game was not decided until the last man was out, and the score 6 to 3 in no way tells the interesting nature of the game.

The Bowdoin game was more satisfactory than interesting, and after the fifth inning was never in doubt. The summary best describes the game:

BATES.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Dean, 1b.....	5	0	0	14	0	0
Clason, ss.....	4	0	0	2	4	0
Allen, 2b.....	5	2	2	1	2	0
Stone, c.....	5	3	3	7	0	0
Bucknam, lf.....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Moody, cf.....	5	1	2	1	0	0
Maerz, rf.....	1	2	0	0	0	0
Parsons, 3b.....	3	0	1	2	4	0
Towne, p.....	4	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	36	9	10	27	15	0

BOWDOIN.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
White, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Shaughnessey, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	4	0
Green, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Hovey, 1b.....	4	0	1	12	0	1
Coffin, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Blanchard, c.....	2	0	1	9	3	2
Munro, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Bly, ss.....	4	1	2	0	3	1
Oakes, p.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Lewis, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Total	32	1	6	24	14	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates	0	3	0	0	2	0	4	0	x—9
Bowdoin	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Bates 3, Bowdoin 1. Two-base hits—Allen, Bucknam, Hovey. Stolen bases—Maerz, Blanchard. Double plays—Towne, Parsons, Dean. First base on balls—by Towne, White, Green, Blanchard; by Oakes, Allen, Maerz 2, Parsons; by Lewis, Bucknam, Maerz. Hit by pitched ball—by Towne, Blanchard. Struck out—by Towne, Shaughnessey 2, Coffin 2, Munro 2, Oakes; by Oakes, Stone, Moody 2, Maerz, Towne 2; by Lewis, Bucknam, Towne. Time—1.55. Umpire—John E. Carrigan, Jr. Attendance—800.

Exchanges.

TWILIGHT.

The ash is red in the wooden pipe,
 The ember is smoking yet,
 The dreamer dreams in his rocking-chair,
 The bob white calls "more wet."

He dreams of a sail that is filling fast,
 He dreams of a gray-eyed girl;
 He feels the slap-slip-slap of the waves
 As under his keel they curl.

He dreams of a child with red-gold hair,
And he dreams of a dark-eyed wife—
In truth of the host of sweetest things
That make up a quiet life.

O, the pipe is cold and the ash is grey,
And the rocker sways no more,
For the dreamer is locked in the city of sleep
And darkness creeps in at the door.

—M. C. Allen in *The Sibyl*.

IT is almost with a feeling of relief that the ex-editor puts away the magazines for April—April, that most beautiful month of spring, “balmy spring,” “sweet-scented spring” and all the other kinds of spring that the fertile minds of several hundred students are able to think of. Spring doubtless has its charm for us all, but when one is reading the twenty-fifth or thirtieth poem on it, or a piece containing the sixtieth reference to it, he begins to feel that he can give up the privilege of carrying an umbrella every other day and even welcome the scorching rays of summer, providing that they will come soon enough to prevent any more would-be poets from choosing this hackneyed and worn-out subject.

The Acadia Athenaeum among other good articles, contains a good summing up of the probability of Bacon’s being the true author of Shakespeare. It is a work which shows keenness.

Among the most interesting of the papers is “*The Red Man and Helper*.” This shows enterprise and push.

We have had some good advice in regard to cheering during the ball games. It is interesting to see that this matter is being taken up by other colleges:

“The excitement incident to a close base-ball game often leads to improper or undue applause on the part of those behind the opposing teams. We doubt whether it has ever been the deliberate purpose of undergraduates to participate in such kind of enthusiasm; yet, unless due caution and warning is given, occasional breaches of base-ball etiquette are inevitable. . . . Legitimate applause under the control of appointed leaders should be hereafter the rule.”—*The Williams Weekly*.

“Applause for good work is music to the ear of every player and his best reward. Do not, therefore, cheapen this token by placing it where it does not belong. The indiscriminate noise which seems to characterize the modern college game is not support. Applaud only good work and you will be giving “support” of the best kind, not only to the team, but also to those who are doing all that they can to develop the team.”—*The Yale Alumni Weekly*.

The William and Mary contains one of the best departments of any of the magazines. “Some Things and a Few Others.” Here the current events are discussed, to a greater or less extent, in a clear, interesting way.

The Tuftonian gives us a very interesting article in "*The Beginning of Base-Ball in Tufts College.*" Such things as the fielders sitting on the fence and a score of one hundred and thirteen to thirty-seven, would seem rather strange to us now, however.

"The Place of Bret Harte in American Literature," from the *Dartmouth Magazine*, is worthy of high commendation. Not only is the material good and well arranged, but the style is very pleasing.

The Peabody Record has some good serious reading. The story, "Ida," would be sure to arouse a collector's interest. We first find an old man in a path. Through his eyes we see golden moss, drooping fern, dewy golden-rod, purple and white fall flowers, all sprinkled with crimson, gold, and green. We next come across a baby. Around her we find quite a menagerie, two pigs, a plump brown mother partridge and her brood, a gray squirrel, a big brown rabbit, a gay red bird, and a company of jays. The next is a collection of vegetables. We see a great yellow squash, a pale-green cabbage, some bloody beets, brilliant tomatoes, pink-and-white radishes, fresh, crisp greens, and long okra pods. The story improves as it goes on. We should say that the author's forte was narration rather than description.

Among the best of our school exchanges we would mention the *Colby Academy Voice* and *The Vermont Academy Life*.

There seem always to be two factors which determine the success of a team, one the make-up of the team itself, and the second the spirit of the college which backs the team.—*Ex.*

For without an honest, manly heart,
No man was worth regarding.

So, with the light of great examples to guide us, let us remember that everyone is not only justified, but in duty bound to aim for a high standard of character; not to become the greatest in intellect, but in spirit; not to become the greatest in worldly position, but in truth and honor; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright and honest.—*L. G. S. Messenger.*

THE LONG AGO.

When the work of the day is over,
And the sun is sinking to rest,
And the bees have left the clover,
And the birds are in their nest,
In the calm of the lengthening twilight,
To a heart that is burdened with woe,
From the shadowy depths of the heavens,
Come the voices of long ago.

When the autumn day is waning,
And the gold-red glow of the sun
And the brilliant colors are fading,
And the work of the harvest is done,

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In the flickering flame and the firelight,
 To a heart that is burdened with woe,
 From the glow of the dying embers,
 Come the faces of long ago.

When the wintry day is dying,
 And the year is nearing its end,
 And the Christ Child peace is crying,
 And the people in silence bend,
 In the cold gray gleam of the snow-light,
 To a heart that is burdened with woe,
 From the deepening gloom of the darkness
 Flit the shadows of long ago.

—*Alice Moore Wheeler in Smith College Monthly.*

THE LITERARY VAMPIRE.

(*With many apologies to R. K.*)

A fool there was, and he wrote a theme
 (Even as you and I!)
 He filled it full of poetic gleam
 (We read it and thought it an idiot's dream),
 But the fool considered it Art Supreme
 (Even as you and I!)

The fool expected to get a B
 (Even as you and I!)
 Or, at the worst, a well-earned C;
 (He never even dreamt of a D!)
 So it jarred him much when he pulled an E
 (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the mark we lost,
 And the excellent things we planned
 Belong to the man who read the theme
 (We'd like to teach him to read a theme,
 For he does not understand!)

—*The Bowdoin Quill.*

Our Book-Shelf.

"If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts;
 all art and author-craft are of small amount to that." —*Carlyle.*

*Dorothy South*¹, by George Cary Eggleston, is a love story of Virginia just before the war. The book is prettily bound in red cloth, with an illustrated cover, and contains six illustrations by C. D. Williams. The story begins with the arrival at the estate of Wyanoke of its new heir, a young physician, Dr. Arthur Brent, who was born in Virginia but was bred in the North. Here he finds Dorothy South, a girl of sixteen years, who is in the care of Aunt Polly, a distant relative. He also meets

Edmonia Bannister, who is strongly attracted to him but conceals her love and unselfishly befriends him in all his difficulties. When a fever breaks out among the negroes of Wyanoke, Arthur, with Dorothy as head nurse, fights against it heroically. A mystery hangs over Dorothy from the beginning of the story. She has always been confined to her own home and is bound by a peculiar injunction of her father to be betrothed to the son of a planter, Madison Peyton. Arthur becomes Dorothy's guardian and sends her away with Edmonia to travel in Europe. On her way she meets a woman who proves to be her mother. The mystery is now explained and Dorothy hastens back to Virginia where the romance ends with great happiness, among the familiar scenes of Wyanoke.

*Leavitt's Outlines of Botany*² was prepared at the request of the Botanical Department of Harvard University, for use in High Schools. It is based on Gray's *Lessons in Botany*. While presenting the most modern methods of study, it has a simplicity and brevity which make it better suited for an elementary course than many text-books. Each chapter of descriptive text is preceded by a chapter of laboratory studies covering the same ground, which should ordinarily be performed first by the pupil. The laboratory work, however, is of such a nature that it can be performed without expensive microscopes or other elaborate apparatus, though these may be used advantageously. A study of typical forms of cryptogams is given, and a section on the minute anatomy and the physiology of flowering plants. The life of plants is given more attention, compared with their form, than in Dr. Gray's works, yet it is not made most prominent. A revised edition of Gray's *Field, Forest, and Garden Botany* is bound with the Outlines, thus giving a complete and practical elementary course in this most fascinating study.

*Much Ado About Nothing*³ is the latest number of the *Arden Shakespeare* series, published by D. C. Heath and Company. This book is edited by J. C. Smith, M.A., Edinburgh. The Arden edition of Shakespeare has several distinctive features which make it the most convenient and satisfactory edition for school work. The plays are presented in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. In the Introduction, questions of date and literary questions are fully considered. Purely verbal and textual criticism is included, only as it is necessary for an appreciation of the essential poetry. Suggestions are made as to the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character. In the Notes, although all unfamiliar expressions and allusions are carefully explained, chief importance is placed in the consideration of the dramatic value of each scene and its relation to the whole play. Each volume of the series has a glossary, an essay upon Metre, and an Index; also Appendices in which points of special interest are treated at greater length than would be convenient in the Introduction or Notes. The edition is characterized by a systematic arrangement of its material.

*None But the Brave*⁴, by Hamblen Sears, is an historical novel of Revolutionary times. The tale is told in the first person by the hero, who was one of the secret emissaries sent out directly from Washington himself. The historical setting is the treason of Arnold, and the attempt to capture him after he had joined the British forces in New York City. While Washington, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Howe, and Major Andre, as well as

Arnold, are introduced into the story; they do not figure conspicuously, and little new light is shed upon them. The fictitious characters are well and strongly drawn. The hero and heroine, on their first meeting, are forced by strange circumstances to a compulsory marriage. Later, though she is of a family supposed to be loyal, they proceed through various meetings, to form a devoted attachment, and at length reach the usual happy denouement. The adventures, while swift-moving and exciting, are not extremely improbable. An especial interest adheres to the faithful and contrasting pictures of the showy court of Sir Henry Clinton and the foul prisons in which American soldiers were confined at the same time in New York Harbor.

*Carpenter's Geographical Reader—Europe*⁵, is one of a series of supplementary readers intended to make more interesting the study of Geography. The child students are conceived to be themselves taking a trip across the Atlantic and through Europe. In the course of the tour they visit nearly all the more important places and scenes. Not only are the governments, the commerce, the natural scenery and architecture of each country, and great city noticed, but the real life of the people, the factory worker and the farmer as well as others, is observed. As the author is himself an extensive traveller, his own experience is the source from which he has drawn most largely for the material for his work. In this volume at least, the author has succeeded admirably in his design of making an interesting and at the same time instructive book for children of an age when geography is often a dull and difficult study. While quite comprehensive, the material used is nevertheless selected to suit the child's interest, and the language is clear and well adapted to the purpose. North America, South America, and Asia are covered in the volumes of this series, and one upon Australia and the Islands of the Sea is in preparation.

¹Dorothy South. George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

²Outlines of Botany. Robert Greenleaf Leavitt, A.M. American Book Company, New York.

³Much Ado About Nothing. The Arden Shakespeare. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

⁴None But the Brave. Hamblen Sears. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. \$1.50.

⁵Carpenter's Geographical Reader.—Europe. Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Co., New York.

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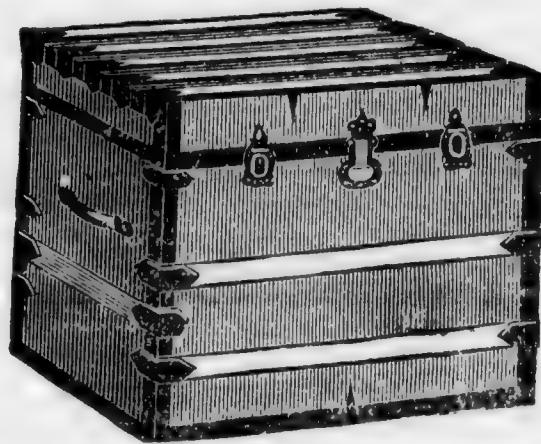
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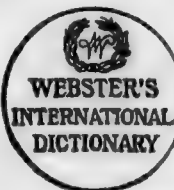
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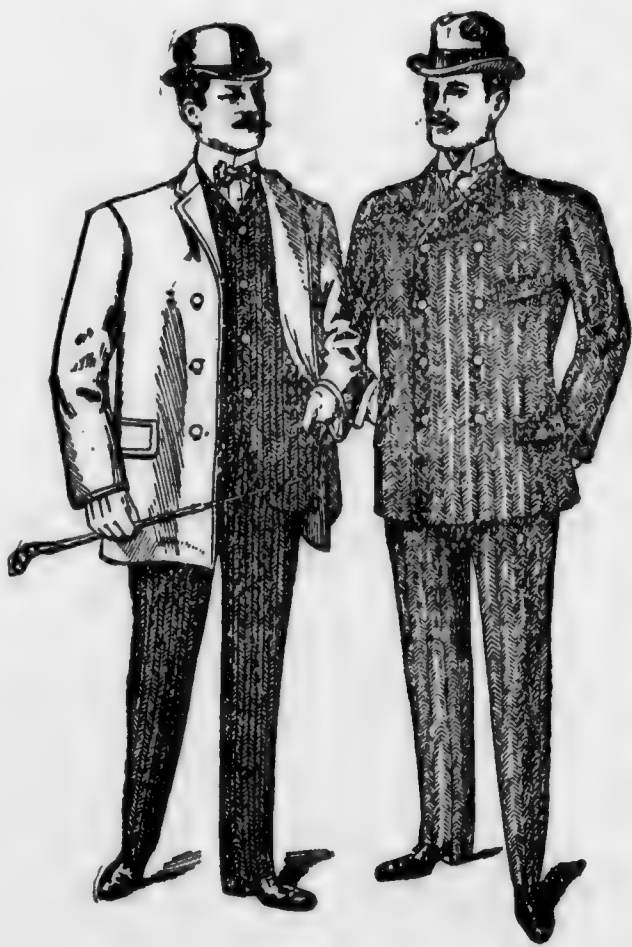
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All business communications to **B. W. SANDERSON**, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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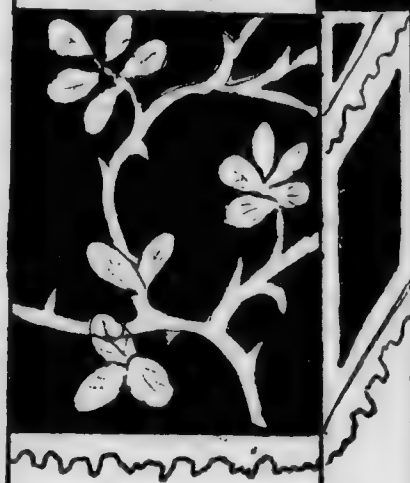
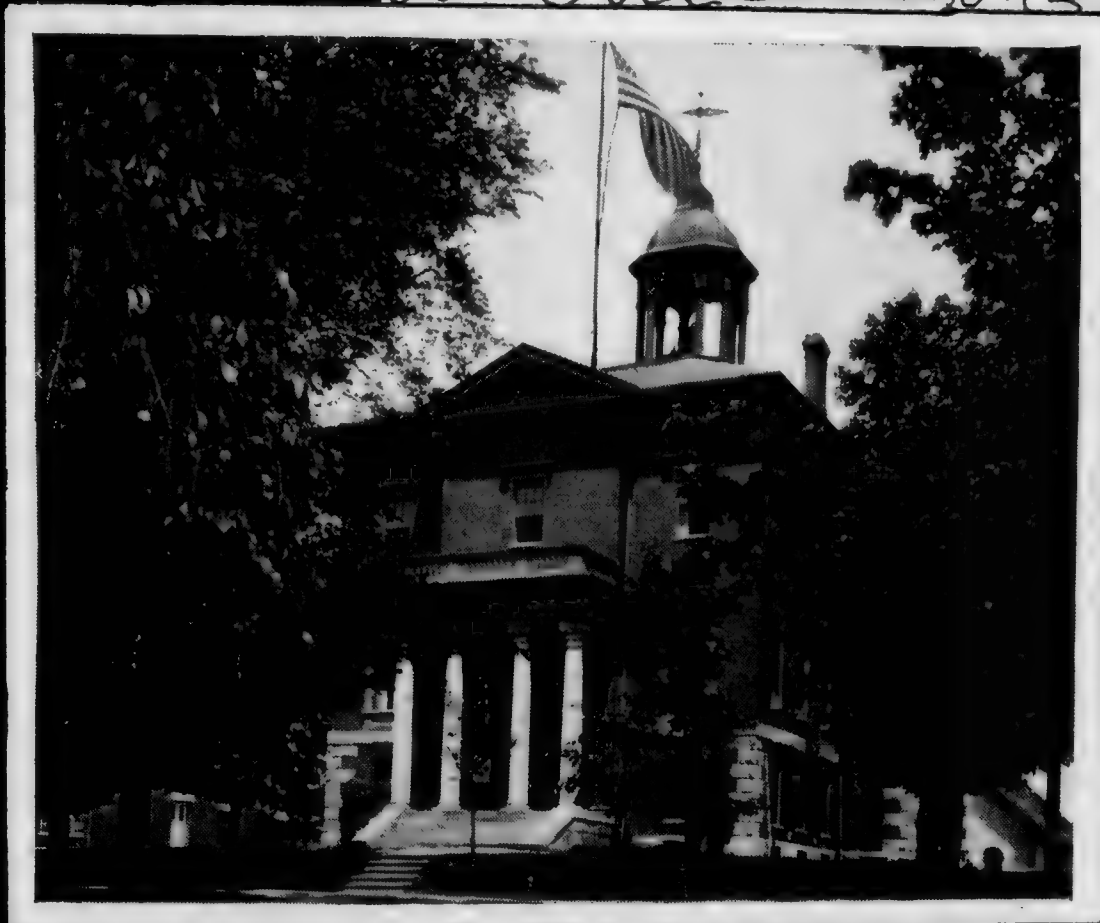
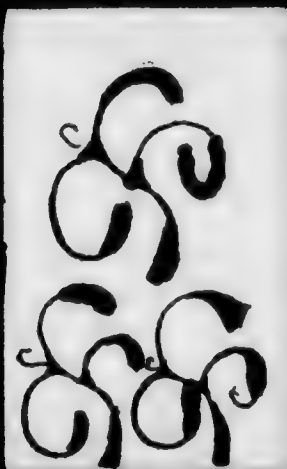
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No. 6.



June

C. L. Jordan. '03

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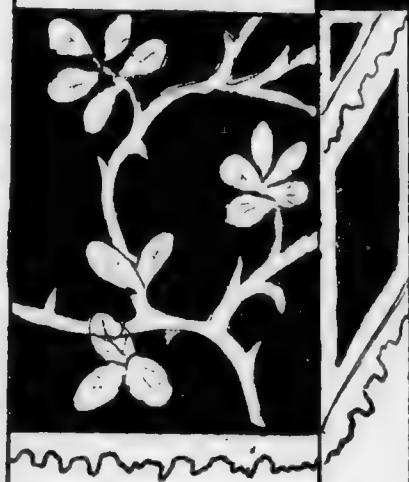
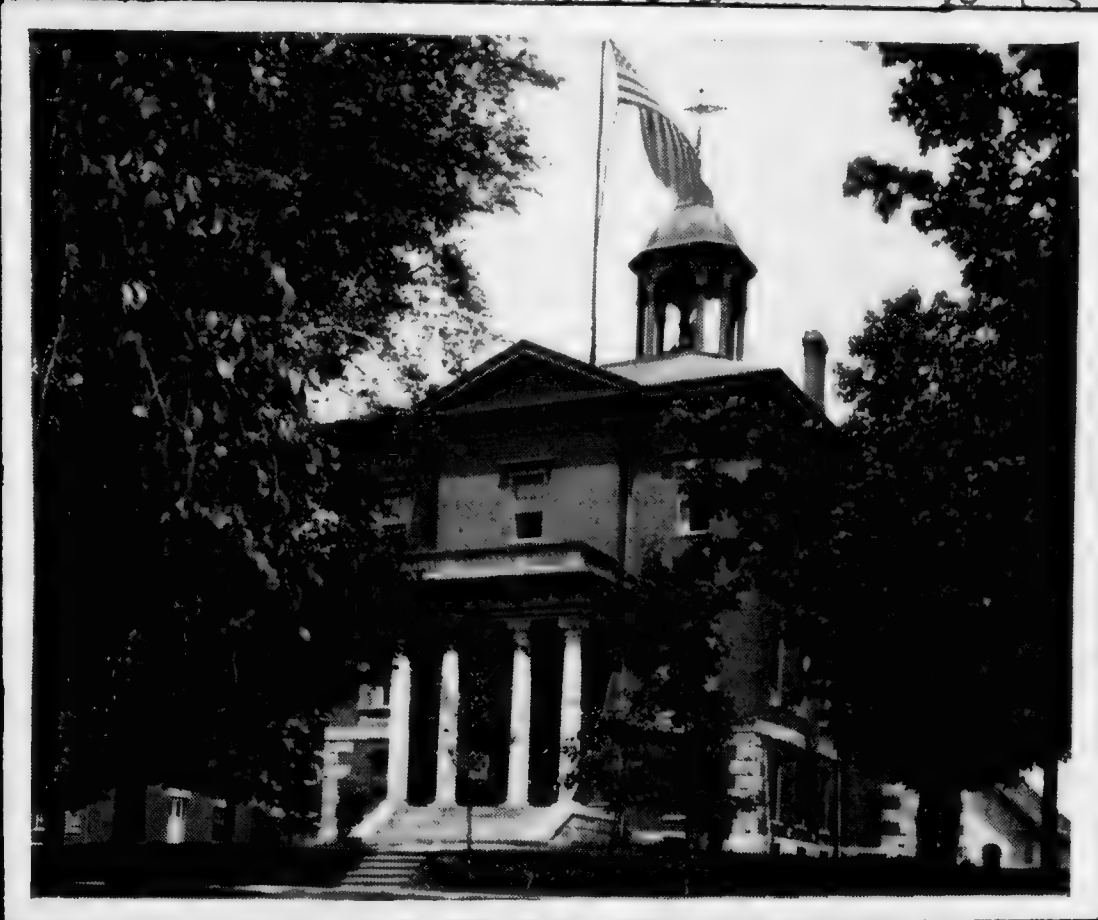
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THE BATES STUDENT.

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JUNE, 1902.

No. 6.

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Literary.

CLASS ODE.

Our Junior year, classmates, approaches its close,
And soon will its pleasures be o'er,
But now comes our Senior year, laden with joy,
Bringing honors and toil in its store.

REFRAIN.

We will climb with a will, although steep be the hill,
Ever true to our honor we'll be.
We will look to the right, we will win in the fight,
We're the Class of 1903.

Three bright happy years have flown past like a dream,
Bringing pleasures to each and to all,
Our hearts are enchained with a bondage too sweet
To scenes we will love to recall.

The sweet flower of friendship which never can die,
Its fragrance has breathed in each heart,
And with courage we enter our last college year,
Then sadly yet bravely we'll part.

IVY ODE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LILLIAN A. NORTON.

Many lessons, sweet and tender,
Does the brave, frail ivy teach,
Earth-bound is she, yet is aiming
Loftier heights above to reach.
And heaven draws near as she ascends,
The breeze invites, the sky befriends.

REFRAIN.

Heaven will guard thee, earth shall shield thee,
Ivy dear, while thou dost climb,
E'en the walls that bind thee help thee
To reach up to heights sublime.

We will keep our footsteps pointed
Toward the shining hills of truth,
We will keep our minds anointed
With the magic balm of youth.
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

We will heed thy lesson, Ivy,
We will struggle toward the height,
We will keep our spirit windows
Ever open to the light.
The college walls that guard us round
Will ladders be to higher ground.

OUR PLACE IN LIFE AND PREPARATION FOR IT.

IVY ORATION.

MOST of us are in the morning of life. We are students seeking to gain a preparation for our future conflict with the world, every one of us hoping and expecting to succeed. But our success depends largely on our choice of work and our preparation for that work. Every person sent into this world has a place to fill which belongs especially to him. Or in the words of Lowell, "No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him." Even the lowest has a mission to fulfill and a work to do which none but he can do to carry out the perfect plan of the Creator. It is the duty of each one to look over the field of life and try to decide rightly what place was meant for him.

Forethought, circumspection and a sincere desire to make the most of one's life are the guides to be employed. These, together with a thorough knowledge of one's self, will usually overcome the difficulties in selecting an occupation and guide to the best employment. But sometimes even these fail and one is puzzled to know just what nature intended him to be. Still he should not be discouraged, but should do his best to secure an all-round education and be prepared for his place when he discovers it, as he surely will sometime. Many of our great men did not find their true place in the world at the beginning of their career. Mr. Howells' boyhood dream was to be an auctioneer; Thomas Bailey Aldrich aspired to be a horse doctor; Secretary Hay chose his vocation as steamboat mate on the Mississippi, but he was greater than his business, and when the opportunity came for him to rise he was ready for it. In each place he has filled, duties well performed have prepared him for something higher,—private secretary to the President, colonel in the field, charge d'affairs in Vienna, poet, editor of the *Tribune*, biographer of Lincoln, ambassador to England, and at last Secretary of State. Thus we see we should not be discouraged and think there is no place especially meant for us. For with duties conscientiously performed and a thorough preparation we may find a higher place than any we have yet dreamed of.

How can we best prepare ourselves for our life work? For we have something more to live for than a living. We have duties to perform to the nation, the State and the community. Our standing among men is the true measure of the rights and privileges that will be accorded to us in law, or social relations. "We have ourselves, not our stars, to blame if we are underlings." I

say prepare OURSELVES. For there is no curriculum that can make a young man or woman successful without his or her persistent effort. The academy and college can assist, but their opportunities are wasted on the inactive. They have no force-pump by which they can inject knowledge into the heads of the students. It is only to be obtained by hard work and honest effort. They supply instruction, assistance, advice, encouragement, but the student must do the work. So I say a person must prepare himself for what he desires to become. The lever and main-spring of all achievement is action, whether applied to morals, religion or material things. This is principally an age of action; of energetic, progressive endeavor to secure to mankind and the world, the richest fruits of knowledge and inventive power. It is an age in which a man must do something if he would not prove recreant to the spirit and promptings of the hour. It may not be an age as romantic as some the world has seen, but it is one of infinitely greater worth and grander possibilities, for it calls for the fruit of man's best attainment.

The old time ideas of glory have been supplanted by more worthy and inspiring ones. The world rolls forward, not as the abiding place of mere senseless pleasure and tinsel pageantry, but as a hive of industrious, intelligent workers, each striving to do his part toward honoring the age and himself. We cannot free ourselves from the personal responsibility of preparing for the battle of life by inaction.

Courage is also necessary. Courage is the absence of fear; the disregard of personal convenience; the spirit to begin and the determination to pursue what has been begun. Such a quality is needed every hour. The cares, labors, and embarrassments that are the common lot of humanity, make it indispensable. The burdens which young men and young women must bear in acquiring an education, learning a trade, resisting temptations and building character demand both physical and moral courage. When President Lincoln was renominated for a second term of office, the army was in great need of recruits and he resolved to call for them. His friends, both in Congress and out, urged him not to do so; saying that he would not be re-elected if he did. Stretching his tall form to its utmost height he replied, "It is not necessary for me to be re-elected, but it is necessary for the army to be re-enforced," and he called for the troops. This was true courage and just what we need to cultivate.

Industry and perseverance are qualities that we cannot dis-

pense with. There is nothing worth having that can be had without them. As for knowledge it can no more be planted in the human mind without industry than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. History tells us that when generals and statesmen tilled the soil of Italy and labor was considered honorable by the magistrates of the land, the Roman Empire flourished. But when labor became discreditable to those who could live without it, and indolence and ease usurped the place of industry, the ruling classes gave themselves up to pleasure and corruption sapped the foundation of the empire and it fell. In viewing lofty Rome, one would hardly think that such humble instruments as the spade or pick were used in its construction, but such is the fact. Although they are considered the implements of drudgery, they were indispensable to the perfect end. In life they are emblematical of industry and perseverance, which have reared more monuments, won more battles and achieved greater successes than any words used to convey thought or action in the English language. Every great achievement of science, art, or literature, has been attained through them. The Pyramids on the plains of Egypt, the Great Wall of China, the aqueduct of Rome, the discovery of America, the advancement of civilization, and in fact everything that contributes to the happiness and well-being of humanity, are due to the exercise of these two qualities. They have made a Newton, a Fulton, a Franklin, a Morse and an Edison, whose names are watchwords of power and their deeds are imperishable glory by which mankind has gained advancement.

It is only the sons of perseverance, of unremitting industry and toil that have made the world what it is. Perseverance knows no defeat, for the vast difficulties which it encounters teach it the necessity for redoubled exertion.

But after all, all our successes are dependent on our standards. High moral standards are indispensable requisites for successful life-work. A young man should set his mark high, lift himself up; and then should he fail, grow weary and, fainting, fall by the way, he will at least deserve an epitaph as worthy as the following, which the Italian Thads inscribed on the tomb of Phaeton:

"Driver of Phoebus' chariot, Phaeton,
Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath this stone.
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

—G. E. R., '03.

THE CURSE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

MINOT J. SAVAGE, the eminent New York preacher and writer, once made the statement that he had never in his life done anything that he wished to forget. I do not believe the statement was false, nor do I think that Mr. Savage can lay claim to exceptional goodness because he made it. On the contrary, there is underlying the statement a principle which is applicable to our own life and capable of removing from it a most serious danger.

The intelligence that created our universe established this law—that from death, life springs. Indeed, it is just this phenomenon that distinguishes living matter from non-living. For our bodies we need not be told that use, action, exercise increases capacity; that from the death of tissues new material is formed and more abundant life springs. But we sometimes forget that the same law holds good in the mental world, and that here as well, action and use are necessary for life and growth.

For this reason anything which operates to produce inaction and disuse of our mental powers, causes mental death and is therefore to be avoided. Now, with many of us discouragement and failure operate in this way. We are told to study to know ourselves, and perhaps nothing is so important as this in shaping our lives. And yet too often the self-consciousness resulting from such knowledge brings with itself not a blessing, but a curse.

We strive to discover our powers, our possibilities, and so long we are hopeful. Hope gives us courage and we strive. But when the battle is over and we have failed, when we have learned our powers and know them to be inadequate, then our knowledge becomes worse than ignorance. We can no longer hope, and the realization of our impotency comes to us with crushing effect. We know our limitations and the very consciousness of ourselves becomes a veritable curse. We strive no more.

I believe this principle was understood by Mr. Savage, and comprehending its significance he made his peculiar statement. To enable us to make the best use of our powers and attain the most complete success, a perfect memory is necessary. We must know what we cannot do as well as what we can do. We must remember the failures as well as the successes. For me to blot out of my consciousness all the mistakes and disappointments and to remember only the triumphs, would not be to remember myself, it would be only a part of myself. I need the failures, I need them

as warnings, as beacons to guide me from the rocks of subsequent failure. We all may do things for which we shall be sorry, for which we may even grieve deeply. But do we want to forget them? To do so would be to expose ourselves to the danger of repeating them.

No, we do not want to forget these things. They are a part of ourselves and we want ourselves intact, absolute. We need them as a necessary and fundamental part of the foundation on which we build. But just here comes the danger that our discouragement may result in inaction. Here is where we forget the law that action is indispensable to growth of character. We are prone to dwell too long on the mistakes and allow the bitterness of failure to annihilate our courage. Discontent and carelessness grow by rapid degrees into sloth and morbidness. The mind by continually dwelling on its imperfections becomes at last incapable of making any headway against them and relapses into ignominious and disgraceful vacillation. We have become too self-conscious, and those sad words of Carlyle's may be applied to us when he says: "This is tragedy, that a soul with capacity for knowledge should die, that the lamp of his soul should go out."

Fellow-students, undergraduates of Bates College, you have had many trials, many disappointments, many struggles, probably some failures. How have you met them? Have you stopped striving, deeming effort useless? Have you had such bitter failures that you wish the memory of them blotted forever from your mind? Has inaction already begun to produce decay? Are you even now brooding over mistakes and looking into the future with faint hopes, with doubtful courage? Then you, too, have realized that self-consciousness may bring not only a blessing, but a curse.

But shall it be a curse? Ah! that is for you to say. You can allow the insidious blight of gloomy reflection and foreboding to fasten itself on your lives, only to wreck them. Shall this be your course? Or shall you take the better, brighter view, the nobler attitude, the more courageous stand, and bring from seeming death, life and more abundant life? If you have had failures you will still continue to have them. If not, they are sure to come to you. Meet them with courage undaunted. Accept them as true friends who show you your true selves with no semblance of flattery.

Why was it so hard for the ancient philosopher to find an honest man? I think it was because it was difficult for him to find a man who was willing to know the truth about himself, to admit

his failings and his liability to err. Do you think the good old man would need his lantern to-day?

Fellow-students, nothing is so fatal to integrity as pretence; nothing is so soul-destroying as sham. For truth, rugged, whole-souled, uncompromising honesty alone is eternal. Flinch not, then, at the truth about yourself. But if it is unworthy of you, as you value your life itself, do not allow it to plunge you into sloth and despair, but with energetic application of every faculty, do not rest until you have made it worthy of the very best in you. Face the truth, make it noble truth, and be ashamed of nothing in this world but sham,—and poor work. Then can you say with Minot J. Savage that you have never done anything in your life that you wish to forget.

With him who is constantly conscious of himself, thinking of his great ability, or greater lack of ability, effective execution is impossible. We need to forget ourselves in earnestness for our work, to lose ourselves in the greatness of our purpose.

Let us then, have the expansive nature, the sympathetic mind. Let us feel that whatever our misfortunes we are still a part of the world's mechanism. Nay, of its organism. For the universe is not a mechanism, it is a living organism, thrilling with life from center to pole, responsive to our feelings, our hopes, our activities. And the heart, the soul of this living organism is God. We are a part of it and of Him, able to grow like Him, destined through eternal years to learn and know Him, and thus only at last to find the complete, the understanding knowledge of ourselves.

—J. F. HAMLIN, '02.

THE POET'S VISION.

IN every soul there is a spark of divinity. In every heart there is a gleam of poetry. God placed it there. It is as sacred a gift as beauty or an overwhelming love for humanity. He intended that men should enjoy and thrive upon the beautiful in Nature and in life. In His plan everyone was to be something of a poet. Those who looked a little deeper and interpreted the mysteries of life and death and thought a little more clearly to be the teachers—the mediums between Heaven and earth, to look into the purposes existing there and recreate them for their fellows. Earth recognizes the origin of these men and gives them a name the nearest divinity of all titles—the poet is the doer, the worker, the creator.

It is but natural to watch with a feeling of ecstasy the life ebb out from the face of the dying day, or to stand entranced as the

slip of a moon sinks beside the mountain height, or to be moved to awe at the gathering of the vast assembly of humanity—even to put this into words, is but to be the poet Nature made us. The God-made poet must go beyond the simple expression of nature or beauty or love. He, like musicians, philanthropists, millionaires, has a mission on earth, a sacred duty to live out.

The great Goethe gave to the world his conception of the Dichter Pflicht in his tragedy "Faust."

" . . . when Nature indifferently twists her infinite thread and its endless length casts her distaff about. When the discordant throng of humanity's selves, vexatiously strikes one another against, who measures the ranks overflowing alike, reviews and moves on with rythmical tread? Who lets the passions rage in tempests wrath? Who lets the evening glow inspire solemn thought? Who scatters all the lovely flowers of spring upon the dear one's way? Who makes us sure of heaven unites divinity?"

The poet. These are his tasks. The listlessness of nature, her seeming indifference, the endless monotony of her course, to-day and to-morrow, this year and next, this century and the one to come, do not weary him, for he hears the song which it all makes, perceives the harmony concerted there, and even when earth's hosts, so crowded, so unloving, so oppressing and oppressed, seem to send up cries of discontent and horror, he smiles at what is borne to him, for he knows and feels the bonds uniting humanity. It is to him like one who listens to cathedral chimes. Near to they are harsh and indistinct, but far away they bear a pealing song.

The poet touches the mind into thought and the heart into feeling in tempest's rage and at the quiet evening hour. 'Tis he who can wish all beauty and good to greet the loved ones on their way, for he above all others, knows the worth of a life adorned with them. 'Tis he assures us of a heaven and unites the deities, when our consciousness is dull, and earth surrounds the spirit till it forgets to think above itself, a word of his comes home and stings and opens blinded eyes to truth.

These are divinely appointed responsibilities, but with the responsibility the poet is given the power.

Carlyle says the poet is to "discern the inner heart of things and the harmony that exists there." But even before this discernment comes the need of loving.

There was a reason that the Greeks pictured their Apollo as so fair to look upon, so lavish in his power to love. He was their

ideal of a poet—a loving god. He is not far from our ideal as well. There is nothing unlovely on earth to the poet, for things are unlovely only because we do not love them. But he “loves e’er he looks upon and his looks go everywhere.” He must teach us to worship Nature, humanity, God, as without him they might be too unlovely to us to be adored.

Our powers of thinking are our aim. The poets are the wide world’s. He can look for truth and find it. Therefore he must. He is but a type of the race. Within his soul and heart and mind the blind struggle goes on for light and hope, which the race fights out in the course of ages. When the light comes to him, Heaven has so created his soul that it cannot keep back the song of triumph, and the long, sad story of his strife. The race gathers courage from him and bends to life anew.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dower’d with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love.

He saw thro’ life and death, thro’ good and ill,
 He saw thro’ his own soul.
 The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
 And winged with flame.

And vagrant melodies to fill the winds which bore
 Them earthward till they lit;
 Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower
 The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root and springing forth anew
 Where’er they fell, behold,
 Like to the mother plant in semblance grew
 A flower all gold;

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
 Like one great garden show’d,
 And Freedom rear’d in that august sunrise
 Her beautiful, bold brow.

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder
 Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl’d,
 But one poor poet’s scroll, and with his word
 She shook the world.

—JULIA E. BABCOCK, ’02.

THE SILENT INFLUENCE.

IN this age of science and philosophy with its broader thought and deeper investigation, much that has hitherto been attributed to the realm of the marvelous and the mysterious, has been reduced to the natural. But only recently have scientists come to a thorough understanding of the forces which unite to mould and develop human character in all its complexities. Formerly too much prominence, perhaps, was given to the position of Heredity among the formative influences, but now it is generally acknowledged that it is environment upon which the development of man is very largely dependent.

The sculptor takes the cold, formless marble, and, imparting to it the grandeur of his own soul, fashions according to his ideal the statue. The task, however, is long. After the first rough outline has been cut, slowly and carefully are the details wrought out, disclosing new beauties of form and symmetry, until after months of patient toil there stands before him the perfected figure, wonderful in design and execution.

Thus are unseen hands silently and steadily shaping the character of man, until after years of such influence there may appear a Washington or a Gladstone, a Jute or a Wilde.

Like marble in the hands of the sculptor, so is character influenced and shaped by its surroundings.

"He fixed thee midst this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This present, thou forsooth, wouldst fain arrest
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

Many and varied are the ways in which environment works and its formative processes are life-long. But during the days of childhood and youth its influence is most effective. Then the foundations of character are most quickly formed and the future career to a great extent determined.

Much that is attributed to Heredity is but the result of early environment. It is not that the child inherits certain characteristics, but rather that he acquires them from close relationship with parents during those days when imitation is the most effective teacher and when impressions, however slight, are never lost. However important Heredity may be, its tendencies can be modified and often completely overcome if all parental influences

are removed in infancy and surroundings chosen most favorable for the desired result.

As the insects take their form and markings from the trees and objects around them, thus does man unconsciously draw from the innumerable sources of nature those influences which are all important in the shaping of his life. Nature speaks a varied language and reveals herself in many ways. Thus she ennoble beyond measure. She instructs, inspires and disciplines. As a result of the subtle influences which the woods and dales of his native Lincolnshire exerted upon his imaginative mind, awakening in his soul its slumbering beauty and power we have a Tennyson with his grand uplifting thoughts and noble life.

The character of a people necessarily reflects the nature of the country in which they live. The dwellers in tropical climes are weak and indolent without strength of body or of mind, while it is from the colder temperate zones that there spring the men of energy, the men of genius. The cool, bracing air of the mountains, together with the isolation, the self-dependence, the security which they foster, produce a hardy, warlike race, who would rather die than bear the tyrant's yoke. Who can estimate the value of the rugged soil of New England in shaping the character and destiny of our forefathers. It has made them sturdy and courageous, has developed in them a strong intellect and inventive mind. The wave-beaten, rocky coast has taught them firmness and perseverance, and has aroused in them a determination to conquer every obstacle.

Moral and sanitary conditions must make a deep impression upon character. This can best be seen in the slums of our cities where a pure, healthy environment is most lacking. Can strength of body or of mind be developed among a people compelled to live in filthy quarters, hemmed in by vice and degradation? No, honesty and integrity are not nurtured in the midst of crime and disease. Capable, upright men are the growth only of homes of purity and refinement.

Education, the possibilities of which is a part of one's environment, is one of the most potent factors in shaping character. As the power of thinking and reasoning is increased, character is strengthened. Since ignorance is the cause of much of the immorality, as the standard of education is raised the amount of crime will be greatly diminished. It has been truly said: "What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul."

It develops the latent powers of the mind and reveals to man the possibilities that lie within himself.

Even genius depends not so much on inherited mental endowments as upon environment. Our great soldiers, musicians and divines are but the result of the influence which gave bent to their childish minds and made possible the development of these tendencies. Had Darwin been a poor country teacher would the world ever have heard of the "Origin of Species?" As it is the wave that makes the crest, so are our great men but the product of their times. The age was ripe for a Raphael, a Shakespeare, a Newton. All the forces of environment together paved the way for the fame which they attained.

Evidently it is a universal law that man must respond quickly to his surroundings. These, then, are all important in the evolution of the race. Man can not remain stationary, he must either progress or retrograde. Therefore it is a nation's duty to make the environment of her people favorable for their highest physical, intellectual and moral development, so that they may ever choose the upward paths and advance step by step to a higher social position and to a perfect civilization.

—S. F. W., '02.

Alumni Round-Table.

AUBREY BRENDON CALL.

IN the death of Aubrey Brendon Call, Bates College lost a loyal alumnus and a young man of more than ordinary promise. Although cut down at the very threshold of a profession in which he would have taken high rank, yet his attainments, his whole life in fact, reflects great credit upon his *Alma Mater*.

Mr. Call was born in Pittsfield, Me., on September 22, 1867, and was therefore in his thirty-fifth year at the time of his death which occurred in Townshend, Vermont, November 20, 1901. Much of Mr. Call's life was spent as a teacher. Upon his graduation from Bates in 1889, he became the principal of the high school at Henniker, N. H. Two years later he was called to the principalship of the Leland and Gray Seminary, Townshend, Vt., where he remained four years. For the following three years he was at the head of the Peterboro, N. H., High School.

As a teacher the qualities so characteristic of the man found high expression. He was noted for the great thoroughness and

conscientiousness with which he carried on his work. Added to these were good discipline, upon which he always insisted, the faculty of expressing an idea in a remarkably clear and concise manner, a strong personal interest in the welfare of his students, qualities not often combined in one man. To improve the quality of the work, to raise the standard of scholarship, to bring the moral and religious life of the school to a higher plane were the impulses which constantly inspired his work; and he had the satisfaction of realizing these desires in every school of which he had charge.

It is only natural that a man of Mr. Call's personality should have had a strong influence upon his students. Hundreds of his pupils in Vermont and New Hampshire can testify to this. He impressed upon them all high ideals, the necessity of having a definite object in life and the imperative need of a thorough preparation for its realization.

Mr. Call's highly successful work as a teacher was preparatory to the fulfilment of a long cherished desire to enter the medical profession, and his vacations were employed to that end. In the summer of 1895, he studied biology at the New Hampshire State College. The next two summers were spent at the Marine Biological laboratory at Woods Holl, Mass. In 1898 he took special courses in chemistry at the Harvard summer school, and at the beginning of the following year he entered the medical department of the University of Vermont, where he at once gained high rank as a scholar and hard worker. Dr. F. L. Osgood of Townshend, Vt., with whom he was closely associated as a student and friend, has this to say of Mr. Call's medical work: "He was greatly in love with his work and as in all things he undertook, his whole soul was in it. He never did anything in a half-hearted way; he was thorough and conscientious to the extreme in every task given him by his instructors whose greatest respect and confidence he had gained. In preparing himself for his chosen life work, no lack of pains was taken, no funds withheld, no sacrifice or effort shunned that was needed thoroughly to fit him for the great responsibilities pertaining to the physician's life of which he had a keen appreciation."

From his earliest youth Mr. Call displayed great interest in athletics and in the various other activities of the out-door life. During his preparatory course at the Maine Central Institute he was an efficient member of the base-ball team. In his Freshman year at Bates he played center field and as catcher during the rest

of his course. In 1889 when Bates won the pennant, he was considered the best catcher in the State, and during the summer of that same season he distinguished himself on a tour through the Provinces. He was invariably faithful in his training, always enthusiastic in the sport and very modest of his laurels won on the ball field.

Mr. Call's love of the out-door life perhaps found its highest expression in the study of the birds and of the plants. Of the habits and songs of the birds he had that accurate and intimate knowledge which only comes from years of close observation and systematic study. The delight and the enthusiasm with which he welcomed the home-coming of the birds and the first appearance of the spring flowers, can be appreciated only by those who had the privilege of accompanying him in the field. His love of nature permeated his whole life and impressed itself upon all with whom he was associated. Many of his pupils are indebted to him for their first real appreciation of the enjoyment and satisfaction that comes from the study of God's great out-of-doors. In fact, judging from intimate association with him as a pupil and friend, from companionship on many a field trip, both for the study of birds and of plants, the writer is assured that Mr. Call had a feeling for and an appreciation of nature which few men possess.

In the winter of 1890, Mr. Call married Evelyn A. Kinney of Houlton, Me. Mrs. Call was an associate in his teaching, a companion in his out-of-door studies, a constant source of inspiration and encouragement in his medical work. By his death bonds of unusually mutual interests and sympathies have been severed. His wife and mother survive him.

An untimely death has taken away one who gave his best energies to help young men and women, who in preparing to make himself of still greater service to his fellow-men, sacrificed his own life. To know such a man is to be inspired to higher things. The man has passed on into the activities of the higher life but the influence he exerted upon his pupils and friends still remains; it never will die.

CLIFTON D. HOWE.

University of Chicago.

Around the Editors' Table.

WHEN this little paper reaches its readers many of us will be far from college scenes and activities. The worn volumes of "Psych," "Trig," and "Deutsch" will be packed away in peace and oblivion, and manifold tasks or duties of vacation will have done much to efface from our memory the terror of "those awful tests." But who can forget the pleasant walks, the jolly spreads, the fun and merriment of society, or the last picture of the campus in all the beauty of June daisies and clover? Hard work? It is for that that we are here; and, if we could, we would not dispense with it, even though we do not until our tasks are accomplished fully realize the pleasure of our work and the benefit of our training.

And now, dear readers, that we are in the midst of our retrospective mood, let us estimate as best we can the value that we have received from our one, two, or three years of college life.

If there is any one who will not say that no other experiences could have been more advantageous to him than those of college days, it is because he has not made the right use of his opportunities. And if it is true that we have received from the college all it could give, is it not equally true that to it we should return all that lies in our power to bestow?

It may not be possible for us to found libraries or contribute extensively to our coming dormitories or auditorium, but one thing does lie in our power, one debt above all we do owe our college—the debt of loyalty.

There is but one way in which the laity can judge the college—by its representatives. The girl who laughs loudly on the train and tells her companion in a voice audible to half the people in the car just what the refreshments were at the last reception; the young man who when he is at home during vacation swaggers and thumps everyone upon the back in an endeavor to impress people with the jovialty of college life; the man or woman who fails to show respect for the aged and unfortunate;—such men and women are disloyal to the college, however earnest toasts they may give their *Alma Mater*.

So, as we go out for our long vacation, let us remember that we have an excellent opportunity to win friends and students for the college not so much by the loyalty of words as by the loyalty of deeds.

THE will of Cecil Rhodes indirectly, and our English Professor directly, has called attention to an essential difference, in regard to athletic life, between the English and American universities. One of the conditions of the scholarships is, that the aspirant be "fond of manly, out-door sports." Too often in this country we find our best scholars robbing themselves of all physical development, so that our college men are many times men with ruined health. Not so in the English university. To be sure, athletics are not reduced to such a science as with us, but the development of the average individual is far greater. It seems as if there were an opening here for improvement in our American college life.

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

This year the Y. W. C. A. conference will be held at Silver Bay, N. Y., instead of at Northfield. The society will send three delegates, Miss Reynolds, '04, Miss Lincoln, '05, and Miss Perkins, '05. It is hoped that much help may be gained through the delegation.

The Silver Bay social was held as a lawn-party on June 2d. The social committee had it in charge and it showed faithful work on their part. The campus between Hathorn Hall and the library was decorated appropriately, and the entertainment was given from the library steps. Strawberries and cream were served, and the music was furnished by the glee and mandolin clubs.

All members of the society were glad to welcome Miss Katherine Crane, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. We are pleased to learn that she will be with us twice next year.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh! the sunbeam's gold is gorgeous,
And the sky is sapphire blue,
But the emerald green of the campus
Is wonderful to view.
Will the sun be as bright and the sky as blue,
We wonder, another year?
Ah, no! But the fields will be greener still;
Naught six will then be here.

Mr. F. A. Knapp, '96, has returned from a very profitable year at Harvard.

Many of the alumni returned early for Commencement week, 1901 heading the registration list.

The prospects for the incoming class are good as ever, one hundred students having already signified their intention of entering.

The present term has been a busy one for the Juniors. With Junior parts and the exhibition, Ivy Day, and the various other duties falling to the lot of Juniors, 1903's days have been well occupied.

Among recent new comers to this world who may be considered as prospective Bates students are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Milliken and of Mr. and Mrs. Scammon, all of whom have graduated within the last ten years.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Pres. George C. Chase. The thirty-second verse of the twelfth chapter of John, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was made the text of a powerful and very helpful sermon upon the power of influence.

Professors Foster and Clark are to spend the vacation at North Bridgton as instructors at Long Lake Lodge. This is a recently established summer school for boys desiring to enter college; and owing to the beautiful location and excellent corps of instructors, cannot but be successful.

Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Marston addressed the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. and friends in the Pine Street Congregational Church. His text was to be found in Proverbs 4, 23. The lesson left in the minds of all his hearers was the very appropriate one, "With all thy getting, get understanding."

The Sophomore Prize Division debated the question: *Resolved*, That public advocacy of violent means for the overthrow of government should be punishable by law. Affirmative—Miss Sands, Bradford, Harmon; negative—Babcock, Sinclair, Miss Cooper, Swan. The prize was awarded to Mr. Bradford.

On the morning of Ivy Day, June 17th, the Seniors observed Last Chapel. The class president, Mr. Dexter, led the exercises, prayer being offered by the chaplain, Mr. Felker. After singing the hymn, composed by Miss Day, the class marched out of the

chapel, led by the marshal, Mr. Donnocker. They formed a line on either side of the chapel steps and sang "Auld Lang Syne," while the lower classes marched out in time. With cheers from each class and the college yell by all, the exercises closed.

The program for Class Day, June 24, is as follows:

Oration.	Earle Alfred Childs.
History.	Bion Corydon Merry.
Address to Undergraduates.	John Frederick Hamlin.
Poem.	Flora Estella Long.
Address to Halls and Campus.	Harry Alfred Blake.
Prophecy.	Ruth Eugenia Pettengill.
Parting Address.	Julia Emma Babcock.

SINGING OF THE ODE.
PIPE OF PEACE.

The program for the Junior Exhibition was as follows:

The White Man's Burden.	Miss Williams.
Our National Danger.	Mr. Kelly.
Science and Culture.	Miss Towle.
The Man of Destiny.	Mr. Lord.
Scenes from the Life of Savonarola.	Miss Jordan.
Dangers Threatening Our Country.	Mr. Bailey.
Cost of Progress.	Miss Donham.
Address to Sons of Liberty.	Mr. Beedy.
Child Study the Basis of Education.	Miss Fisher.
Nature and Nature's God.	Mr. Ramsdell.
Art in Education.	Miss Miller.
Hugo and Romanticism.	Mr. Sanderson.

The Committee of Award were: Ralph W. Crockett, Esq., Miss Mary Buzzell, Prof. George M. Chase.

The prizes were awarded to Mr. Beedy and Miss Miller.

The class officers for the ensuing year have been elected as follows: For '03, president, Lothrop; vice-president, Kelley; secretary, Miss Freeman; treasurer, Lord. Parts for class day: Orator, Beedy; address to undergraduates, Bailey; historian, Keyes; prophecy, Miss Donham; poet, Miss Prince; address to halls and campus, Ramsdell; last chapel hymn, Miss Williams; Baccalaureate ode, Miss S. Kendrick; music for odes, Miss Norton; parting address, Miss Jordan; chaplain, Sanderson; class day ode and music, Miss K. Kendrick; marshal, Roys.

'04, president, Flanders; vice-president, Luce; treasurer, Garland; secretary, Miss Reynolds; chaplain, Holman; marshal, G. Weymouth. Ivy Day parts: Orator, Briggs; toast-master, David;

presentation, Babcock; odist, Miss Russell; music for odes, Miss B. Bray.

'05, president, Reed; vice-president, Doyle; secretary, Miss Mitchell; treasurer, Miss Lincoln; chaplain, Andrews.

That all important day for 1903, Ivy Day, passed off very pleasantly. The day seemed to have been designed especially for the exercises, and Sophomores had made the chapel a place of beauty, while the well written and well delivered parts called forth many compliments from the audience which filled the room to the doors. The program was as follows:

Prayer.	MUSIC.	By Chaplain Kelly.
Oration.	MUSIC.	George E. Ramsdell.
Poem.	MUSIC.	Clara H. Williams.
Presentation.		Carl D. Sawyer.
Toasts.	MUSIC.	
Characteristics of 1903.		C. Linwood Beedy, Toast-Master.
Athletics as an Educational Factor.		Bertha M. Stratton.
The Class and Its Numeral.		Lowell E. Bailey.
The Possibilities of 1903.		Olive Grace Fisher.
		Hazel Donham.

CLASS ODE.

[Words and Music by Lillian A. Norton.]

PLANTING THE IVY.

The following is the program for Commencement Day:

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| | MUSIC. |
| | PRAYER. |
| | MUSIC. |
| 1. Characteristics of Genius. | Arthur Lewis Dexter, Lowell, Mass.
(Rhetoric and English Literature.) |
| 2. The Church and the Masses. | *Francena Bertha Rust Day, Auburn.
(Chemistry, Geology and Biology.) |
| 3. The New Humanism. | Bessie Vara Watson, West Somerville, Mass.
(Philosophy, History and Economics.) |
| 4. The Unknown. | *Walter Edward Sullivan, Oakland.
(Ancient Languages.) |
| 5. The School of Adversity. | Ernest Llewellyn McLean, Augusta.
(Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy.) |
| 6. The Rise of Oklahoma. | *Willard Melvin Drake, Auburn.
(Chemistry, Geology and Biology.) |
| 7. The Poet's Mission. | Julia Emma Babcock, Lewiston.
(General Scholarship.) |

MUSIC.

8. The Conquest of Nature's Secrets.
Earle Alfred Childs, East Dixfield.
(Philosophy, History and Economics.)
9. Faust the Man. *Ellie Louise Tucker, Athens.
(Modern Languages.)
10. Browning's Philosophy of Life.
Lucy Florence Kimball, Newburyport, Mass.
(Rhetoric and English Literature.)
11. The Last Straw. *Samuel Earle Longwell, Big Flats, N. Y.
(General Scholarship.)
12. Germany as a World Power. Ivan Isaiah Felker, Pittsfield.
(Modern Languages.)
13. The Novel as a Factor in Reform. *Georgiana Lunt, Auburn.
(Ancient Languages.)
14. Old English Ballads. *Mabel Arnold Richmond, Monmouth.
(General Scholarship.)
15. A Silent Influence. Susie Frances Watts, Littleton, Mass.
(Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy.)
16. The Future of Our Country Towns. *Clarence Ernest Park, Lyndon Center, Vt.
(General Scholarship.)
17. The American of the Future. *Florence Sophia Ames, Lewiston.
(General Scholarship.)
18. The University of Life. Harry Alfred Blake, Dexter.
(General Scholarship.)
19. Dust in the Economy of Nature. *Arthur Edwin Darling, Auburn.
(General Scholarship.)
20. Tennyson as the Representative Poet of the Nineteenth Century.
Bessie Dyer Chase, Lewiston.
(General Scholarship.)

General Scholarships are assigned to the first four men and the first four women.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

*Excused

BENEDICTION.

STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

CLARA FRANCES ALLEN, born at Leominster, Mass., July 16, 1877; residence, Leominster; fitted at Leominster High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Secretary class, 3; secretary of society, 2; president of Glee Club; chairman of Hospital and Home Committee.

FLORENCE SOPHIA AMES, born at Lewiston, Me., August 11, 1881; residence, Lewiston; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious prefer-

ence, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, librarian. Offices: Secretary of debating league. Composed music for Ivy and Class Day odes. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of the first four women.

JULIA EMMA BABCOCK, born at Yarmouth, N. S., February 18, 1880; residence, Lewiston; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, prohibitionist; intended occupation, journalism. Offices: Y. W. C. A. Social Committee, 2, 3, Membership Committee, 4; secretary of class 2, odist 3. Honors: Prize in declamation 2; prize division debate 2; champion debate; prize on Junior oration; editor on STUDENT; Senior exhibition. Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference in Northfield, 1900. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of the first four women.

ELWIN RYNELL BEMIS, born in Corinna, Me., March 18, 1880; residence, Dexter; fitted at Dexter High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching; athletic honors, broadsword drill.

HARRY ALFRED BLAKE, born at Dexter, Me., February 4, 1880; residence, Dexter; fitted at Dexter High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, business. Offices: Class councillor, 2; class treasurer, 3; class marshal, 2; vice-president of society, 3; president, 4; treasurer of debating league, 2. Athletic offices: Manager of track team, 3; director of Athletic Association, 4; president of Glee Club; chairman of Reception Committee Y. M. C. A., 4. Honors: Athletic honors, class drill, 1, 2; played on 'varsity foot-ball team, 4. Presentation Ivy Day, 3; Address to Halls and Campus, Class Day, 4; editor-in-chief of STUDENT. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of first four men.

LUCIAN WILLIAM BLANCHARD, born at Rumford, Me., July 29, 1878; residence, Rumford; fitted at Rumford High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, lawyer. Athletic honors: Foot-ball squad, 3; class drill, 3.

IRVING ORISON BRAGG, born at St. Albans, Me., April 25, 1874; residence, St. Albans; fitted at M. C. I.; religious preference, Baptist; politics, independent; intended occupation, medicine.

BESSIE DYER CHASE, born at Lewiston, Me., December 9, 1880; residence, Lewiston; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, business woman. Offices: Secretary and joint chairman of Devotional and Bible Study Committee of Y. W. C. A. Honors: Scholarship prize, 1, 2, 3; Senior exhibition; editor of STUDENT. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of first four women.

EARLE ALFRED CHILDS, born at Dixfield, Me., Sept. 22, 1879; residence, East Dixfield; fitted at Wilton Academy; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, undecided. Offices: Vice-president of society, 3; president, 4; treasurer, 2; Y. M. C. A. chairman Bible Study Committee, 4; class president, 2; chaplain, 3; orator, 4; chairman of Ivy Day Committee. Athletic offices: Board of directors, 1; vice-president, 3; president, 4. Honors: Prize division declamation, 1, 2;

Junior oration, 3; Bates-Harvard debate, 4; delegate to Northfield from Y. M. C. A., 1 and 3; delegate to Toronto, 4. Athletic honors: Football 'varsity, 1, 2, 3, 4; won class points in shot, hammer and two-mile run. Graduation honor in philosophy.

ERNEST FAIRLIE CLASON, born at Lisbon Falls, Me., July 3, 1881; residence, Lisbon Falls; fitted at Lisbon Falls High School and Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Offices: Class chairman Executive Committee, 4; assistant manager of STUDENT, 3; Maine Intercollegiate Association, treasurer. Athletic honors: Manager athletic exhibition, 3; manager track team, 4; 'varsity base-ball team, 1, 2, 3, 4; basket-ball, 1, 2, 3, captain basket-ball, 3; tennis champion doubles, 2, 3, 4; champion singles, 4; relay, 1, 2, 3, 4; prize in ornithology.

ELMER EUGENE DAICEY, born at Auburn, Me., Oct. 28, 1878; residence, Auburn; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Honors: Prize in ornithology; Sophomore prize debate; winner of Sophomore Division debate; alternate in Bates-Harvard debate.

ARTHUR EDWIN DARLING, born at Auburn, Me., September 1, 1878; fitted at E. L. H. S.; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, medicine. Honors: Scholarship prize, 2, 3; winner of Sophomore Division debate; prize in champion debate; in Junior exhibition, 3; editor of STUDENT; treasurer debating league. Graduation honor, general scholarship, one of the first four men.

FRANCENA BERTHA RUST DAY, born at Auburn, Me., March 26, 1880; residence, Auburn; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, decorator and designer. Honors: Prize in ornithology, baccalaureate hymn, last chapel hymn. Graduation honor in Chemistry and Biology.

ETHEL MAE DEAN, born at Lawrence, Mass., October 14, 1880; residence, South Paris; fitted at South Paris High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Chairman of Membership Committee of Society, 4; class secretary, 4.

LEWIS JAMES DEANE, born at Mattawamkeag, October 18, 1878; residence, Lewiston; fitted at Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, undecided. Athletic honors: Captain base-ball team, 3, 4; played on 'varsity, 1, 2, 3, 4; relay team, 2, 3, 4.

WILLIS ANDY DENSMORE, born at Kennebunk, Me., January 6, 1878; residence, Kennebunk; fitted at Kennebunk High School; religious preference, Unitarian; politics, Republican; intended occupation undecided. Athletic honors: Class drill, 1, 2, 3.

ARTHUR LEWIS DEXTER, born at Providence, R. I., October 11, 1878; residence, Lowell, Mass.; fitted at Whitman (Mass.) High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, undecided. Offices: Director Athletic Association, 4; treasurer Y. M. C. A., 4; president debating league, 4; class president, 4. Honors: Prize in ornithology, class squad, 2, 3; Freshman and Sophomore prize

declamations; editor *STUDENT*, 3; Junior exhibition; delegate to Northfield, 3. Graduation honor in English.

C. FLETCHER DONNOCKER, born at Mt. Elgin, Ont., January 9, 1880; residence, Melrose Highlands, Mass.; fitted at Melrose High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, medicine. Offices: Class president, 1; marshal, 3, 4. Athletic honors: Secretary Athletic Association, 2; director, 3; class ball team, 1, 2; class relay team, 1, 2, 4; director Glee Club, 4.

MABEL EDITH DRAKE, born at Auburn, Me., February 26, 1878; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

WILLARD MELVIN DRAKE, born at Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, undecided. Graduation honor in Chemistry and Biology.

LEON WHITNEY ELKINS, born at Jackson, N. H., August 28, 1872; residence, Jackson, N. H.; fitted at Bridgton Academy; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, undecided. Honors: Champion debate, 2; Senior exhibition, 4.

IVAN ISAIAH FELKER, born at Lexington, Me., October 16, 1875; residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitted at Maine Central Institute; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Prohibitionist; intended occupation, medicine. Offices: Treasurer Piæria, 2, 3; president, 4; president Y. M. C. A., 4. Honors: Representative at meet of New England Intercollegiate Tennis Association, 3; Senior exhibition, 4. Graduation honor in Modern Languages.

BERTHA SARAH FIELD, born at Auburn, Me., August 9, 1880; residence, Auburn; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Baptist; politics, none; intended occupation undecided. Honors: Class Ode, 4.

JOHN FREDERICK HAMLIN, born at Bangor, Me., February 12, 1879; residence, Bangor; fitted at Bangor High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Offices: Treasurer Debating League, 1; chairman Executive Committee Debating League, 3; chairman Music Committee, Polymnia, 4. Athletic honors: Substitute foot-ball, 3, 4; captain track team, 4. Honors: Prize declamations, 2; Ivy Day oration, 3; prize, Junior exhibition, 3; Senior exhibition; address to undergraduates, Class Day, 4.

VIRGIL DEWITT HARRINGTON, born at Osseo, Mich., October 11, 1878; residence, Whitefield, N. H.; fitted at Farmington, N. H., High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, medicine. Offices: Class treasurer, 2. Athletic honors: Leader class squad, 1, 3; class relay team, 4. Honors: Prize in Ornithology, 1.

GEORGE SHAW HOLMAN, born at Carthage, Me., December 14, 1880; residence, Dixfield; fitted at Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, medicine. Offices: Vice-president class, 3; corresponding secretary Y. M. C. A., 3; class chaplain, 4. Athletic honors: Representative at meet of Intercollegiate Tennis Association, 3; tennis champion, 3.

JOHN ARTHUR HUNNEWELL, born at Scarborough, Me., January 21, 1878; residence, Scarborough; fitted at Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Offices: Class marshal, 1; manager college orchestra, 1, 2; leader college orchestra, 3, 4; manager Glee Club, 3; leader Mandolin Club, 2, 3, 4; assistant track manager, 2; manager STUDENT, 3. Athletic honors: Football team, 2, 3; class squad, 2, 3. Honors: Toastmaster, Ivy Day, 3; prize, division debate, 2; champion debate, 2; Bates-Harvard debate, 4.

L. FLORENCE KIMBALL, born in Abington, Mass., June 16, 1879; residence, Newburyport, Mass.; fitted at Newburyport High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, literary work. Offices: Corresponding secretary, Y. W. C. A., 2; chairman Social Committee, 2; delegate to Northfield, 3; secretary and treasurer of Press Club, 3. Honors: Prize declamations, 2; class emblem, Ivy Day; editor STUDENT, 3; Junior exhibition; Senior exhibition. Graduation honor in English.

IVAN EARLE LANG, born at Brooks, Me., October 29, 1877; residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation undecided. Honors: Class ball team, 2.

LILLIAN GERTRUDE LEGGETT, born at Northboro, Mass., October 10, 1880; residence, Northboro, Mass.; fitted at Northboro High School; religious preference, Unitarian; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Secretary Polymnia; chairman Social Settlement Committee, 3.

JAMES ALEXANDER LODGE, born February 26, 1880; residence, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; fitted at Story High School, Manchester; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, journalism. Offices: Director Athletic Association, 1, 2; treasurer class, 1; treasurer Y. M. C. A., 2; treasurer R. R. Association, 2; vice-president Piæria, 3; treasurer Athletic Association, 3; chairman Class Day Committee, 4. Athletic honors: Class relay team, 1, 2, 3, 4; class squad, 1, 2, 3; tennis manager, 4. Honors: Prize declamations, 1; prize in Ornithology, 1; Ivy Day toast, 3.

FLORA ESTELLA LONG, born at Monson, Me., January 19, 1879; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Monson Academy; religious preference, Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Honors: Prize in Ornithology, 1; Junior exhibition, 3; Ivy Day poem, 3; class poem, 4.

SMUEL EARLE LONGWELL, born at Lawrenceville, Pa., October 14, 1872; residence, Big Flats, N. Y.; fitted at Buffalo (N. Y.) Normal School; religious preference, none; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, teaching. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of the first four men.

GEORGIANNA LUNT, born at Mechanic Falls, Me., May 3, 1880; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Honors: Prize in Sophomore Division debate, 2; champion debate, 2. Graduation honor in Ancient Languages.

ALFRED ELWOOD McCLEARY, born at Maynard, Mass., November 1, 1880; residence, Maynard; fitted Maynard High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Honors: Junior exhibition, 3. Athletic honors: Class squad, 2, 3; relay team, 4. Offices: Manager and accompanist of Glee Club, 4.

PHILENA MCCOLLISTER, born at Auburn, Me., January 28, 1882; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, medicine. Honors: Prize in Ornithology.

ERNEST LLEWELLYN MCLEAN, born at Alexander, Me., March 20, 1880; residence, Augusta; fitted at Cony High School; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Honors: Toast, Ivy Day, 3. Athletic honors: Drill squad, 2. Offices: Class treasurer, 3; president and student Senate, 4. Graduation honor in Mathematics, pure and applied.

ANNIE LOUISA MERRILL, born at Gardiner, Me., March 20, 1880; residence, Gardiner; fitted Gardiner High School; religious preference, Episcopal; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Assistant secretary of Polymnia. Honors: Prize division in declamations, 1, 2.

BION CORYDON MERRY, born at Anson, Me., May 19, 1878; residence, New Portland; fitted Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Democrat. Offices: Director of Athletic Association, 2; assistant foot-ball manager, 3; foot-ball manager, 4; treasurer of Polymnia, 3; chairman Executive Committee of Polymnia, 4; treasurer Y. M. C. A., 3; class vice-president, 2. Honors: Class historian, Class Day; prize declamations, 1. Athletic honors: Foot-ball team, 1; track team, 1, 2, 3, 4.

FRANK BENJAMIN MOODY, born North New Portland, Me. January 27, 1879; residence, North New Portland; fitted Nichols Latin School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican. Offices: Captain foot-ball team, 3 and 4; vice-president of class, 4. Honors: Senior oration, 4. Athletics: 'Varsity foot-ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; class relay team, 2, 3, 4; class squad, 1, 2.

AUGUSTINE DEO OHOL, born in Gurwa, India, August 10, 1879; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted Cushing Academy; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching and mission work. Honors: Prize division in declamations, 1; Junior and Senior exhibitions. Athletic honors: Drill squads, 2, 3.

CLARENCE ERNEST PARK, born at Lyndon, Vt., February 12, 1879; residence, Lyndon Center; fitted Lyndon Literary Institute; religious preference, Universalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation undecided. Offices: Class councillor, 3; class treasurer, 4. Honors: Scholarship prize, 1. Athletic honor: Class squad, 3. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of the first four men.

RUTH EUGENIA PETTENGILL, born in Leeds, Me., December 23, 1876; residence, Leeds; fitted at Gardiner High School; religious preference, Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Class secretary, 1; treasurer Ladies' Glee Club, 1; chairman Musical

Committee, Polymnia, 3; Class Day prophetess, 4. Honors: Prize division declamations, 1; Ornithology prize, 1; Senior and Junior exhibitions, 3 and 4.

ANGIE LOIS PURINTON, born at Woolwich, Me., October 28, 1879; residence, Woolwich, Me.; fitted at Wiscasset High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Secretary of Ladies' Glee Club, 2 and 3.

MABEL ARNOLD RICHMOND, born at Monmouth, Me., April 5, 1881; residence, Monmouth; fitted at Monmouth Academy; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Vice-president of Y. W. C. A., 3; president, 4. Graduation honor, general scholarship; one of the first four women.

ETHEL ALMEDA RUSSELL, born at Detroit, Me., October 16, 1879; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

S. ELLISON SAWYER, born at Bath, Me., June 10, 1876; residence, Lewiston; fitted Sabattus High School; religious preference, Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, medicine. Honors: Prize in declamations, 1; prize division declamations, 2; toast Ivy Day, 3; Senior exhibition, 4.

KATHARINE LOLA SHEA, born at Lewiston, Me., July 13, 1879; residence, Lewiston; fitted Lewiston High School; religious preference, Catholic; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, medicine. Honors: Prize division declamations, 2.

WALTER EDWARD SULLIVAN, born at Oakland, Me., November 21, 1879; residence, Oakland; fitted, Lewiston High School; religious preference, Catholic; politics, Democrat; intended occupation, undecided. Offices: Captain second base-ball team, 3 and 4. Athletic honors: Class squad, 1. Graduation honor in Ancient Languages.

LAURA SUMMERBELL, born at Fall River, Mass., April 24, 1881; residence, Lakemont, N. Y.; fitted Lewiston High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

GRACE ELLEN THOMPSON, born at Wilmot, N. H., January 24, 1881; residence, Stratham, N. H.; fitted Portsmouth High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Honors: Prize in Ornithology, 1.

HATTIE PEARL TRUELL, born at Clinton, Mass., January 16, 1881; residence, Northboro, Mass.; fitted Northboro High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Offices: Chairman of Social Settlement Committee. Honors: Northfield delegate.

ARTHUR WILLIAM TRYON, born at Portland, Me., November 11, 1880; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted Edward Little High School; religious preference, Methodist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, medicine. Offices: Class vice-president, 1; class treasurer, 2. Athletic honors: Class base-ball squad, 1 and 2.

ELLIE LOUISE TUCKER, born at Athens, Me., October 13, 1879; residence, Athens; fitted Laconia (N. H.) High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

Offices: Chairman Missionary Committee, 4. Honors: Northfield delegate, 3. Graduation honor in Modern Languages.

ERASTUS LEWIS WALL, born at Tenants Harbor, Me., April 10, 1874; residence, Rockport; fitted Hebron Academy; religious preference, Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, law. Offices: Assistant base-ball manager, 3; base-ball manager, 4.

BESSIE VERA WATSON, born at St. Stephens, N. B., March 12, 1876; residence, West Somerville, Mass.; fitted Medway High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Honors: Prize on Sophomore Essay, 2; Junior exhibition, 3. Graduation honor in Philosophy.

SUSIE FRANCES WATTS, born at Bedford, Mass., November 10, 1879; residence, Littleton, Mass.; fitted at Littleton High School; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching. Honors: Senior exhibition, 4. Graduation honor in Mathematics, pure and applied.

MARGARET ELIZABETH WHEELER, born at Malden, Mass., February 9, 1879; residence, Wayland, Mass.; fitted Beverly (Mass.) High School; religious preference, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; intended occupation undecided. Offices: Joint chairman of Devotional and Bible Study Committee of Y. W. C. A. Honors: Northfield delegate, 2; Senior exhibition, 4.

Exchanges.

NOTHING can be more interesting, to one interested in the different phases of college life, than to follow up for a year the magazines of the various colleges scattered all over our country. There is a certain amount of pleasure in the ex-editor's task beside the work.

The exchanges on the whole for this month have been interesting, but among the best we would mention *The Smith College Monthly*, *The Wellesley Magazine*, *The Peabody Record*, and *The University of Ottawa Review*. The first two are noticeable for their fiction, as usual, the last two for the amount and the grade of the serious matter they contain. The sketches in the Smith magazine are fine. "The Scholar in Politics," in the *Peabody Record*, contains some good, clear statements of fact.

Following along the line of the piece last mentioned, is "The College Man as a Citizen," in the *Acadia Athenaeum*. Both are worthy of careful consideration.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* contains a good story under the title of "My Grandfather's Novel." It is peculiar, but fascinating. It concerns a Mr. Phelps whose grandfather, slightly insane, has just died. Among his belongings a novel, well written and exceedingly interesting, is found. A few pages, however, of a very important part are gone. Mr. Phelps revises the novel and attempts to fill in the missing part. He can

neither do it nor let it alone. One night his grandfather appears to him and tells how its fascination has ruined him, that there is no way of completing it and they burn the novel. From this time Mr. Phelps knows nothing till he recovers from a sickness. But even then the story has not lost its fascination and he knows that it is slowly driving him insane.

The Amaracus, published by the students of Monmouth Academy, is prominent among our school exchanges. It contains, as every school paper should, a good lot of literary work. And we congratulate them on having students who are willing to put in time enough to get out such a paper as that is.

The St. John's University Record contains a very instructive and well-written article, "In the Old World, the Vatican and the Pope."

The Triangle contains two good editorials. One treats of the rule recently made by their faculty that no student on probation shall be allowed to take part in athletic contests. From it we take the following:

The effect that this rule will have is that the men now on probation will, under the knowledge that they will be debarred from future contests, direct a little more time to their deficiencies and remove their conditions, after which the pursuit of athletics may be indulged in with less responsibility upon their shoulders. And for those, too, who are not on probation, the warning will act as a preventive. Future Freshmen will realize the significance of the rule and good work will result from the start, and their valuable services will be assured for the entire four years.

We wish to gratefully acknowledge *The Delineator*, which we find on our table each month, though not a college magazine. It is so carried on as to be both instructive and interesting to all young ladies, and especially to the college girls. Its notes about the various colleges are always worthy of attention.

The Indian smoking his pipe of peace,
Is rapidly passing away;
But the Irishman smoking his piece of pipe,
Has surely come to stay.

—Ex.

SPRING.

Did you ever rise up in the morning
When the sun rose over the hill?
Did you listen to the voices of Nature
When the bustle of traffic was still?

Did you hear the song of the robin
When first the music began?
Did you feel the swell of the chorus
As on through the valleys it ran?

Did you see the thrush in the distance
When it flew to the topmost tree?
Did you hear the notes it caroled
As its heart broke forth in glee?

Did you stand in quiet enchantment
And feel the spirit of spring?
Did your heart give back an echo,
Did a song in your bosom ring?

THE BATES STUDENT.

Did you long to know the meaning
Of all the sounds you heard?
Did you wish your life were happy
Like that of the singing bird?

And then were you deeply thankful
That God is a God of love,
That he cares for all his creatures
And keepeth watch above?

Prize Poem G. S. S., March 24, '02.

—ALMEDA TODD.

THE WOOD NYMPH'S QUERY.

Are you glad the winter's ended,
Little star?
That the earth's chill veil is rended,
Near and far?
Do you love to watch the river
Where your dainty features quiver?
When its fairy wavelets shiver
Are you glad?

Are you glad the woods are waking,
Jolly moon?
That o'er paths with shadows quaking
Flowers are strewn?
When your roguish visage hovers
Peeping through the forest covers
Spying out unthinking lovers,
Are you glad?

Are you glad your prison's broken,
Little stream?
That the sun your leave has spoken,
With its gleam?
When the flowers your border strewing
Listen to your dreamy cooing,
And invite your bashful wooing,
Are you glad?

Are you glad the summer's coming,
Little bird?
That the brooklet's drowsy humming
Voice is heard?
When above the valleys winging,
You can tune your joyous singing
To the streamlet's merry ringing,
Are you glad?

—ERNEST J. REECE, in *The Adelbert*.

Our Book-Shelf.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond." MILTON.

In "*The Naturalness of Christian Life*" the author, a pastor in Hadley, Mass., approaches religion from the standpoint of experience. By viewing it primarily in this way rather than from a merely logical or intellectual point of view, he feels that it appears natural, normal, and instinctive, and that the aloofness of many whose purposes are never-

theless high and righteous, may be overcome. It is hardly possible to give in brief an accurate idea of the author's thought, which is clearly developed and illustrated in the eight chapters which constitute the book. Among the titles are, Man's Kinship with God, Jesus the Revealer of Man, Character by Inspiration, Who Has Manhood Has Heaven, Instinct of Church-Membership. While in some cases the statements may seem to disagree with orthodox teaching, they are well founded in Scripture. On the whole, we are sure the book will prove a helpful one.

Stephen Holton,² by Charles Felton Pidgin, the author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Blennehassett," is well described by the sub-title as "a story of life as it is in town and country." We may add, it is a most excellent story. The hero is a young clergyman who labors devotedly in the slums and in temperance work. His experience in supplying, for a month, the pulpit of a wealthy Boston church, brings him in contact with several people whose lives continue to be associated with his own. A Maine village furnishes a contrasting background for a part of the story. The characters are all clear-cut and natural. The rapidity with which the story unfolds prevents the possibility of tedium. The love affairs all turn out happily at last. And both description and narrative have that directness and simplicity which is the perfection of art. In the course of the tale, the results of intemperance, especially among the rich, educated and intelligent, are pictured with fearful truthfulness. The remedy prescribed will be clear from a quotation from the preface. "No legislation has ever succeeded in making men good. The tendency to reform must come from within the man himself." While we think some of the statements in this preface as to the uselessness of law are entirely too strong, we are ready to agree that the personal method, particularly the proper training of children, needs to be emphasized. As a matter of personal taste rather than of criticism, we vote for more such splendid stories of "life as it is," to afford a variation from the predominant historical novel.

An American at Oxford,³ by John Corbin, is a work of great interest to the college student or graduate. The social, athletic, and scholarly life of the English university is fully described. In each of these departments of student life, comparison is made with the American college or university, as regards the method and the spirit. In many points the comparison is favorable to us. On the other hand, distinct advantages are pointed out which arise from the division of Oxford into the small college as an administrative and social unit, and the author makes suggestions as to the embodiment of some of these advantages in the American system. Changes, apparently wise, in the manner of instruction and examination, are also suggested. The last proof of the book chanced to be sent to the printer on the day of the publication of Cecil Rhodes' will. In his preface, Mr. Corbin gives reasons for believing that much greater benefit will be derived from Mr. Rhodes' scholarships if they are awarded to graduates of American universities or colleges rather than to less advanced students. Mr. Corbin is evidently in intimate sympathy with each phase of the life of the student. For this reason, every chapter of his book is made highly readable to the educator and student. The illustrations of this book are many and excellent, and are so selected as to display the various attractions, architectural, athletic and social, of the famous old university.

The latest addition to the *Silver Series of Classics* is an edition of the *Old English Ballads*.⁴ Professor Kinard has furnished in a clear, concise way, in his introduction and notes, the most important information on English ballad literature and the poems selected. Some effort is required to comprehend the old words and forms and the unfamiliar turns of expression. This, however, is well compensated by the insight into the life and thought of our ancestors in a less complex civilization, and the simple expression of virile emotions.

Lachmi Bai,⁵ the Jeanne d'Arc of India, is an historical novel dealing with the Sepoy Rebellion. This beautiful, energetic, able, and popular princess seized the opportunity afforded by the Indian Mutiny for an attempt to secure again her hereditary rights. By her statesmanship and bravery, and the enthusiasm which she had marvellous power to rouse in her otherwise cowardly followers, she was for a time highly successful. While the tale follows the fortunes of the Rami's arms, it is largely occupied with love and intrigue. Other characters beside that of the Rami are finely developed. We find the brave and battle-loving, but crafty and unscrupulous Mohammedans, Ahmad Khan, Bipin Dat, absurdly vain, credulous and cowardly; and the manly, heroic and unsuspicious Prasad Singh. The mutual love between Prasad and the princess is long foiled by the machinations of his rival, Ahmad Khan. The interest of the story is well sustained throughout. One of the finest passages is that in which the death of the heroine is portrayed. Brave to the last, she fittingly ends a life devoted to her rights, her country and her faith. The make-up and the illustrations of this book are worthy of mention for their excellence.

In *The Kentons*⁶ Howells has given a story of family life. Judge Kenton, his wife, sons, and daughters live in a quiet Ohio town. They leave it, however, for New York City and later for Europe. This travelling, which causes the home-loving judge much uneasiness, is for the purpose of separating the oldest daughter from an unworthy lover. In fact, Ellen's love affairs form the main thread of the story. She finally overcomes her fascination for the undesirable one, and transfers her affection to a man who is highly approved by the parents. While adventure and plot are absent from the book, the reader cannot fail to become interested in the Kentons, and the few other persons introduced, all of whom he comes to know intimately. Their follies are set forth more vividly, perhaps, than their serious traits. We are touched, but more amused, by the deep life-problems with which fifteen-year-old Boyne struggles, by the Judge's family pride, by Ellen's melancholy attempts to do the right thing, and to feel as she ought, and by her mother's desire to let her finally have her own way without interference. Lottie alone can hardly be taken seriously. Yet above all we admire their loyalty to each other, firm though often queerly expressed. The humor is largely in the idiosyncrasies of the people, but also in the turn of word and phrase by which they are expressed. The exquisite and precise choice of words which is characteristic of the author is constantly observable. All in all, we have here a fine tale for the not-too-strenuous summer day.

¹The Naturalness of Christian Life. Edward E. Keedy, B.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25 net.

²Stephen Holton. Charles Felton Pidgin. L. C. Page and Co., Boston.

³An American at Oxford. John Corbin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

⁴Lachmi Bai, Rami of Jhansi. Michael White. J. F. Taylor and Co., New York. \$1.50.

⁵Old English Ballads, edited by James P. Kinard, Ph.D. Silver, Burdett and Co., Boston.

⁶The Kentons. W. D. Howells. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

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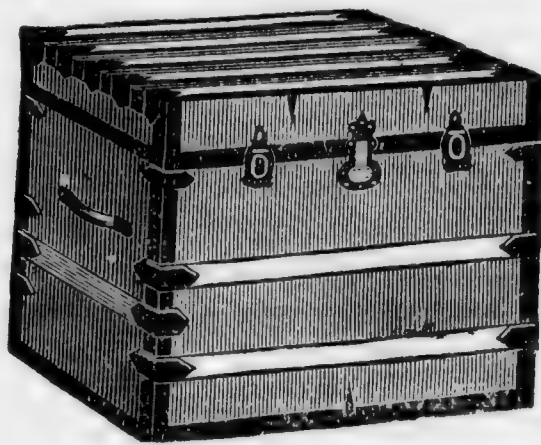
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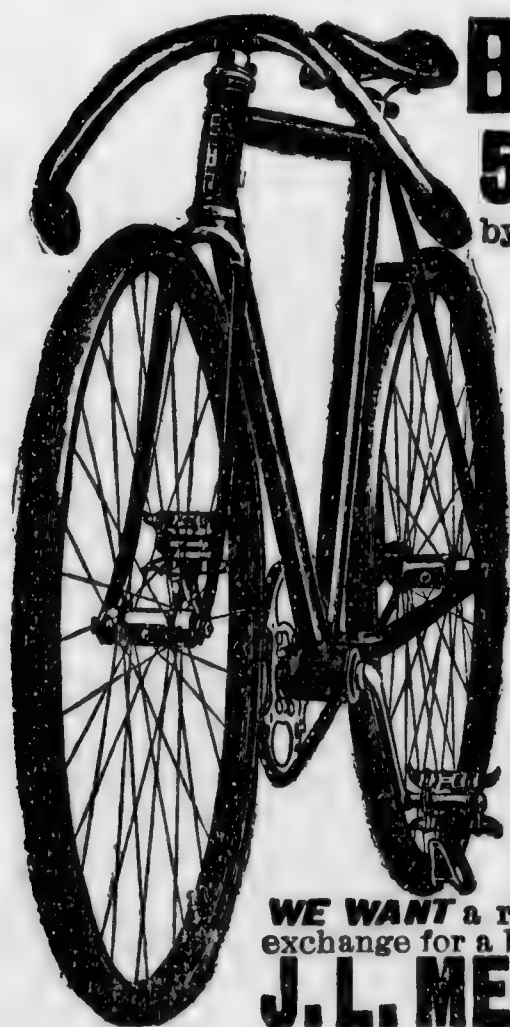
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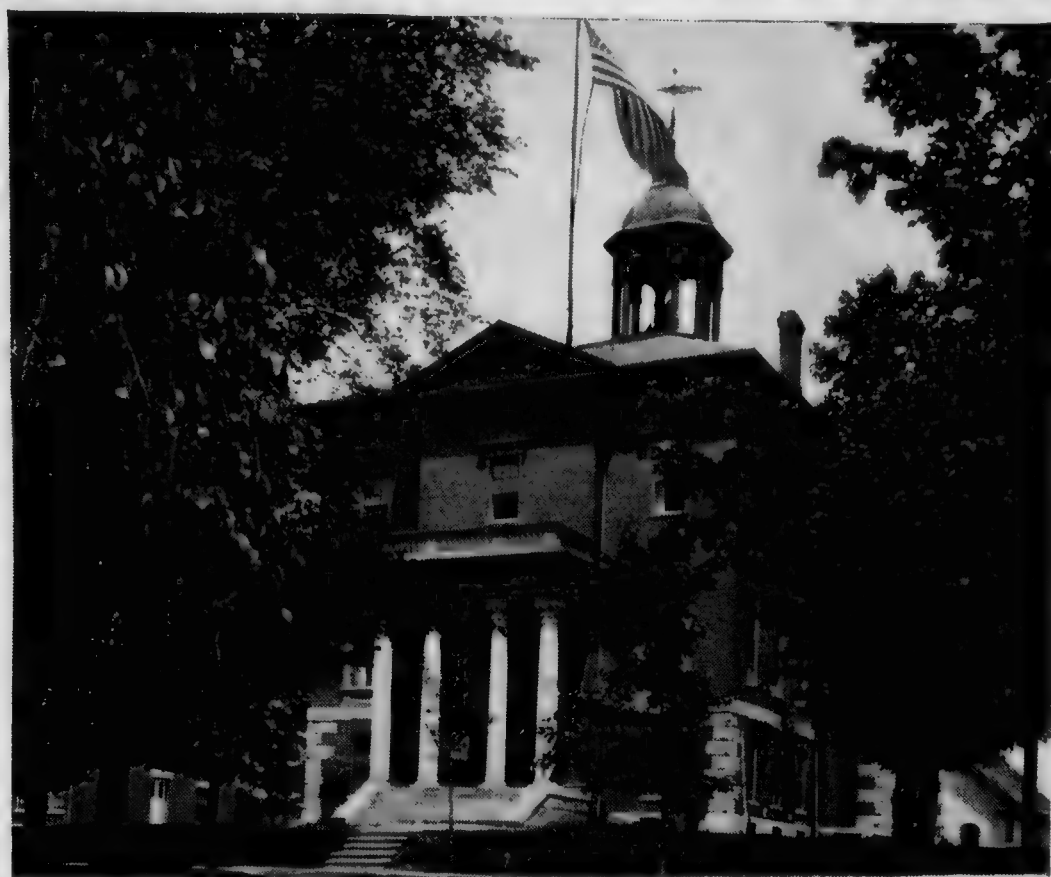
COLLEGE EQUIPMENT COMPANY
WESTVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

Vol. XXX.

No. 7.



The Bates Student.



September

C.L. Jordan. '03

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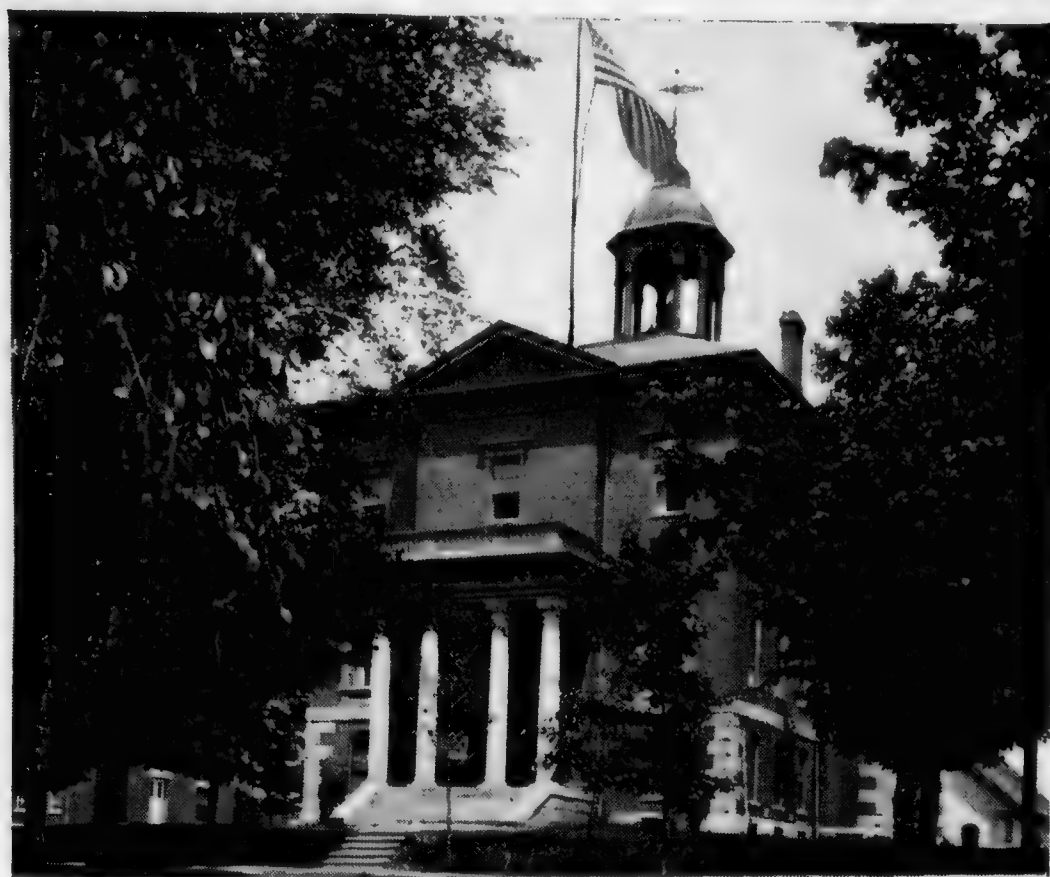
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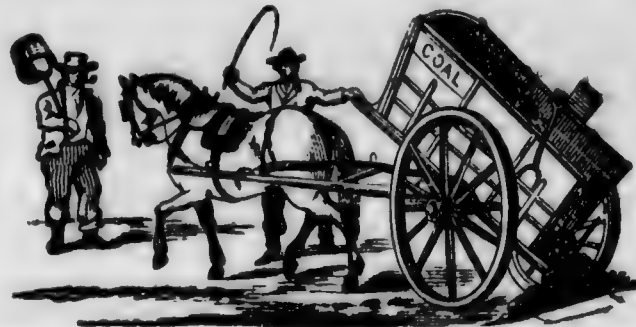
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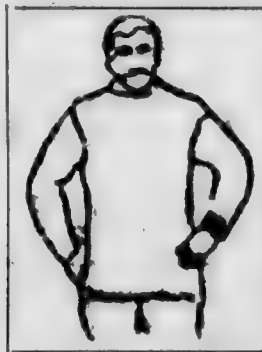
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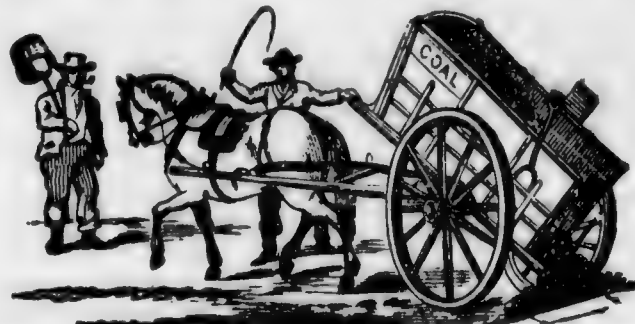
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Literary.

A SONNET.

Before me shines a face, whose tender eyes
 Beam with a light that sweetens all my hours,—
 A light grown sweeter,—as when summer flowers
 Unfold, and turn their hearts up to the skies.
 I see it now,—the light that in them lies,
 And deem it better far than princely dowers
 Of wealth, or beauty; here are powers
 To do and dare,—with love that never dies.

It speaks to me,—this face of wondrous grace
 That lives within my soul as can no other,
 And every feature of it I can trace,
 While tender, loving thoughts around it hover
 That neither time nor distance can erase.
 This image in my heart? It is my mother!

ADDRESS TO THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

YE sons of an august, powerful, and united nation. An all-wise and incomprehensible power has breathed into your souls the spirit of eternal life, has consigned you for a period to earth, and in the guise of man, has planted you upon American soil.

The morning of your earthly life has dawned in peaceful and unspeakable grandeur. Its rising sun kisses a clear sky and smiles upon a verdant land. The flowers exhale for you their mystic perfume, a gentle breeze cools the burning ardor of your youth and bears to your ears the sweet strains of an opening chorus from nature's symphony. Verily, such a morning gladdens the heart and fills the soul with veneration, love, and life.

'Tis well that your faces beam with joy; 'tis good that your hearts beat strong with hope; 'tis right that you look ever to the grand and wondrous to "be." Yet now I would that you turn from the imagery of the unborn future, to look with me, for a moment, through the vista of American history at our turbulent yet venerated past. And this not without purpose. As we look may we gather from the past that spirit of fortitude which shall actuate us to the preservation of our nation and the welfare of mankind.

As the light of civilization breaks upon this western continent, what is it that first meets our gaze? A little craft breasts

the storms of sea to bear from persecuting land a handful of human souls and set them on a cold and foreign shore. The craft? The Mayflower. The wanderers? The Pilgrims. Your ancestors. Mine.

How genuine their worth. How noble their purpose. How glorious their achievements, yet unrivaled. Truly, so long as time endures, so long shall the Pilgrims symbolize the birth of Liberty; so long shall their spirit live to evoke the love and gratitude of mankind.

The scene changes. Their simple homes are reared only to receive unwelcome guests. Cold, hunger, sickness, death. Each in turn has hovered by a Pilgrim's hearth to mark and bear away its victim. Yet those who live never fail in courage, never want in hope, never cease to love and praise their Maker.

But now there comes the Revolution, a bitter yet a glorious struggle, one which mercilessly tries the courage of human hearts; which takes from home the father and son, to leave in their places insatiable gods of Grief and Death.

Yet when the battle's thunder dies away and the light of peace breaks through the clouds of war, wounds of sorrow are healed with tears of joy.

The hostile army yields, the cry of freedom rends the sky and there lies before our eyes a new-born nation, our own America.

But this new life was to be tested. It had but taken its early steps when it stood upon the verge of a dark abyss where Slavery dwelt and was ever undermining the foundation of American union. Secession comes and with it the call to arms. Again the God of battle reigns, again a human sacrifice is demanded and is offered up, and again the land is blessed by the returning angel of Peace.

The Union had been preserved; all became citizens equal before the law, and what were once enslaved, weak, and dis-severed colonies stood a free, powerful and united nation.

To-day this Union, with its freedom and precious privileges of citizenship evolved as they were midst sacrifice, suffering, and strife, God entrusts to you, his favored and selected children. 'Twas for past generations to found and organize. 'Tis ours to perfect and perpetuate. 'Tis ours to prove that a government founded on the principle of individual liberty, breeds in each citizen a natural interest and a national love that is corrupted not, blighted not, but which is true and unfailing to the end.

The accomplishment of our purpose depends upon the indi-

vidual conception of American citizenship, its value, its privileges, and its responsibilities.

Do we realize that every American boy at the age of twenty-one becomes possessed of an inheritance whose worth is inestimable? Do we esteem it an honor to be an American citizen? And have we each dedicated ourselves to those national duties which our station prescribes?

The great danger which threatens the nation to-day is that from a feeling of indifference with which we inherit our freedom, there comes a failure to appreciate the true meaning of citizenship.

God grant that each citizen may come to know the full value of his inheritance; may learn to be a greater lover of freedom, may live to be a better American.

God grant that the award of justice and the attainment of civic virtue cease not to be objects of national hope and pride.

And when for us earth's sun has set and shades of evening fall to bring that sleep whose spell is broken only by the dawn of the eternal morning, then, oh then may we merit to be welcomed by the American brotherhood beyond, commended from on high and transplanted to the realms of eternal peace.

Beloved country, home of the oppressed,
With bounteous heritage of Nature blest,
With soil enriched by blood of fathers, freely given,
That we on earth might own prime attribute of Heaven,
While life shall come and life shall go,
While sun and stars cease not to glow,
To man let this a precept be,
Do, live, and die for Liberty.

—C. L. B., '03.

AN EPISODE IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY.

THE place was Fraser Hall, the time Sunday afternoon. To make matters worse it was raining, and a rainy Sunday afternoon in Fraser Hall was about as dismal an affair as one could well imagine. Fine days the girls could turn their backs on the rooms where quietness must reign supreme, and corridors where solemn-faced instructors paced, to see that no superfluous conversation was being carried on, and seek the open air. Here, at least, they could talk, or read aloud, without any imminent peril threatening. But for a wet Sunday there was no antidote, till Fate threw the Silly Six into the cellar.

The Silly Six were well named, everyone said, for because a thing was foolish was no vital objection to it in their estimation, provided it gave promise of some fun, for fun just then was the goal ever before them. This does not sound especially creditable, but the fact was that though each of the Six was putting the very best work she was capable of into her daily courses, the hours spent over her books, supplemented by the ultra-particular rules under which she was obliged to live, proved an atmosphere most conducive to the fostering of mischief in her restless, energetic head.

This afternoon the Six had congregated,—drawn like needles to a magnet,—in one of the large windows of the dining-hall, where their idol and leader, Alice Clark, had taken her position after dinner. Moodily they stared out the window, till some one broke the stillness with: "I don't see why it can't be fine; if it was we'd go out on the campus, and Alice would read 'David Harum' to us." The suggestion called forth a universal groan, for Alice was a natural elocutionist, and her favorite role the backwoods farmer-philosopher.

They might have gone to one of their rooms, or to the reception-hall, or reading alcove, or even stayed where they were, it would seem, but it was Sunday, and no unnecessary conversation was carried on in Fraser Hall Sunday afternoon. And so they stood for a moment more watching the rain falling, and thinking discontentedly of the hardness of their fate.

All at once Bertha looked up, "I'll tell you—let's go down stairs!"

"*Down stairs?*" Looks of horror and amazement were on every face, but for an instant only; the Silly Six were not easily shocked, and in a minute horror gave place to interest, and amazement to amusement.

"Well, let us," said Alice, so it was decided, and presently the dining-hall was empty.

Fraser Hall was the largest dormitory on the campus, and almost an ideal building for the housing of one hundred girls, that is, as ideal as girls' dormitories are likely to be. It spreads out over a generous area, sending its wings here and there in all directions. The huge cellar which ran the entire length and breadth of the building, was divided into rooms innumerable which were used for all sorts of domestic services.

Ten minutes after the "Quiet Hour" bell had rung, a door in the second corridor opened, and Bertha slipped out. Quickly she

glanced around. No one was visible. Silently she slipped down the stairs as only a girl facing the possibility of Faculty scrutiny can. On the first floor she halted, drew a deep breath, and, safe so far, opened the basement door and took a final plunge down the cellar stairs.

Alice and Jessie were already there, and just about the time Bertha arrived by the front entrance, Katherine, Gretchen, and Frances appeared by side doors. The Six looked at each other and began to giggle. "Now where," said practical Bertha, and thereupon a search was instituted for a room in which they could settle for their hard-earned reading. One after another was tried, but some were locked, and others, full of barrels and boxes, presented everything but an inviting prospect. Meantime Katherine had been exploring on her own account, and presently called, "Look, girls," at the same time throwing open a door,—it was the furnace room. For an instant they stood undecided, but a comforting warmth pervaded the place and instinctively they stepped inside.

The furnace room at Fraser was like the usual furnace room: ashes mantled everything, and coal dust hung in somber folds from the walls. There was no sign of a chair, but the coals glowed behind the front grate, and the girls crowded around it. It did not take them long to decide that this was "good enough" for them; then began the search for seats.

A motley collection it was, five minutes later, for Katherine had mounted an empty flour barrel, Jessie and Bertha occupied a plank, dragged in with infinite difficulty, Frances and Gretchen exulted in an old wheelbarrow, but Alice's throne surpassed all. From some hidden corner Bertha had extracted an old barber's chair, battered and rickety enough, but still rejoicing in the possession of a head-rest and one arm. In this Alice was seated, and for an hour David Harum's jocular face and genial voice held every girl in thrall.

But Mary Allen had appeared on the scene and interest was waning. Katherine had gone off foraging, and just returned, producing from the front of her shirt-waist a dozen cookies, procured from parts and by means unknown. The girls were hungry and the cookies were good, so the book rested a moment, and Gretchen got up to stretch. Somehow she happened to step up behind the chair where Alice lay, her head resting luxuriously on the red creton head-rest, when suddenly a picture of the well-remembered dentist-chair at home took possession of her. Then

she spoke, her voice as threateningly comforting as ever dentist's was,—“Now just let me *look* at the tooth a minute,—just to see where it is, you know.” The hint was not lost; every girl took the cue immediately. Without an instant's delay Alice began writhing in her chair, both hands pressed against her left cheek, while from her distorted features came howls and shrieks that would have done justice to any dentist's patient ever known.

From the mother's position at the side of the chair Bertha divided her attention between persuading its occupant she was “Mamma's little lady,” and assuring the dentist that “she'll be all right in a minute, sir,” while Katherine and Frances were vainly endeavoring to confine the flying feet.

The commanding tones of the dentist pervaded the room, the pleading voice of the mother filling and overlapping every pause, and above all the roars of the squirming patient rent the air, when something attracted the assistant's attention to the door. Then all looked. It was open. Before it stood Miss Hill, Principal of the Seminary; Miss Rivers, “Head” of Fraser Hall, and behind them, gaping in undisguised amazement, Jake, the fireman.

Miss Rivers spoke, and never had she a more attentive audience.

“Young ladies,” she was saying, “it is just possible that after such an unusually trying and wearing strain, you might like to rest quietly awhile. I will not require you to leave your rooms till my office hour to-morrow.”

Notwithstanding numerous prognostications to the contrary, the girls *were* graduated the next June, but the “Dentist Act” remains one of the most notable chapters in the Chronicles of the Silly Six.

—G. H., '04.

IF ONLY.

If the roses only grew without thorns,
If the daisy could shed her bugs,
If the soft-eyed Jersey had no horns,
If our shoe-lace would stand our tugs!

If summer days were ne'er spoiled by showers,
If the winter was always bright,
If no creepers infested our cosy bowers,
If we always chose the right!

If the tempest ne'er surged o'er the old grey sea,
If our sailing was always calm,
If no care or trouble e'er came to me,
If cash always lay in my palm!

If men were always brave and true,
 If women were always sweet,
 If we always did the best we knew,
 If the tares could be kept from the wheat!

Oh, what a world we would live in now,
 How smooth our lives would be,
 What milk-sop ninnies, you'll allow,
 We'd turn out,—you and me!

—'05.



THE RESIGNATION OF MISS JANE.

[Imitation of Mary Wilkins.]

"Dear kitty. Come into my lap, kitty. Oh, I'm so lonesome. How could God have taken her from me? Oh, kitty, I can't stand it. I must see her."

The yellow coon cat looked up with a sympathetic smile at Miss Jane who was so lonely to-night. The day had been hot and close. The sun was setting with a red glare, and as Miss Jane sat out underneath the big elm tree, watching the dark clouds turn to purple, she seemed so alone that even Violet, the yellow cat, failed to comfort her.

"God didn't need her, Violet. There are lots of angels up in Heaven to keep Him company, and not a soul in the world to care for me. Oh, Kitty, am I getting wicked? To think of being angry with God, and kitty, for a whole year, now, I haven't prayed. What would Sarah say?"

Miss Jane looked at the great white house behind her, and slowly rose. She walked up the walk gently and carefully, so as not to kill any of the ants. Her shoulders were bent a little, and she moved with a feeble, listless air. Her eyes looked out with a hungry, pathetic look that was pitiful to see. The neighbors said

Miss Jane was failing. Some said she would go just the way Sarey did, old-fashioned consumption. Others said her heart was broken and she was pining away. Miss Jane had always been so gentle and sweet that the neighbors were surprised not to find her more resigned to her sister's death. When they remonstrated with her for not going to church, she shut her lips tightly, and looked so strange that the neighbors went away puzzled. Just one year ago to-night Jane had laid away her only sister, Sarah. They had always been all in all to each other, mingling little with the neighbors who did not understand their sensitive and delicate temperaments.

As Miss Jane entered the door and stepped into the great, lonely living-room, her heart sank.

"Sarah," she moaned as she sank into the rocking-chair. She sobbed and sobbed as she sat in the dark room, with Sarah's empty chair in the other window. At last she grew quiet, and when she looked up the moon was shining brightly through the opposite window. Its rays fell on Sarey's chair. Could it be? Surely, the chair was rocking back and forth with Sarah's slow and gentle motion.

A peaceful smile stole over Miss Jane's little delicate face. She commenced to rock, too, the way she used to. She understood it, now. God was good. He had sent her Sarah's spirit to comfort her who was so lonely. Sarah used to say that when people died their spirits visited their folks. Jane had given up watching for Sarah, but now as she felt her presence in the rocking-chair, she was content. She was so happy that she just rocked and rocked in time with Sarah and it was so calm and peaceful and lovely. Every night Sarah came and sat in the moonlit window, rocking. Jane sat rocking, too, and her heart was at peace. Sunday she went to church, and as the neighbors heard her gentle, timid voice praising God, they said, "Miss Jane's resigned at last."

—A. S., '05.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—O. C. Wendall, Professor Astronomy, Harvard, has recently made a brief visit to Lewiston.

'68.—President G. C. Chase recently visited his daughter, Mrs. Carl Milliken, at her home in Island Falls.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich, master of one of the Boston schools, has a daughter in 1906.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., Rockland, is in the hospital recovering from a critical illness with appendicitis.

'71.—J. M. Libby, Esq., of Mechanic Falls, has been elected a member of the next House of Representatives.

'72.—Prof. J. S. Brown of Doane College, Neb., was one of the most interesting and effective speakers at the last commencement dinner.

'72.—J. H. Baker, president of Colorado University, has added to his publications a Baccalaureate Address based on the character of Phillips Brooks. Mr. Brooks spent the last season in Europe.

'73.—N. W. Harris, ex-Mayor of Auburn and Senator-elect to the next Maine Legislature, died at his home in Auburn, Me., September 16th.

'74.—R. W. Rogers, Judge of the Municipal Court, Belfast, Me., has a daughter engaged in advanced work at Radcliffe.

'74.—The late Rev. Thomas Spooner is represented at Bates by a son in 1905 and a daughter in 1906.

'75.—Dr. J. R. Brackett, head of the Department of English in Colorado University, gave an eloquent and witty address at the Bates Commencement dinner.

'75.—L. M. Palmer, M.D., of Framingham, Mass., presided at the recent reunion of the alumni of Litchfield Academy.

'76.—I. C. Phillips, Superintendent of Lewiston Schools, has a daughter in Bates, 1904, and a son in 1906.

'77.—Henry W. Oakes, Esq., Auburn, Me., has been elected to the next House of Representatives.

'77.—There is a movement on foot by the graduates of Lisbon Falls High School and Lee Academy, to purchase a monument in memory of the late L. H. Moulton. Mr. Moulton was for many years principal of Lee Academy, and at the time of his death was engaged in active service as principal of Lisbon Falls High School.

'80.—F. L. Hayes, pastor of the Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas, received in June last the degree of D.D., both from his *Alma Mater* and from Washburn College.

'82.—I. M. Norcross of the Eliot School of Boston, has been placed in charge of a new evening school for kindergarten work in Boston.

'84.—Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell gave an address at Butte, Montana, two weeks ago before the State Board of Trade, upon the treasures of Montana.

'85.—J. M. Nichols is principal of the High School, Deering, Me.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield, Esq., of Rockland, is member-elect to the next Maine House of Representatives.

'87.—E. C. Hayes has been elected Professor of Sociology and Economics in Miami University, Miami, O.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler has been elected Superintendent of Schools at Everett, Mass.

'88.—George W. Snow, formerly principal of Guilford High School, is now principal of the new High School at Millinocket, a fine modern building containing about 600 students.

'88.—Norris Adams is principal of the Jordan High School, Lewiston, Me.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet, M.D., formerly of Gardiner, is now engaged in medical work at Gorham, Me.

'89.—G. H. Libby, principal of the High School at Manchester, N. H., has two graduates of 1902 in Bates, 1906.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb is principal of Derby Academy, Derby, Vt.

'91.—Miss M. E. Merrill is a regular contributor to the story department of the *Springfield Republican*.

'92.—E. E. Osgood has entered the Episcopal Theological School, Alexandria, Va. Mr. Osgood has an infant daughter.

'92.—A. D. Shepherd is principal of Pike Seminary, Pike, N. Y.

'93.—L. A. Ross is principal of the high school at Saugus, Mass.

'93.—E. W. Small is principal of the high school at Leominster, Mass.

'95.—Miss D. E. Roberts is assistant in the high school at Dover, N. H.

'96.—J. E. Roberts has entered the service of a publishing house in Chicago.

'96.—G. W. Thomas, Esq., is convalescent after a severe illness with typhoid fever, and will shortly return to his law practice at 100 Broadway, New York.

'97.—H. P. Parker is principal of Leavitt Institute, Turner, Me.

'98.—O. H. Toothaker, who for the past three years has been principal of the high school in Antrim, N. H., has resigned to enter upon newspaper work. He has recently purchased the *Berlin* (N. H.) *Reporter* of which he is now editor and proprietor.

'98.—Albert W. True and Mabel S. Garcelon were married in August last. Mr. True is principal of the high school, Oxford, Me.

'98.—W. S. Parsons is night editor of the *Lewiston Sun*.

'98.—A. A. Knowlton has been elected to a fellowship in the Department of Physics, Northwestern University.

'98.—Miss Emma Skillings was married to Principal Briggs of Corinna Academy in August last.

'98.—Miss A. M. Tasker has been elected teacher of Greek for the high school, New Bedford, Mass.

'99.—E. L. Palmer, Superintendent of Schools at Bowdoinham, was married on June 30, 1902, to Miss Annie J. Butterfield, also of '99.

'99.—Miss M. S. Coan received the degree of A.M. on her completion in June of a year's graduate work in Columbia University, and has been elected critic teacher for high school work in the Normal School, Brockport, N. Y.

'99.—A. C. Hutchinson is instructor in the preparatory department of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

'99.—Miss Donnocker was married, August 23d, to Mr. E. Rockwood Berry of Warren, Penn.

'99.—Alton G. Wheeler is Superintendent of Schools at Paris, Me.

'99.—G. A. Hutchins has resigned his position in the Census Bureau, Washington, and has begun the study of law in the office of W. H. Judkins, Bates, '81.

'99.—Rev. A. B. Hyde, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Chepachet, R. I., has an infant son.

'99.—Miss Lora V. King was married to Mr. W. Edgar Lincock, M.D., Thursday, September 4th. Mrs. Lincock is to reside at Caribou, Me.

'99.—O. C. Merrill has begun a course in civil engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

'99.—F. E. Pomeroy has received, after one year's graduate work at Harvard University, the degree of A.M., and is now instructor in biology at Bates.

1900.—A. G. Catheron has entered the Harvard Law School.

1900.—C. S. Coffin and Miss Grace Summerbell were married in July at the residence of the bride's father, Dr. Summerbell, Lakemont, N. Y. It is understood that they are to reside in Ohio.

1900.—Miss M. B. Ford has been elected preceptress at Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Me.

1900.—L. G. Whitten has been elected principal of the high school, Groveland, Mass.

1900.—George H. Johnson was graduated in June from the Yale Theological School and was married in July to Miss Edith S. Parker, also of Bates, 1900.

1900.—Miss M. B. Lambe is assistant in Medford, Mass., Public Library.

1900.—Miss Mabel E. Marr has withdrawn from her position as preceptress of Lyndon Seminary, Lyndon, Vt., for a year's rest.

1900.—Miss Maude F. Mitchell has been elected assistant in the Littleton High School, Littleton, Mass.

1900.—F. H. Stinchfield has returned from teaching in the Philippines to enter into business.

1900.—Ferris Summerbell has entered the medical school at Johns Hopkins University.

1900.—Carl Hussey recently visited his old home in Guilford for a short time.

1900.—F. E. Garlough sailed for Constantinople in August to accept a professorship in Robert College.

1901.—J. S. Bragg will enter the Maine Medical School in January.

1901.—R. W. Channell is principal of Sabattus High School. Mr. Channell was married August 6, 1902, to Miss Bertha Besse, also of 1901.

1901.—A. J. Chick recently married Miss Millay of Bowdoinham.

1901.—A. C. Clark has been elected principal of the grammar school, Woburn, Mass.

1901.—Miss A. M. Goddard is principal of the high school at Rumford Point, Me.

1901.—W. K. Holmes, formerly assistant in chemistry at Bates, is now principal of the high school at Lubec.

'99.—Mrs. Edith Irving Leonard of Tokio, Japan, has two children, a son and a daughter. Professor and Mrs. Leonard expect to return to America in one year.

1901.—Miss J. B. Neal, formerly assistant in Physics at Bates, is teacher of Mathematics and Science at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Me.

1901.—V. E. Rand is principal of the high school, Dexter, Me.

1901.—Miss M. S. Bennett is assistant librarian in the new Coram Library at Bates.

1901.—R. S. W. Roberts will enter the Hartford Theological Seminary in October.

1901.—Lincoln Roys is teacher in the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Boston, Mass.

1901.—Miss F. B. Small is teacher in the grammar school at Caribou, Me.

1901.—H. H. Stuart is principal of the high school, Mechanic Falls, Me. Mr. Stuart recently married Miss Goold of that place.

1901.—Leroy Williams is principal of a grammar school in Massachusetts.

1902.—Miss F. S. Ames is teacher in the high school at Plainville, Mass.

1902.—E. R. Bemis is principal of the high school, Brownville, Me.

1902.—L. W. Blanchard will enter the law school at Boston University in October.

1902.—Miss B. D. Chase will spend the year with her sister, Mrs. Carl E. Milliken, at Island Falls, Me.

1902.—W. A. Densmore is principal of the high school, Alfred, Me.

1902.—J. F. Hamlin is principal of the grammar school, Woburn, Mass.

1902.—W. M. Drake is assistant in Physics at Bates.

1902.—Miss A. L. Purinton has charge of the grammar school work at Island Falls, Me.

1902.—Miss M. A. Richmond is preceptress of the academy, Patten, Me.

1902.—Miss E. A. Russell is preceptress of the academy, Monmouth, Me.

1902.—W. E. Sullivan is principal of the high school, Oakland, Me.

1902.—Miss L. A. Summerbell is teacher of French in Starkey Seminary, Lakemont, N. Y.

1902.—Miss L. G. Leggett is teacher of French and German in the high school, Natick, Mass.

1902.—J. A. Lodge has a position on the *Boston Journal*.

1902.—Miss F. E. Long is assistant in the high school, Bar Harbor, Me.

1902.—Miss Georgiana Lunt is assistant in the high school, Yarmouth, Me.

1902.—Miss A. L. Merrill is assistant in the high school, Gardiner, Me.

1902.—F. B. Moody will enter the School of Forestry, Yale University.

1902.—I. I. Felker is a sub-master in the Westbrook High School.

1902.—A. D. Ohol will enter the Hartford Theological School in October.

1902.—C. E. Park is principal of the high school, Johnson, Vt.

1902.—E. A. Childs has been elected teacher of English and Physical Culture in the preparatory department of Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

1902.—I. O. Bragg has been elected Professor of Biology in Fargo College, Fargo, North Dakota.

1902.—L. W. Elkins has been elected principal of the high school, Ludlow, Vt.

1902.—E. F. Clason will enter the law office of O. B. Clason, Gardiner, Me.

1902.—A. E. Darling will enter the Harvard Medical School in October.

1902.—Miss Bertha F. Day is a teacher in the Edward Little High School, Auburn.

1902.—A. L. Dexter is principal of the high school, Sherborn, Mass.

1902.—Mrs. M. E. Drake is assistant in the high school, Norridgewock, Me.

1902.—J. A. Hunnewell is principal of the high school, Assinippi, Mass.

1902.—Miss H. P. Truell is assistant in the high school, Billerica, Mass.

1902.—A. W. Tryon will enter the Harvard Medical School in October.

1902.—Miss E. L. Tucker is preceptress of Lyndon Academy, Lyndon, Vt.

1902.—Miss B. V. Watson is teacher of French and German in the high school, Saugus, Mass.

1902.—Miss F. S. Watts is principal of the high school, Bridgeport, Vt.

Around the Editors' Table.

AS the various phases of college life are brought to the notice of the entering class, it is hoped that the support of our athletics will not be neglected. Bates has always had a record of which she may well be proud, and there seems to be no reason, with Allen as captain and our efficient coacher, why our record should not be sustained at least, if not bettered. In any case we can be sure of one thing, that our boys will go into the contests with a vigorous, active, energetic spirit, the Bates spirit. And it is with the same spirit that we should do what we can to aid them. To give them support the Athletic Association must be kept in good running condition, and here the help of the young women is needed as well as that of the men. The victories or defeats are not victories or defeats for the men alone, they belong to the college, to the girls as well as to the boys. And to aid in keeping this spirit of good feeling, of equality, now noticeably prevalent here at Bates, the girls cannot do too much. Here is one opportunity of aiding it, in giving your support to the Athletic Association.

WHILE the Alumni Notes of this number are in no sense extraordinary, merely indicating as they do some of the changes in the fortunes of Bates graduates since the last issue of the STUDENT, yet the facts embodied in them are worth noting and deserve more than a passing glance.

The value of a college is best shown by the work of its alumni, for they are the ones to reveal the result of its training. Applying this test to Bates, a thoughtful reading of the Alumni Notes will enable one to form a reasonable estimate of the relation of Bates College to the world's progress. One is impressed first by the variety of important work done by Bates graduates and by the distribution of that work through nearly all parts of our country. The notices for just one issue indicate that a fair percentage of the graduates from Bates are prominent in public life and are factors in shaping legislation. The list will show, too, that Bates makes contributions to all of the professions, thus giving proof that her training prepares her graduates for whatever calling they may select. In one respect the list is phenomenal in the proof that it gives of the important contributions Bates is making to educational work throughout our country. While

the list could probably not be paralleled by any other college magazine in the country in the number of recent graduates elected to positions of responsibility in a great number of states, it also shows that the relations of Bates College and university education are remarkable. Note the number given in the list of professors and teachers in institutions of the highest ranks. Note particularly the number of college chairs filled by recent graduates, positions in old and well-known institutions like Miami University, the *Alma Mater* of ex-President Harrison and Whitelaw Reid, and such vigorous and reputable young colleges as Fargo and Drury. It is perhaps worthy of special comment that a graduate of 1900 has entered upon a professorship in that distinguished missionary institution in the Orient, Robert College.

Another significant feature of the list is the number of marriages of women graduates reported. Bates at least seems to give no data to confirm the current belief that college women are not likely to marry. Another gratifying feature is the number of children of Bates graduates reported in her present classes, showing as it does what they, judging by personal experience, consider her training to be worth.

Do not these considerations, together with the unprecedentedly large entering class, entitle Bates to the generous consideration of those philanthropic men and women who believe that the salvation of our country must in large measure be worked out through her schools and colleges?

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On the evening of September 9th the young ladies of the Class of 1906 attended their first reception as members of Bates College. The Y. W. C. A. entertained in the Divinity School Hall and the time was passed with a short literary program, followed by a social hour. Thursday night of the second week of this term occurred the annual reception to the Freshman Class given by the College Christian Associations. Students, alumni, and Faculty attended in large numbers. The evening was spent in marching and conversation, after which the Class of 1906 was welcomed by President Chase and Mr. Ramsdell, President of the Y. M. C. A.

The classes for Bible study among the young women are to be conducted on a slightly different plan this year. It is thought best to combine the regular Bible and Mission Classes. The Freshmen are to study the life of Christ; the Sophomores either the life of Paul or of the Apostles; the Juniors Old Testament characters; and the Seniors, Missionary Heroes. Besides these classes Dr. Leonard and Professor Tukey will each have a class in the Main Street Free Baptist Sunday-school, composed of young ladies from the college.* Dr. Leonard's class will study the Life of Paul, and Professor Tukey's the Life of Christ.

To the girls of 1906 we would make an especial appeal, urging them to join one or more of these classes and receive the inspiration which comes from this branch of our college work.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Coming from mountain, from field or shore
 Back to the dear college walls once more,
 Eager for lessons, ready for fun,—
 College's begun!
 Dignified Senior, Junior true,
 E'en you wicked Soph, here's a greeting to you!
 And to you, Oh Freshman, a hand of cheer,—
 Most welcome here!

'03 welcomes a former member of '02,—Mr. Everett, who has returned to complete his course this year.

Professors Clark and Foster spent the summer in Bridgton as instructors in a summer school for college preparation.

Money has been raised by the Alumni Association for a portrait of Professor Stanton to be presented, upon its completion, to the new library building.

Drake, '02, has been chosen assistant to Professor Jordan in Chemistry, while Kelly, '03, is acting as assistant to Professor Clark in the Department of Physics.

Miss Bartlett, '05, has been critically ill with peritonitis. We are glad to report her convalescence, and join with the rest of the college in hoping for her a speedy return to our midst.

Bates' greatest pride is in her Freshmen. The class at present has 104 members, the largest number ever coming to the college, and the largest class entering for degree courses in the State.

Many of the students, like the Senior in Professor Clark's recitation, "aren't back permanently" yet. There seems to be

some danger that the chapel will fail to hold all of us when our full numbers are made up.

The library is "getting settled" gradually. It is already open for study and reference, but the delay in the arrival of furniture occasions considerable confusion to the students and much inconvenience to our patient librarian, Miss Woodman.

The melancholy days have come, to Sophomores sad and drear,
For Prex has said in firmest tones, "You'll print no posters here."

Professor Stanton took the Freshmen on the annual class ride to Lake Auburn and Mt. Gile on Saturday, September 27. In spite of the gloomy weather all reported a "lovely time," and (as usual) joined the rest of the college in praise of our loved Professor Stanton.

A goodly number of students from the three upper classes have availed themselves of the opportunity for taking Spanish presented for the first time this year. Although the course is limited to two hours a week, considerable advancement is anticipated under Miss Libby's able instruction.

The students were recently addressed by Dr. Pepper, a professor in Colby College and formerly president of that institution. Dr. Pepper conducted chapel exercises and then spoke a few kindly words in praise of the progress of the college, the unflagging energy of President Chase and the loyalty to Bates of all her Faculty, her alumni and students.

The entire third floor in Science Hall is now devoted to the Biological departments, and includes a lecture room, a botanical laboratory, and a zoölogical laboratory. The two rooms on the second floor, formerly used as lecture room and laboratory, have been converted into one large room for Professor Clark's especial use in the departments of Physics and Geology.

The old library in Hathorn Hall has been changed beyond recognition. Two rooms have been made, one on the north side to be devoted to President Chase's classes in Ethics and Psychology, and one on the south side which has been fitted up for a girls' study room. The alcove at the back of the old library is converted into a cloak room for the young ladies, while the corresponding room entered on the north by the side door has been furnished for President Chase's office.

The Sophs are reinforced by Mr. J. E. Barr, a graduate of Lowell High School and Bridgewater (Mass.) Normal, and Mr. M. W. Russell from U. of M. But the Junior Class must claim

the banner for increased membership. Five men have joined the class this fall: Mr. E. A. Case of Acadia College, N. B.; Mr. F. L. Nolan, from University of New Brunswick; Mr. Gould from Bangor Theological School; Mr. C. P. Burkholder from Parker College, Minn.; and Mr. Seliger, who has studied in a German "gymnasium" in Drew Theological School and Bangor Theological School.

The Latin and Greek courses for the Freshman year have been shortened an hour each per week, giving time for a two-hour course in French. It is hoped that the class may complete the preparatory work this year in order to begin the course in literature next fall. With this term begins the new courses of study arranged for the B.S. degree. The department of Biology has been extended and classes in Zoölogy and Botany are conducted by Mr. Pomeroy, who has been studying at Harvard for the past year. Professor Bolster's duties have been multiplied by a class in Physiology for the Freshmen.

No one who attended the rousing mass-meeting held on the second week of the term could doubt the spirit of the college in matters of athletics. Stirring speeches from Lothrop, Beedy, Briggs, Professors Hartshorn and Clark and Coach Cutts were received with enthusiastic applause, and we trust that the strong college spirit manifested in that meeting will result in an increase of members for our athletic association. Especially would we urge the young women to join. In no one way can you as members of the college aid the institution more than by helping our athletes to spread the name of Bates abroad in athletic victories.

The young ladies of the college are greatly pleased at the arrangements now being made for their accommodation. Through the kindness of Mr. Milliken, a graduate of Bates, the college has gained control of two buildings besides "Cheney," namely, the "Smith" House and "Frisbee Hall," the latter to be devoted to girls who board themselves. In addition to these a new building is being erected between the two houses which will probably be ready for use next term. These four buildings will be conducted on the so-called "cottage system," and are intended to accommodate all of the girls living outside of Lewiston and Auburn.

By the way did you see the Sophomore-Freshman game? or we should say the Freshman-Sophomore game, for according to the precedent established by last year's Freshmen, 1906 won. There was the usual parade of Sophs and Seniors, followed—at

a duly respectful distance—by the Juniors and Freshmen. The former marched on to the field to the martial strains of a military band—procured for the occasion—whose efforts were supplemented by a gifted Senior, in the inspiring strains of “The Wearin’ of the Green” (Sophomore color). The weather was drizzly enough to dampen anything but the ardor of the Sophomores, who bravely defied the elements—and the Freshmen—until the end of the sixth innings when two of their players becoming disabled, they abandoned the game with a score of 6 to 0 in favor of 1906.

The entering class :

Allan, Harold Aubrey, St. John, N. B., Lewiston High School.
 Allen, Emma Etta, Windham Center, North Yarmouth Academy.
 Austin, Winfield Scott, Newton, N. H., Sanborn Sem., Kingston, N. H.
 Barker, Guy Burnham, Bethel, Gould’s Academy.
 Barlow, Isabel, Manchester, N. H., Manchester High School.
 Bartlett, Mary Elizabeth, Portland, Westbrook Seminary.
 Bartlett, Ralph Atherton, Gardiner, Gardiner High School.
 Blackwood, Myrtle May, Cumberland Mills, Westbrook High School.
 Blake, Frank Harold, Somersworth, N. H., Somersworth High School.
 Blount, Henry Gardner, Chatham, Mass., Chatham High School.
 Bonney, Luther Isaac, Turner Center, Leavitt Institute.
 Brackett, Roy Frost, Limington, Limington Academy.
 Bragdon, Blanch Arline, Springvale, Lincoln High School.
 Briery, Augusta Parks, Richmond Corners, Litchfield Academy.
 Brooks, Charles Elwood, Yarmouthville, North Yarmouth Academy.
 Butler, Edna Beatrice, Springvale, Lincoln High School.
 Carleton, Paul Whittier, Haverhill, Mass., Haverhill High School.
 Channell, Helen Viette, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
 Clifford, Edward Larrabee, Dexter, Dexter High School.
 Collins, Irving Mahlon, South Danville, N. H., Sanborn Academy.
 Connor, Edwin Solon, Castine, Eastern Maine Normal School.
 Corson, Linwood Ernest, Skowhegan, Skowhegan High School.
 Coy, Lewis Harold, North Bradford, East Corinth Academy.
 Cummings, Harold Neff, Auburn, Edward Little High School.
 Curtis, Pamela Bertha, Lisbon Falls, Lisbon Falls High School.
 Davis, Clara Mae, Winstown, N. H.
 Davis, Irving Gilman, Empire, Edward Little High School.
 Day, Laura Brackett, Somersworth, N. H., Somersworth High School.
 Dodge, William Lamb, Waterville, Coburn Classical Institute.
 Dolloff, Annie Louise, New Sharon, Maine Wesleyan Seminary.
 Dolloff, Charles Tolford, Gardiner, Gardiner High School.
 Dunlap, James Albion, Bowdoinham, Bowdoinham High School.
 Dwinel, Zelma Mervyn, Mechanic Falls, Edward Little High School.
 Edwards, Harold Merton, Lewiston, Westbrook Seminary.
 Farrar, Leo Woodbury, Paris, Paris Hill Academy.
 Fisher, Walter Leslie, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
 Fogg, Ina Alexander, Gray, Pennell Institute.

Foster, Ethel May, Cumberland Mills, Westbrook High School.
Foster, H. O., Wilton, Wilton Academy.
French, Arthur Ford, Auburn, Edward Little High School.
Fuller, Edna Mae, Livermore, Hebron Academy.
Gauthier, Eugene Robert, Jefferson, N. H., Jefferson High School.
Giles, Mervin Shephard, Rochester, N. H., Rochester High School.
Hamblen, Florence Ella, Gorham, Gorham High School.
Harradon, Harry Durward, East Auburn, Edward Little High School.
Heminway, Robert Lynn, Spring Creek, Pa., Chesborough Seminary.
Holman, Carl, South Carthage, Wilton Academy.
Jackson, Nathaniel Lauren, Morrill, Freedom Academy.
James, Warren William, Jefferson, N. H., Jefferson High School.
Johnson, Albert Garfield, Turner, Leavitt Institute.
Jordan, Wayne Clark, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Kabatchnick, Goldie Irene, near Vilna, Russia, Edward Little H. S.
Kendall, Ralph Leander, Orrington, East Maine Conference Seminary.
Kenney, Charles Edmund, Foxcroft, Foxcroft Academy.
King, Ethel Florence, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Knight, Edith Mae, Richmond, Richmond High School.
Libbey, Allah Amantha, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Mahoney, Daniel Joseph, Rochester, N. H., Rochester High School.
Merrill, John Clifford, Starks, Anson Academy.
Nutter, Lena Belle, Mars Hill, Dexter High School.
Osgood, Lillian May, Franklin, N. H., Fryeburg Academy.
Paine, Leon Gilman, Standish, Westbrook Seminary.
Palmer, George Washington, Somersworth, N. H., Somersworth H. S.
Park, Ethel Mae, Lyndon Center, Vt., Lyndon Literary Institute.
Pease, Jessie Maude, Anson, Madison High School.
Peavey, S. F., Roxbury High School, Mass.
Phillips, Charles Lewis, Lewiston High School.
Pingree, Thomas Coe, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Plummer, Frank Henry, Charlestown, Mass., Brownville High School.
Pratt, Grace Whitney, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Pulsifer, Florence Pearle, Auburn, Edward Little High School.
Purinton, Angie Emily, Bowdoinham, Bowdoinham High School.
Rand, Alice Pray, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Rand, Everett Leroy, Lisbon, Lisbon High School.
Redden, William Rufus, Dorchester, Mass., Roxbury High School.
Reed, Martha Sanders, Mexico, Rumford Falls High School.
Rich, Florence Estelle, Boston, Mass., Girls' Latin School.
Richards, Annie Gilmore, North Yarmouth, N. Yarmouth Academy.
Robinson, Edna Jeanette, Otisfield, Mechanic Falls High School.
Robinson, John E., Cushing Academy, Ashburton, Mass.
Royal, Perley Wilson, Manchester, N. H., Manchester High School.
Salley, Ashmun Clark, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Shaw, Dora Drake, Houlton, Houlton High School.
Shaw, Mabel Vivian, Bethel, Goulds Academy.
Sheehan, Bessie May, Lowell, Mass., Pennell Institute.
Smith, Franke Gertrude, Spencer, Mass., David Prouty High School.
Spear, Gladys Burgess, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
Spooner, Elizabeth Chandler, Auburn, Edward Little High School.

Stearns, Maude Antoinette, Auburn, Edward Little High School.
 Stevens, Harold Wentworth, Saco, Thornton Academy.
 Stevens, William Bertrand, Lewiston, Lewiston High School.
 Steward, Charles Palmer, Farmington, Phillips High School.
 Tenney, Miriam, Auburn, Girls' Latin School, Boston.
 Thurston, Frank Hale, Freedom, Maine Central Institute.
 Thurston, Fred L., Freedom, Freedom Academy.
 Walkins, Louisa Alcott, South Casco, Bridgton Academy.
 Wiggin, Howard Alpheus, North Baldwin, Potter Academy.
 Wood, William, Sabattus, Sabattus High School.
 Wormell, Lula May Newton, Lubec, Lubec High School.
 Wyman, Alice Etta, Auburn, Edward Little High School.
 Yeaton, Winifred Ellen, Berwick, Berwick High School.
 Young, Elvena, Gonic, N. H., Rochester High School.
 Young, Myrtle, Gonic, N. H., Rochester High School.

Exchanges.

THE Exchange Editor is obliged, for this month, to make out his department from the papers and magazines left over from last term; so pardon is asked for any chance reference to "June, the month of roses and graduations."

The papers were, on the whole, less interesting than usual, possibly because they were so entirely given up to the programmes of commencement exercises. The fiction and poetry was in most cases entirely supplanted. But enough good advice was given to last the various colleges and schools a year certainly, and the Exchange Editors a life-time. We would offer our sincere hopes that it will be collected and followed.

As we again enjoy the issues of *The Protectionist*, *Education*, *The Delineator* and the other magazines not carried on by institutions of learning, we wish to renew our expressions of appreciation to those who so kindly send them to us.

The Delineator is a paper which takes up such things and things in such a way that they cannot fail to be interesting and useful to women in all walks of life, and especially so to college women.

The Mount Holyoke for June has a good article entitled "A Defense." It is well written and contains a good summing up of the American girl.

The Greylock Echo is to be complimented on its June issue. The appearance as well as its contents speaks well for the school which puts it out. "On the Banks of the Avon" is a good sketch.

With the graduating of a class, the question of what the college should do for the student becomes quite a common one. From the *Bowdoin Quill* we cut the following:

And the college that justifies its name, while dealing out assorted knowledge, according to particular demands, will endow each son with this as its greatest gift. The true spirit of scholarship will include all that is best in the conflicting ideals of which I have spoken. On the one hand it will give to its possessor the zeal for technical equipment which is the requisite of practical success, and the love of accuracy which is the basis of all sound judgment; on the other hand, it will give him the breadth of interest and observation that will make him see life large and wholesome, and enable him to live it without fret, and with the toleration that comes of a saving sense of humor.

Along the same line *The Undergraduate* says:

The college makes the man in so far as it awakens the desire for greater things, as it affords opportunity for the effort that is indispensable to success, as its influence abides with the graduate a power for consistent and unceasing development.

Of the small college's place, *Our Journal* says:

The small colleges have not finished their mission. That they attract and train thousands who would not or could not under any conditions enter the larger institutions is demonstrable. That they have a peculiar value and efficiency in academic instruction is as strongly emphasized by educators connected with the larger universities as by the more immediate friends of the small college.

LONG AGO.

The scent of lilacs in the air
And memories of the long ago,
Faint glimpses of the infant land,
The little friends who loved me so,
The names we lisped, the games we played,
The eager, trustful plans we made—
The scent of lilacs in the air
And memories of the long ago.

The scent of lilacs in the air
And memories of the long ago,
The dreams of youth that shone so fair
Unmarred by what we could not know,
The glorious world, a pleasure land—
Ah! Time, you've spoiled it with your sand—
The scent of lilacs in the air
And memories of the long ago.

—Georgetown College Journal.

A QUEST.

There's an elf I've pursued day and night
 In class room, at work, and at play.
 I've hunted him day after day,
 But he's always just out of my sight.

Sometimes so hot's been the chase
 That I've thought I had him in hand;
 But he's sure to slip every band
 As soon as I slacken my pace.

At evening, and midnight, and dawn,
 Have bright elfin visions appeared,
 And I've thought that I need not have feared,
 But, alas! in a trice they were gone.

So always this elf that I've sought
 Has escaped all pursuit, every snare,
 Until now I give up in despair
 This elf of a poetic thought.

—Mount Holyoke.

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EMERSON.

Holman F. Day, the author of *Up in Maine*, has given us, in *Pine Tree Ballads*,¹ another book of rhymed stories of Yankee life which will doubtless gain for him as great renown as the former. In the people of Maine he has found an abundant mine of literary material. What Bret Harte has done for the miners and adventurers of California Mr. Day is doing for the farmers, seamen, and lumbermen of Maine. He shows us that beneath the rough exterior there is hidden much humor, honesty, and tenderness. Considerable thought as well as sentiment is expressed. The picturesque character studies and plain tales of Maine life are told in rollicking though not crude verse with the characteristic Yankee dialect. This volume is well illustrated by photographs of the queer characters of its pages. The frontispiece is from a photograph of Uncle Solon Chase of Chase's Mills in Androscoggin County, whose fame as "Them Steers" is national.

Analytical Psychology,² by Lightner Witmer, Assistant Professor of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania, is a practical manual for colleges and normal schools. Its purpose is to present the facts and principles of mental analysis in the form of simple illustrations and experiments. The experiments which are to be performed by the students are explicitly described and they may be performed without the use of costly or complicated apparatus. To assist in comprehending the psychological and physiological principles, forty-two diagrams are inserted in the text.

In the order of study of mental phenomena, pedagogical rather than purely scientific motives are considered. The course of the analysis successively presents the essential features of apperception, perception, attention, the range and limits of consciousness, the association of mental contents and of physiological and physical processes, and the relation of mental contents to these processes. It is an unique book and will doubtless be of great assistance to teachers and students of Psychology.

A book which will make an admirable text-book for Bible classes is *The Principles of Jesus*,³ by Robert E. Speer. This book, like all of Mr. Speer's works, is characterized by simplicity and clearness of thought, earnest feeling, and directness of force and expression. Its purpose is to aid in solving the problem of what Jesus approves and what he condemns in our present day life. The way to learn this is to find the principles from the words and life of Christ and then apply them. Not only are conclusions stated, but a method for the pursuit of practical moral questions is given. The various chapters are suitably divided and a series of questions for review work is added.

A most interesting little book is *Bits of Broken China*,⁴ by W. E. S. Fales. As its title suggests, it is a series of sketches of men of the Mongolian race. The stories are based upon occurrences in Chinatown, New York, and the characters are citizens of this district. From these sketches we learn many characteristic phases of the Chinaman's life, and come to see what his ideals and ambitions are, and, though we find them much different from our own, we can but have a certain respect and reverence for them as such. The author does not attempt to depict his Chinamen as models, but he portrays the weaknesses as well as the strength of their nature. The illustrations preceding each sketch make the volume attractive.

Although extended discussions of the life and writings of Horace are published in connection with the various editions of Horace's works, we welcome another account of this subject in separate and independent form. This we have in Professor Ashmore's little book, *A Brief Survey of the Life and Writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus*.⁵ Here important information for the student of Horace is set forth in an interesting manner. The author has recourse not only to the Horatian text, but to most of the recently published literature on Horace in Germany, England, and America. Skill is shown in the selection and arrangement of facts.

¹Pine Tree Ballads. Holman F. Day. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

²Analytical Psychology. Lightner Witmer. Ginn & Co., Boston.

³The Principles of Jesus. Robert E. Speer. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$.80.

⁴Bits of Broken China. W. E. S. Fales. Street & Smith, New York. \$.75.

⁵Survey of the Life and Writings of Horace. Sidney G. Ashmore. The Grafton Press, New York.

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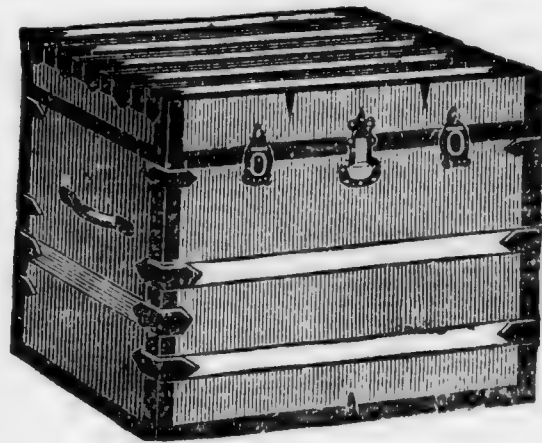
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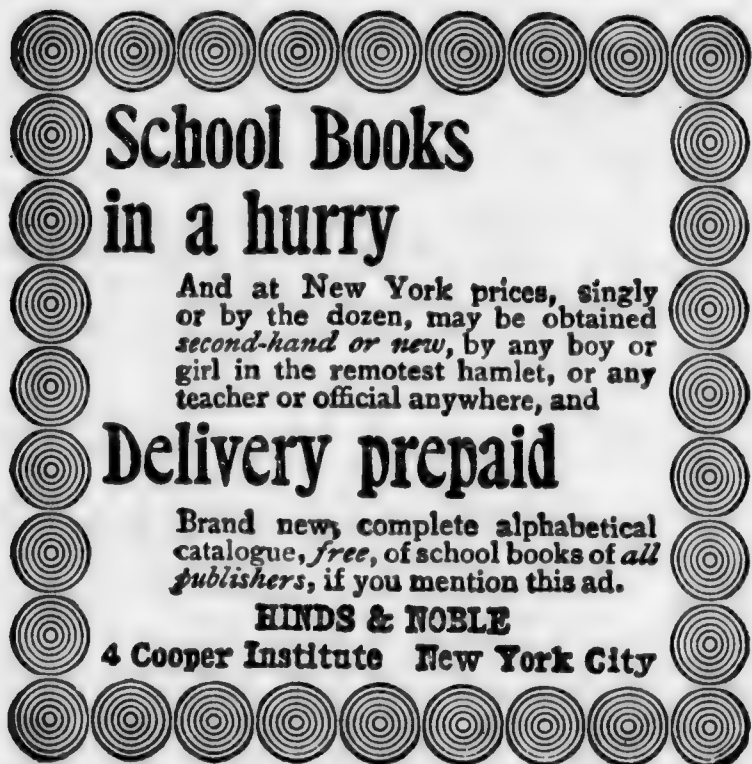
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List—List, O List.

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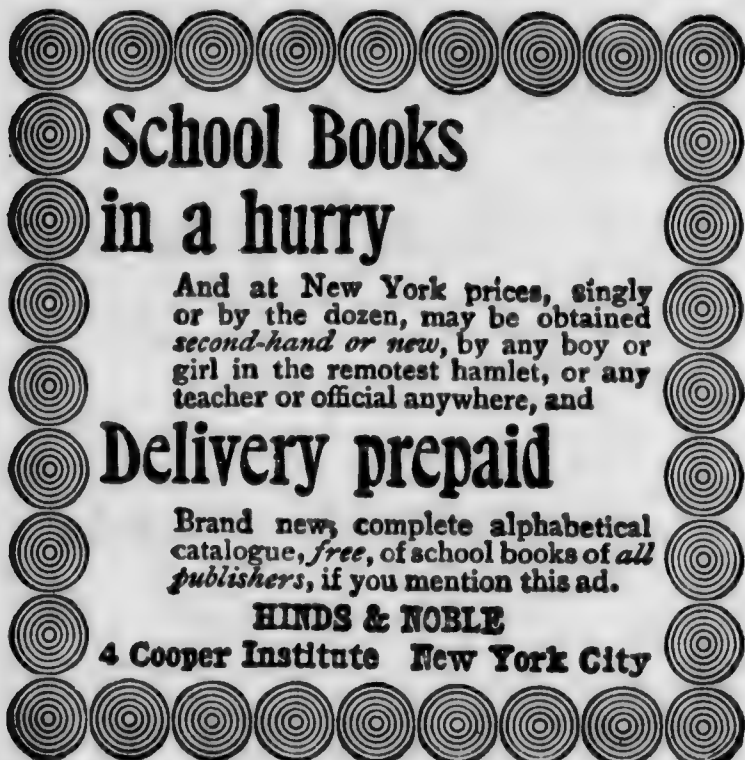
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But this eternal blazon must not be
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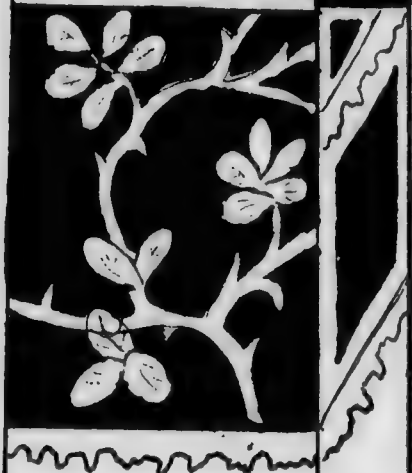
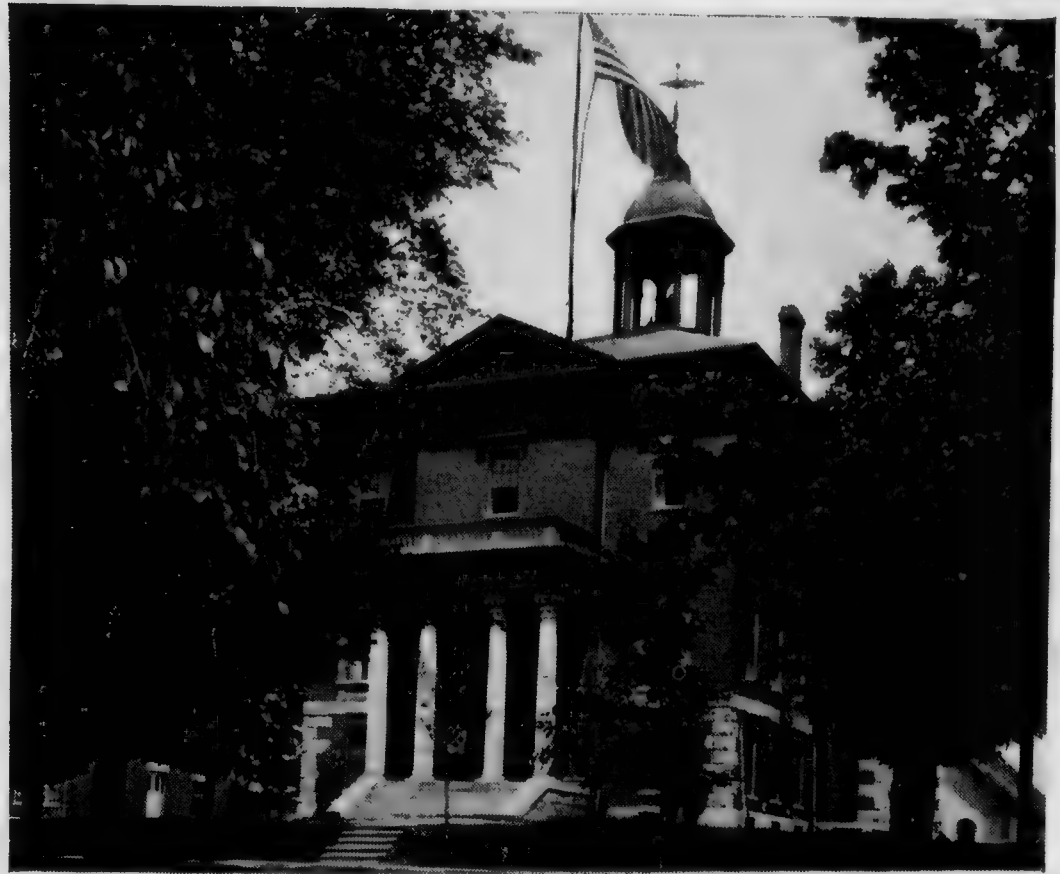
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Vol. XXX.

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The Bates Student.



October

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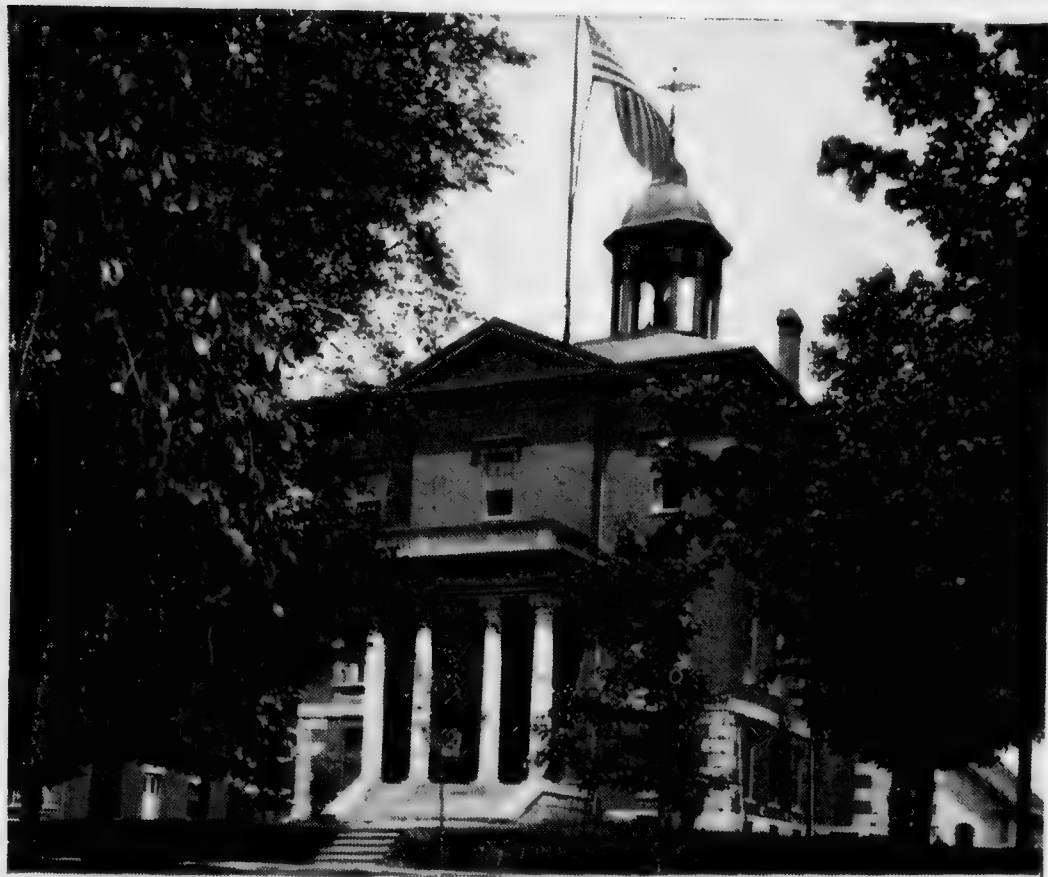
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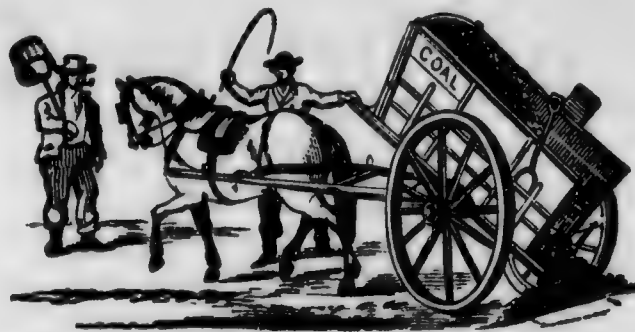
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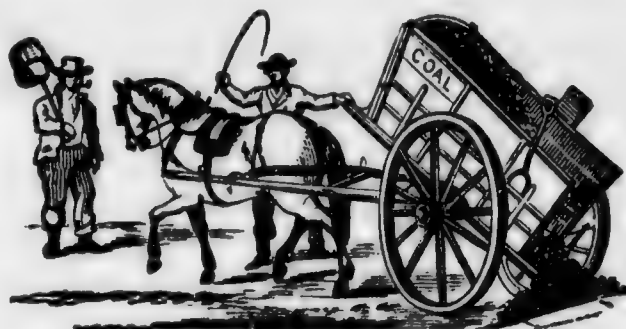
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Literary.

AUTUMN.

Sad are the days. The hours, Oh how weary!
 The wind moans thro' the leafless tree-tops.
 One by one the leaves ride by,
 Tossed by chilly blasts from Norland.
 The tears of dying summer
 Have bleached the wayside flowers;
 White and skeleton-like they stand
 With imploring, bony hands
 Upraised for love and pity.
 But list, from off the rugged peaks
 An anthem grand is swelling,
 Now loud resounding notes,
 Now minors weird and shivery.
 It speaks of death, of cold, of night,
 Of chilly damps, and then
 It winds in majesty above the tomb
 'Mid melodies from angels' wings.
 "The prison shall be loosed;
 The bars shall break in twain;
 The spirit of the living God
 Shall give ye life again.
 Silvery chimes shall ring once more,
 The joyous trumpets peal,—
 The warrior brave shall don his mail,
 The battle charge be made.
 Death is but life; the tomb,
 Is but the resurrection feast
 Whereat each soul must feed.
 The leaves, the flowers, the grasses,
 All that breathe and all that feel
 Shall rise again. Shall rise again."

 Then softer, lower, sweeter, slower
 The requiem of the hills
 Sobs out its message, then is still.
 The leaves now sink to sleep.
 Scarlet and gold, bleached white and brown,
 They all shall lie and sleep and sleep.

HOW THE GAME WAS WON.

WHEN Carter presented himself at the dressing-room door
 Coach Johnson asked him sharply what he wanted.
 "I have come for a suit, if you please," replied Carter simply.
 The coach faced about with a mingled expression of surprise
 and anger. Was this fellow making sport of him or of his pro-

fession or of the 'varsity team? These questions flashed through his mind one after the other with the rapidity of thought, but they did not find words. Instead of the sharp retort that most of the spectators had expected, the coach looked for a moment into the dark eyes raised fearlessly and fixedly to his, then as if performing an act long contemplated but half forgotten, strode to the closet and selected the newest and smallest foot-ball suit there and, returning, handed them to the new applicant for athletic honors.

Carter glanced around at the fellows standing in all stages of undress about the room, saw the looks of surprise and wonder upon every face, and smiled quietly. There was something peculiar about Carter's smile noticeable to every one who ever saw it. In class or debate it was the same. Never mirthful but always masterful, almost sneeringly so. Those who knew him best acknowledged that they did not understand him and those who knew him only as the most successful debater and the most brilliant student at Royal Oaks Academy, wondered where his power lay. Under medium height and ordinary of features, there was still that about him irresistibly attractive, so that even those who envied him most, who were bitter and slanderous behind his back, in his presence melted to affability as snow to water before the warmer spring sun. But no one knew where he came from; his family connections were unknown; and hitherto he had never taken any active part in athletics at the Royal Oakes. These facts were enough to ostracize any other fellow from the comradeship of the students.

It was the third week of field practice when Carter joined the candidates for places upon the gridiron, and only three days before the big annual game between the Royal Oakes and the team from the city High School between which there had always been the most intense rivalry. The jealousy of the two schools was based upon the fancied feeling of superiority that the boys of the Royal Oakes were suspected of having over the public school-fellows. This may or may not have been the case, but it at least was the cause.

The speculations regarding the make-up of the first eleven were many and contradictory. Coach Johnson was reported to have made several decisions, only to change his men again and again.

Captain Morrill was fierce whenever the subject was mentioned, and no one could tell his opinion of the conditions. It

had been comparatively an easy matter before the appearance of Carter. With his advent all was changed. That he should be given a show for a place at all would have been taken as a joke a week before, for who had ever seen him on the field? But now every player felt that a new star had risen that threatened to outshine them all. Carter distinguished himself the first afternoon out by his skillful dodging and swift running. No one thought at the time that the other fellows were playing unusually slow ball, but attributed Carter's superiority to his superior skill. The day before the game the excitement ran high. The list of players would be posted on the bulletin by the coach or captain, and every player was on tiptoe to know who would be chosen for the first team.

Contrary to the usual custom the list was not posted until the supper bell had rung, calling all the boys to the dining-room. When they passed out there was the list. Carter's name was next to the last, but he had been given the position of quarterback.

"Come, fellows! Quick! Line up! Line up! We've got 'um this time easy! Smith, Collins! Quick now!"

The captain of the Royal Oakes was excited; so was the captain of the High School. The spectators rose in their seats and waved banners, hats, and handkerchiefs. The sweaty, mud-splattered, and panting fellows hurried to their positions, grimly determined to win or fail fighting hard.

The teams were very evenly matched. In the first half neither side had scored, although the Royal Oakes had twice seen their goal in immediate danger and it was seen that they were weakening before the steady battering from the High School eleven.

"Now, boys, keep low and hold 'em," shouted Captain Morrill to his dripping Olympians. "Six, twenty-seven, eighty-four, sixty-six, seven——"

"Look out, Morrill! Your ball," hissed Carter, springing forward the instant the ball was snapped. There was a moment when the right halfback seemed to have passed the opponents' end, then a tumbled heap of struggling humanity hid the ball and the captain. But in the fall Morrill had dropped the ball, which rolled and bounded away from the human mount, followed by two fellows, Carter and Captain Harvey of the High School. The captain reached it first and secured it by a low bound and sped on, followed by Carter only a space behind. The other fellows were now disentangled and trailing

on behind, tripping, blocking, tackling or rolling in the mud and dirt. Then Carter did a strange thing. He almost stopped, raised both hands above his head and brought them down to his sides with a quick motion. Very few could ever tell what followed, but it seems Captain Harvey fell suddenly, losing the ball, which again bounded on toward the goal of the Royal Oakes. But before the captain could regain his feet, Carter darted past him, seized the ball and in a wide detour, had started back across the field towards the twenty converging men through whom he must pass to reach the High School goal. The captain was close behind, striving with ten-fold might to retrieve his blunder; before them the medley of friends and enemies.

Captain Morrill saw Carter's play and his quick brain grasped the whole situation. He himself was in the very advance of the crowd, pursuing Harvey and free from opposing interference. Behind him came several of his own and the opponents' men, and behind them the field was cumbered here and there by men of both sides,—tackle and tackled in undistinguished heaps. Turning quickly he gave a yell of joy to find one of his own men close behind.

"Tackle, Jim!" he growled as he picked his man from the enemy and rushed at him. Carter followed his captain, clutching the ball hard. Morrill met his man with terrible force; both fell, half-stunned by the encounter, and Carter leaping over their prostrate bodies, sped on. "Jim" had met his man and occupied all his attention, but another of the enemy from the side bore down upon Carter like a whirlwind, his long arms outstretched to tackle, a look of triumph on his face. But even as he reached for Carter and just as the High School rooters were starting a yell of triumph and derision, he stumbled and fell, rolling under Carter's feet, who sped on for a moment free of pursuit, with the long field before him. The fifty, the fifty-five yard was crossed. The High School eleven was recovering their ground. Half the Royal Oakes were in the mud. Carter could expect no more help from his friends; the rear which had been the enemy, was now the advance and gaining fast. Thirty-five, thirty. The lines of white plaster seemed to the spectators to be legion. Could the runner hold out for sixty feet more? The pursuers were now three in number, neck to neck, eagerly gaining. Carter was running slower; his head thrown back, his body outstretched and the ball tight under his right arm. The spectators rose and, friend or foe, joined in a loud yell of encouragement. But Carter was

really failing it seemed just at the point of victory. The twenty-yard line was passed with the pursuers not five yards behind. This lead was almost lost before the fifteenth-yard line was crossed. At the tenth-yard line Proctor, the popular High School fullback, with a great bound sprang at Carter to tackle. He touched his legs but fell headlong to the ground, tripping the other two in his fall. Carter, who had been merely trotting the last ten yards, now actually walked under the goal.

Never in all the history of athletic contests at Royal Oakes had excitement run so high. Women and girls rose in their seats and waved handkerchiefs and shouted. The men and boys fairly yelled themselves wild. Time was up before the goal could be kicked, and the game ended 6-0 in favor of the Royal Oakes.

Carter was carried off the field on the shoulders of his enthusiastic companions. It was not until several years afterwards that those of his fellows who witnessed his playing, could understand his phenomenal success. It was at a popular theatre in New York, that several of his old friends met him as Carter, the Hypnotist, whose wonderful feats were astonishing the public. There was the same half-sneering smile upon his lips, and the same fascination about his face. He posed as the electric man. It was said that any person touching him would be rendered momentarily powerless, while with his eye he held spellbound all whom he chose to influence.

ROSE COTTAGE.

NO one lives there now. The gentle wash of the waves mingles with the sweet perfume of the roses; the sunset lines fade away into the silver of the ocean and the night falls. The sea-birds hover peacefully above the cliffs and finally swoop to their nests in the crannies of the grey sea-wall. But the mother and the child are gone.

The mother and the child? Oh, yes! *there* lies the story.

Sixty years ago there came to the cottage on the cliff a sad, beautiful woman. With her one maid she dwelt there by the sea. People wondered who the sad-eyed lady could be and strange tales were founded on her quiet but sudden appearance in the outskirts of the little fishing hamlet.

Rumor, so seldom truthful in its suppositions, unwittingly hit upon facts. The Madame was the wife of a wealthy sea-captain and owner of a fine craft. Shortly after their marriage, he had received an important message from Her Majesty, Queen of

England, to be taken in person to Lord A—— of India. Although a bride of but two short months, the brave woman bade him go. As he embarked on his royal errand and kissed her fondly farewell, he said, "God watches on land and on sea, dear one; be not afraid and all will be well."

The months passed by, six long, weary months, and then came the awful news—the Roselee with its entire crew had gone to the bottom, even within sight of its native land.

Calmly the bride heard the dread message, but the bright bloom of youth faded from her cheek and the pallor of a dead heart settled upon it. With one maid, the nurse who had tended her from infancy, she went to dwell on the cliff by the sea. There she could look far out over the ocean and see the white caps foam over the reef where her husband had found his sleep. There her child was born; there she hoped to bury her grief and begin life anew with her fatherless babe.

Roselee was the infant's name, given her in sad remembrance of the gallant ship in which the captain had made his last voyage.

On the day of the little one's birth, the old nurse planted by the cottage door a thriving young rose-bush, her tears dampening the brown earth as she crumbled it between her fingers. She was an old woman—probably she would never live to see the roses clamber over the roof and twine about the windows, but the child—the little one nestling by its mother's heart and crooned to sleep by the tender lullaby of the ocean's song—yes, the child would pluck the fair blossoms for many years to come. And then the aged woman bent her head in prayer.

While the old nurse lived, the young mother seldom entered the village, but when Death came and took home the loyal old servant, the Madame became a well-known figure in the village streets. The fisher-folk, as they sat by their doors or trawled in their nets on the strand, often spoke of the sweet lady on whom God loved to smile. The simple folk! They did not know that the young widow's heart ached night and day. Her sweet smile as they knelt for her blessing suggested to them a holy happiness—to her God it lay bare a broken heart.

Her first walk after the birth of little Roselee was to the edge of the cliff at sunset hour. On her arm she held her laughing babe, reaching its tiny fingers toward the rose which she held in her other hand. Her sad eyes wandered over the smiling ocean; its waters tinted by the rosy glow of the heavens, dimpled and flushed. The tide was creeping slowly up the cliff and the grey

of evening was dulling the waves—the sun had set deep in its watery grave. Far out where the white-caps silvered in the first moon-ray, lay the husband rocked gently in his ocean-home. Madame raised the rose to her lips and kissed it, then pressing it fondly to her baby's cheek, she cast the little blossom over the cliff into the restless, throbbing sea.

The tide had turned.

Out over the waves it floated—far, far out—perhaps to nestle in the sparkling foam by the reef—far out at sea.

While the roses lasted, the same sweet service was repeated in storm or in calm.

One night when the winds were raging, an old sailor chanced upon the headland. Brightly gleamed the lightning and loudly roared the tempest. A vivid flash lit up earth and sea and heavens—and the hardy seaman trembled. There on the cliff's edge he saw a woman and she was casting something into the sea. Then darkness closed about them. In his superstitious fear he hastened from the spot, and that night in the homes of the fisher-folks he told of the eerie woman who stepped from the very sea-foam to the lonely cliff at the headland. "She was no woman of earth," the old man vowed. "She was an eerie thing—a speerit!"

Lee, the little one, frolicked and played about the cottage like a fairy sprite and, as the mother sat by the door and watched her, her heart lightened—the dull ache wore away. Sometimes the grave, pale woman even joined in the childish sport. But never did they forget to go to the cliff at eventide with their flower for the dear, dead one.

Four years had passed and happiness again peeked in at the cottage door. The Madame laughed occasionally now—life meant something for her after all—for there was Lee. She let herself look into the future—far into the future, and pictured her child grown to a tall, lovely lass. Even more—she pictured her a bride and thought, "Yes! Lee shall wear a spray of these cottage roses on her bridal day." As she sat dreaming, supposing the little one to be asleep in her cot where, but an hour before, she had heard her evening prayer, the mother sang softly.

But Lee was *not* asleep; in her childish brain she was forming a plan. Yes! she'd do it! Softly she clambered out of bed in her little white nightgown and crept through the open door. Picking a great armful of the fragrant roses, she trotted over the grass to the verge of the cliff. The sky was streaked with heavy

clouds through which the moon shone weirdly; the tide was high and roared against the cliff like an angry monster. The low, subtle moan of the undertow ended with a hiss as the water sucked the pebbles far out at every wave.

Something troubled the singer and she glanced toward the white cot in the corner. Empty! The woman blanched to the lips. As she rushed to the door, the moon sailed calmly, serenely into the open sky. There on the verge of the cliff stood Lee with her arms full of roses. She heard her mother's step and turned to greet her with a merry laugh,—but the little feet tottered and she fell, clutching tightly her wealth of roses. The cold waters received their treasures and bore them away—far, far out to sea.

The frenzied woman reached out her arms and fell with an agonizing cry, her head pillowed on the very spot where her darling child had stood. All sense and feeling had left her. Thus they found her—the simple fisher-folk.

Dead? No, not dead. Watchful care brought to life the dear Madame, but with life came the drear hopelessness of a heart twice crushed.

Time rolled on. The years brought their sorrows and their blessings as all years do—that was all.

The sun was set; the night-wind moaned. The wash of the waves was hushed and low. Outlined dimly against the sombre sheen of the water was the form of an old woman, her thin hair blown by the sea-breeze. Her wasted hands reached out to the vast ocean, and a sob was heard in the darkness.

—M. A. B., '05.

IN THE IRON AGE.

The day on which the Puritan stepped upon the Plymouth strand
 Did see the broad foundation laid of this our noble land.
 New England then was different far from what it is to-day,
 Through its entire length and breadth primeval forests lay,
 These forests filled with red-men were, who with displeasure saw
 The coming of the white-man, the advent of his law.
 Sad and dreary must this land to the Pilgrim father seemed,
 When he saw it but a forest where beast and redskin teemed.
 He saw it at a dreary time, the saddest of the year,
 For 'twas in bleak November, whose winds are cold and sear,
 That the Pilgrim ship did first draw nigh the wild New England shore,
 And sailed along the rock-bound coast a hundred miles or more.
 They found no fit location in which their homes to build,
 For all alike was dismal, wild, and with the red-skins filled.

But they had burned their bridges, for them no turning back,
 They'd left behind oppression, the prison, and the rack,
 And come to this new country to find another home,
 Where they could worship as they wished and dwell with God alone,
 Where they could rear their children to a nobler, higher life,
 Than any deemed it possible in England's world of strife.
 At last they dropped their anchor within the Plymouth bay,
 And began to build their houses for they were there to stay,
 But trials thick and heavy came in their first winter there,
 They had to face the famine, sickness and despair.
 The frozen hillsides dotted were with graves of Pilgrim dead,
 Thus early snatched from their new homes to fill an earthy bed;
 And when at last the summer came with welcome heat and light,
 Their numbers sadly lessened were by winter's cold and blight.
 But they never gave up striving, however great the cause,
 And soon they were beyond the reach of famine's hungry claws.
 They raised their sons to manhood to brave and hardy be,
 To fight and die for country, for God and liberty;
 And when in after ages the hated George the Third
 By unjust acts and taxes the whole wide country stirred,
 Their children raised a standard on Bunker's lordly height,
 And showed the British redcoats how Pilgrim boys could fight.
 Some left their bones to whiten on Monmouth's battle-ground,
 And everywhere that danger lay were the sons of Pilgrims found.
 But when there was occasion to speak a prudent word,
 In the council halls of Congress their voices might be heard.
 In council or in battle they proved their sterling worth,
 And never yet have left a stain on their New England birth.
 They've given to our keeping, with pages bright and fair,
 Our own New England's history with no blot resting there;
 And may it ever be our pride to keep its pages clean,
 And pass it down unsullied by anything that's mean.

—ENNIS McLAIRD.

SATAN.

WE of the twentieth century would like to attribute all
 superstitions to the past. We boast that we live in an
 enlightened age, when shadows, which draped the world for
 countless ages of antiquity, are being lifted and dispersed by light
 of true day. So strong within us is the feeling of superiority to
 the past that we do not seem to realize that one of the strongest
 and most prominent factors of our present-day theology,—the
 belief in the existence of Satan,—is still new in comparison with
 the life history of man.

The purest religion of the ancients was that of the Jews.
 This religion taught one, and only one living God,—Jehovah.
 To this God were given various attributes, among others those of

anger and revenge. It was not until after the Hebrews had found and mingled with other nations that any distinction was made between the sources of good and evil. Then it was that the word Satan was first used. It is probable that the tempter of Eve was not considered by the Hebrews to be more than a serpent, a low, cunning, jealous beast who desired Eve's downfall because he envied man his exalted position. Even after the Hebrews accepted the belief in the personality of Satan, they attributed to him little less power and glory than to God himself. It is this spirit, which, three thousand years later, John Milton, a famous English poet, has made the central figure in his great poem, "Paradise Lost." It was as a close companion of the Almighty that Satan caused Job to be tried and tested, otherwise why did God carry out the advice of Satan? Much later in the history of Hebrew affairs, it came to be a common inference that Satan was a spirit apart from God and a worker of evil as opposed to the Divinity. Then the Hebrews, in order not to conflict with their theology of monotheism, taught war in Heaven and the expulsion of Satan from the realms of the Blessed.

Gradually the character of Satan changed. At first God-like in form and power, glorious in the splendor and magnificence of his court, later he sank to his present state of loathsome hell until his name stands for all we hate and fear.

This change is not, however, due to the Hebrews. Their history never fails to speak of Satan as a powerful, masterful spirit whose advice David himself followed when he "caused the people to be numbered." Even at so late a time as that of Christ we find Satan promising "all the kingdoms of the world," saying "this power will I give thee and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me." And St. Luke testifies to having seen "Satan falling as lightning from heaven," a sentence which reminds us of Milton's thought, "Him the Almighty Power hurled headlong flaming thro' ethereal skie." St. Paul warns true believers against evil persons, saying "their coming is after the working of Satan with all power," and again, "many are turned aside after Satan." The change in the personality of Satan, as we see it to-day, came about through the intercourse of the Hebrews with the Greeks and Romans and Persians. The Gods of the gentiles were added to the followers of Satan, and as they were often conceived as sensual and vicious, those attributes were transferred to Satan. The middle ages added to Satan's kingdom the mythical creatures found in the folk lore of Ger-

many, France, and Italy. To number all the phases through which time has led Satan and his crew would necessitate a complete exposition of Demonology.

Milton's Satan was fashioned after the Hebrew conception of that spirit. Unlike Dante, who made his Satan a type of the glutton, the wine drinker, the licentious and corrupt,—Milton pictures Satan as an angel, fallen to be sure, but even in his downfall majestically grand and noble.

There is nothing weak or grovelling in the character of the being who says: "From what height fallen, so much stronger proved He with his thunder; yet not for those, nor what the potent Victor in his rage can else inflict I do repent, or change, that fixt mind and high disdain from sense of injured merit, that with the mightiest raised me to contend in dubious battle on the plains of Heaven, and shook his throne." We are wont to associate Satan with petty vices and mean ambitions; with low ideals and horrible crimes that breed in darkest night. How different is the Satan who, first to recover from the awful fall, arouses his followers with the power of his eloquence, while still the pangs of unaccustomed Hell burn his immortal parts.

"Said then the lost Archangel: 'Farewell, happy fields, where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! Hail, infernal world! And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new possessor, one who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time. The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. What matter where if I be still the same, and what I should be, all but less than he whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least we shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built here for his envy, will not drive us hence; here we may reign secure, and in my charge to reign is worth ambition, though in Hell. Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.'"

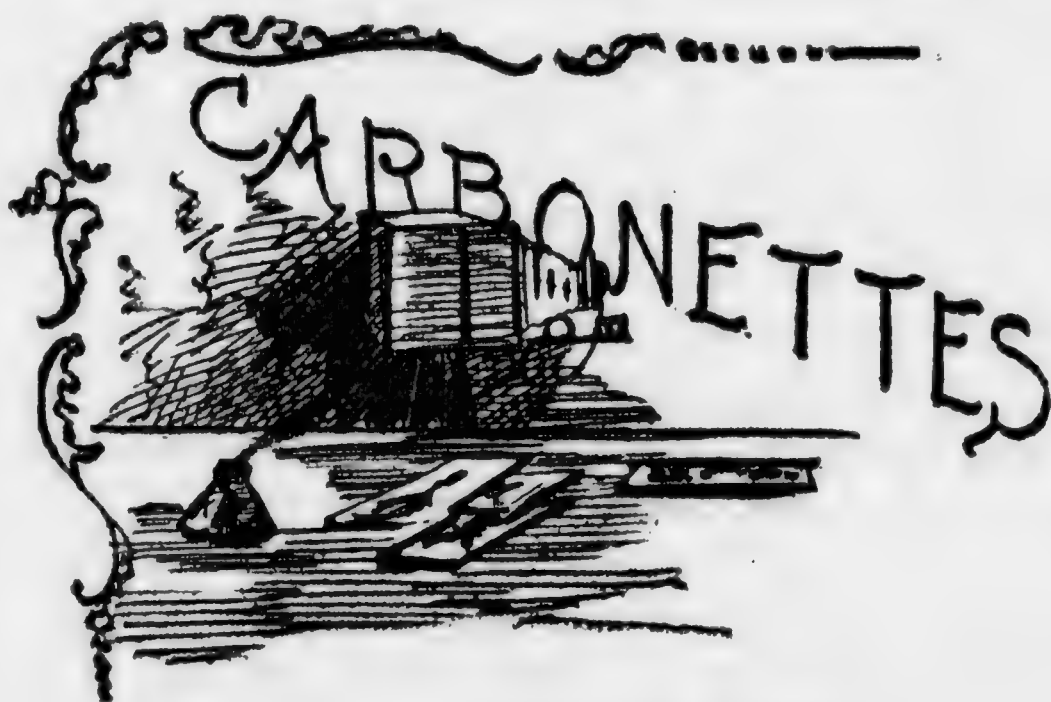
Milton's Satan is not, moreover, the merciless, unfeeling, passionless, unsympathizing being we usually think him to be. See Him as he views the fallen angels, one-third of the flower of Heaven! He notes "the dismal situation waste and wild: a dungeon horrible on all sides round, as one great furnace flam'd," and his whole being is moved until, when he would speak, "thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn, tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last words interwove with sighs found out their way."

Nor is Satan always in dark, horrible places of night where crimes and filth and ruin hold sway. Under his direction rose a

beautiful city and a golden temple lighted with starry lamps where naphtha and asphaltus "yielded light as from a sky," where "High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, or where the gorgeous East with richest hand show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold, Satan exalted sat."

Is it then to man, and to man of comparatively recent years, that the world owes the Satan of modern times? Is it the heart of man that has painted Satan so black?

Which are we to believe, that Satan is noble, majestic, generous, sympathetic and angelic, or that he is the reverse, mean, sneaking, revengeful, cruel, and devilish? Is the Satan of Milton, as so many would like us to believe, the creature of himself, created because he himself was a rebel and felt it "were indeed better to rule in Hell than to serve in Heaven?"



FROM MY DIARY.

It was night in Paris. The Boulevard de Port Royal was ablaze with lights and merry with the sound of happy voices. Crowds of pleasure-seekers surged along the walks or sat eating and drinking at little round tables placed under wide awnings. Among the usual *habitués* of the Boulevard mingled many foreigners, for this famous thoroughfare was the most convenient way to and from the Exposition grounds and the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Whatever the nationality, the *genre du bohémien* meet on common ground in the Latin Quarter. Artists from every civilized country find here a hearty welcome. Many a beggar starves here in his dingy attic; many a dark tragedy haunts the narrow passages from the smaller streets; but it will always hold a peculiar fascination for wanderers.

Little Karl had seen palaces of ice and snow; tremendous

cathedrals whose far-reaching spires pierced to the very clouds; he had heard the roar of mighty waterfalls and often at night, when the northern sky was brilliant with shifting lights, he had wondered if the "new magic light of the nineteenth century" could be as beautiful as the soft glow of the polar night. But never till now had he seen such marvels of beauty near enough to touch with his small, hard hands. And so, like one bewildered, he stood gazing about him while the other members of his party gave directions or helped about the placing of their exhibit.

It was night. The Exposition ground was afire with what seemed to Karl thousands of stars. Across the Seine he saw the blaze of many colored lights like a splendid rainbow in the dark sky. It was La Porte Monumentale, but to this child of the north it seemed the Aurora lighting the rugged cliffs of Norway. He never thought as he stood thus with his long yellow hair falling about his ruddy face, dressed in his picturesque costume that he could be an object of interest to others. Had he been conscious of observation he might have lost the natural grace of his poise. Among the gay crowd of sight-seers mingled many attaches of the various national palaces. One of these was a dark-eyed Spanish boy of about Karl's age. He was dressed in the native costume of Spain. Black velvet trousers slashed to the knee and braided with gold, a yellow sash, a white blouse with a velvet jacket, and wide hat trimmed with little tinkling bells. Both boys were closely observed by a group of Americans. The Spaniard had paused at sight of Karl who stood like one in a trance, unheeding everything but the lights he thought were from his distant home. The boy touched Karl's arm before he noticed him.

"Buenas noches, muchacho."

Karl saw him then. If he did not understand the salutation he understood its significance. Here was a boy like himself a stranger in a new world inviting him to behold the wonders of fairyland. In an instant, as it seemed to one who was watching them, nature spanned the distance from frozen north to the orange groves of sunny Spain. One language is common to boys, a smile, a nod, and a thumb pointed over the shoulder. "Qui, qui," cried Karl delightedly. Then both boys began to laugh, for Karl's yes was like the grunt of a pig, but it was the only word he knew except his native tongue. But a laugh is always the best introduction after all. So arm-in-arm they moved away to be lost in the crowd.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—J. H. Freeman is Superintendent of the State School for the Blind, Jacksonville, Ill.

'70.—I. W. Hanson, Esq., for twenty-four years clerk of courts of Androscoggin County, was presented at the last session of the court by the attorneys of Androscoggin County, with a gold-headed cane. Judge Emery, who presided at this session of the court, made congratulatory remarks. Probably Mr. Hanson's term of service was one of the longest in the State.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin, D.D., of East Orange, will give the address at the dedication of Coram Library on October 22d.

'72.—G. A. Stockbridge, Esq., 120 Broadway, New York, patent attorney of the Westinghouse Co., spent his summer vacation with his family on the shores of Lake Champlain.

'73.—Freedom Hutchinson, Esq., Ames Building, Boston, is attorney for the Swift corporation, probably the largest beef-packing organization in the world.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., has been afflicted by the death of a son.

'79.—E. M. Briggs, Esq., has won distinction by a triumph in an important civil case recently tried in York County with ex-Judge Foster as his legal opponent.

'79.—M. C. Smart is principal of the high school at Littleton, N. H.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle, principal of the high school, Haverhill, Mass., contributes a graduate of his school to Bates, 1906. Mr. Tuttle has a son in the Sophomore Class.

'80.—Dr. F. L. Hayes, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Topeka, Kansas, while on his vacation in Lewiston, preached several sermons at the Main Street Free Baptist Church during the summer.

'80.—M. P. Judkins, M.D., is practicing his profession in Rockland, Me.

'80.—E. E. Richards, Esq., Farmington, Me., is one of the leaders of the bar for Franklin County.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout was one of the speakers at a recent Christian Endeavor Convention held in Boston.

'82.—E. R. Richards publishes a daily and weekly newspaper in Hailey, Idaho.

'83.—J. L. Reade, Esq., of Lewiston, has been elected clerk of courts of Androscoggin County.

'84.—E. H. Emery has been made one of the head superintendents of the signal service of the United States with his office at 100 Broadway, New York.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., of Lewiston, is Representative-elect to the next Maine Legislature.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is principal of the high school, Easthampton, Mass.

'86.—S. G. Bonney, M.D., has by the suffrages of 80 physicians of Denver, Col., been made president of the new medical college recently established in that city by the union of two former colleges.

'86.—Rev. Charles Hadley was cited by President White of Colby College in an address before the Baptist State Association, recently held in Lewiston, as an example of the consecrated Christian scholar. It will be remembered that Mr. Hadley returned from an efficient missionary service in India to die at his home in Lewiston.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson, Superintendent of Schools at Melrose, Mass., will deliver an address upon the elements of success in teaching, before the students of the college on November 11th. Mr. Nickerson has won distinction as an educator, and his address, which will be the first of a series of lectures on educational subjects by Bates graduates, will be of great value to Bates students who contemplate teaching.

'86.—H. S. Sleeper, M.D., is practicing medicine in Lewiston.

'86.—E. D. Varney is principal of a large public school in Springfield, Mass.

'87.—Mrs. N. B. Bonney of Denver, Col., has been visiting in Lewiston.

'87.—E. C. Hayes has been recently chosen instructor in Chicago University.

'87.—J. R. Dunton, Esq., is superintendent of schools at Belfast, Me.

'88.—C. W. Cutts, principal of the high school at Merrimac, Mass., has been afflicted in the death of his wife. Mr. Cutts has two daughters, one 12, the other 6 years of age.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb, M.D., is practicing medicine in Minot, Me.

'92.—C. M. Blanchard, Esq., was attorney for the defense in the Holbrook murder trial recently held in Farmington.

'92.—Born at Harper's Ferry to Ernest Osgood, a daughter.

'92.—C. C. Ferguson, principal of the high school, Somersworth, N. H., contributes three graduates from his school to Bates, 1906.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, Esq., county attorney for Androscoggin, was especially complimented by Judge Emery for his remarkable efficiency in the discharge of his duties.

'92.—Scott Wilson, assistant county attorney for Cumberland County, will deliver the address at the presentation of the Stanton portrait at Coram Library, October 22d.

'93.—The engagement of M. E. Joiner, Esq., of New York City, and Grace E. Conant, Professor of English in Woman's College, Baltimore, has been recently announced.

'93.—Mrs. M. J. Hodgdon is the author of a finely illustrated work, entitled "Historic Nashua."

'93.—Prof. N. C. Bruce, for nine years Dean of the College Department of Shaw University, has been elected principal of the public schools for the colored race at St. Joseph, Mo.

'93.—L. E. Moulton, Esq., principal of high school, Rockland, Me., delivered an address at the Knox County Teachers' Convention held in Rockland, October 6.

'94.—S. I. Graves, a district supervisor for the New Haven public schools, addressed the Bates students at chapel on October 9th. See last STUDENT.

'95.—Miss S. L. Staples is teaching in the high school, Wakefield, Mass.

'95.—Nora G. Wright, who has taught in Providence, R. I., since her graduation, spent part of her vacation recently in Lewiston.

'96.—O. F. Cutts of the Harvard Law School, lectured on foot-ball before the Ariel Club, Lewiston, October 11th.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom, M.D., who is practicing medicine in Greene, saved the life of a lady recently in a fire at the risk of his own.

'96.—R. L. Thompson, M.D., who has been engaged in laboratory work (bacteriological and pathological) in a Boston City

Hospital, has been appointed to the Rockefeller Fellowship in the Harvard Medical School, where he is engaged in original research. The appointment is a marked distinction, as this fellowship is the only one given to Harvard by Mr. Rockefeller.

'98.—G. C. Minard, for two years a member of this class, is superintendent of schools in Rockland, Me.

'98.—J. F. Brackett is teaching the high school, Deer Isle, Me.

'98.—T. E. Woodside is to take the examination on October 21st for admission to practice in the courts of Maine.

'98.—Miss A. M. Tasker, formerly teacher in the high school, Quincy, Mass., is teaching in the high school, New Bedford, Mass.

'98.—A. D. True and Mabel Garcelon of Lewiston, were married the 21st of August. Mr. True is principal of Oxford High School.

'99.—Muriel E. Chase will read the poem at the dedication of Coram Library, October 22d.

'99.—M. P. Dutton, district superintendent of the public schools, Augusta, Me., presided at the recent convention of the Kennebec County Teachers' Association held in Augusta.

'99.—Georgia M. Knapp died at her home in Lewiston after a long illness on October 10th. The engagement of Miss Knapp to Rev. C. S. Calhoun, also of '99, was announced some time ago. Mr. Calhoun resigned his pastorate in Michigan several months ago and has been in Lewiston for some time.

'99.—Everett Peacock is principal of the high school at Stonington, Me.

'99.—Susie L. Rounds is at her work again as teacher of modern languages in Leavitt Institute after a somewhat serious illness.

1900.—F. B. Ayer is vice-superintendent of schools and principal of the high school at Nutley, N. J.

1900.—R. D. Purinton is coaching the Bates foot-ball squad this season.

1900.—B. E. Packard, principal of Litchfield Academy, responded to the address of welcome given to the teachers of Kennebec County at their recent meeting in Augusta.

1901.—C. E. Wheeler is teacher of sciences in Leominster Academy, Leominster, Mass.

1901.—E. F. Davis is principal of the grammar school at Thomaston, Me.

1901.—A. C. Clark was united in marriage to Miss Frances G. Horton at the Methodist Episcopal Church, North Tisbury, Mass., August 28th.

1901.—L. C. Demack is winning distinction as organist of the Episcopal Church, Beverly, Mass.

1902.—J. F. Hamlin is teacher of English and Oratory in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. This is one of the leading preparatory schools in Massachusetts. This statement corrects an error made in the last issue.

1902.—H. A. Blake is principal of the high school, Hollis, N. H.

1902.—Miss L. F. Kimball is a teacher in the high school at Wells, Me.

1902.—E. L. McLain is teacher of sciences in the free high school, New London, Conn.

1902.—Miss B. S. Field is a teacher in an Auburn public school.

1902.—E. R. Wall has entered the law school, University of Maine.

1902.—Alfred McCleary goes to Porto Rico the last of October to teach in a government school.

1902.—V. D. Harrington is learning the hotel business in the Quincy House, Boston.

Around the Editors' Table.

IMPROVEMENT is the order of the day with us just now. Our courses of study are being improved and brought up to date, our buildings are becoming far more convenient and habitable, a suitable place has been provided for the use of the baseball, foot-ball and track teams—our athletic field.

In fact, it seems that nothing has stood still during the past two or three years, except the tennis interest. In this respect no one will deny that we are far behind, both in number of players and in quality of play, what we were three years ago. Since our double team won at Longwood we have been resting somewhat on our laurels, which are now becoming somewhat the worse for wear.

The tournament this fall showed, as a whole, an advance in quality, but the number of players decreased. Think it over a minute. Is this right? Is it necessary? Material we have in plenty. Some of the best players that Bates ever had were no better when they entered than some of our present Freshmen. It is simply a question of hard, daily practice, and of this we are sure, if your play stands high enough you will have a chance to use it for the honor of the college. Don't lag behind in any particular. Keep Bates' advancement symmetrical.

OUR literary societies need the support, and the hearty support of every member of our student body. If they had it, the work of the various committees would be lightened. The society in no way conflicts with the college work; it is, on the other hand, a course which runs along parallel to it, and a course which can be taken to advantage by every one of us.

Here then is a chance for those who have been here before to help carry on a work which must prove of value to them. And here is a chance for each member of the Freshman Class to take hold and get for himself that which he cannot get elsewhere. We advise each one of you: Find the society where you feel that you can do the best work, whose environment is best suited to you, and join it. Give it your best support, for the sake of the society, of the college, and for your own sake.

The numerals signed to the poem "If Only," in our last number, should have been '04 instead of '05. So also in the case of the Carbonette. Our apologies to the writer.

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

A good attendance, considering unfavorable weather, and a general interest has characterized our prayer-meetings this last month. The special feature of the month has been our "Silver Bay Rally." The evening of September 29th was devoted to the reports of the delegates who attended the convention at Lake George, N. Y., last July. Miss Lincoln, '05, spoke of the "Externalities of the Convention." The account of the general meetings was given by Miss Reynolds, '04. An especial mention of the missionary part of the conference was made by Miss Perkins, '05. The hour thus given to "Echoes from Silver Bay" proved interesting and helped us to realize that we are a part of that great student organization which is striving to awaken deeper interest in religious work.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

OCTOBER.

When October's moon tilts high in the sky,
When whispering leaves go swirling by,
Wind spirits stir in each rustling blade
And witches haunt the leaf-strown glade
Were, by dark sighing pines o'erlaid,
Moon-shadows lie,

To you, Oh lovers, whoe'er may dare
With incantations and potents rare,
By the mystic rites of All-Hallow's night,
Call forth the enchanted witches'-flight,
Shall be revealed in eerie sight
Thy fortune rare.

Baldwin, formerly '03, has returned to resume his studies with '04.

We are glad to announce the convalescence of Flanders, '04, from a recent operation for appendicitis.

The students were addressed at chapel recently by Graves, '94, now assistant superintendent of schools in New Haven, Conn.

The Class of 1903 is gradually gathering in its delinquents: Thayer, Stebbins, Lord, Pray, Higgins and Hicks have returned recently.

Our 'varsity boys are having hard luck this year in the way of injuries. Several have been so injured as to be out of practice for a few days.

Because "Monie" so delights in "roasting" his classes, many of the students would like to have "been there" when he was initiated into the Masons recently.

The Freshmen are rather wary of joining the societies this year. Up to this time—the end of the fifth week—the number of new members joining the three societies are: Piaeria, 13; Polymnia, 12; and Eurosophia, 16.

The Juniors, naturally alienated from the other two classes, took their solitary way to Merrymeeting under the chaperonage of Dr. Leonard. The day was beautiful, and all those who went declared that they had a lovely time.

Quite a large class from 1906 are beginning Greek under the instruction of Mr. Ramsdell, '03. The class intends to complete the preparatory work in Anabasis and Iliad this year in order to make up next year the college requirements for the A.B. course.

The regulation of the library is proceeding rather slowly on account of the delayed arrival of furnishings. The shelves and cases for the reference room have come, however, and by the completion of this room will greatly facilitate library work for the students.

The decorating committee of Eurosophia is to be congratulated on the success of their recent renovation of the society room. The wall paper has been changed to a warm terra-cotta tint, with which the dark red hangings form a pleasing contrast. The shutters have been removed and lace curtains in ecru put up. A few new ornaments have been added and a large oval mirror makes a decidedly unique decoration for the room.

On Saturday, October 4th, the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores went on their respective class-rides. Seniors and Sophs amicably joined forces in patronizing Underwood Springs, though for the sake of class distinctions each class took a different route, the Sophs going by train through Portland and the Seniors taking electric by way of Brunswick—thereby having the advantage of staying as long as they wished.

Exchanges.

IT has been the lot of the Ex. man, pleasant or otherwise, to spend the time he should have spent perusing the various papers and magazines, waiting for these to come. For the most part they came not. The connection, broken by the summer vacation, could not seem to be renewed. And it has been with varied sensations (from states of consciousness always continuous) that the editor of this department has been obliged to greet the management with "No work to-day." But enough magazines have at last arrived so that now, on account of the fineness of their quality rather than the largeness of their number, he feels that he can glean enough to fill out his columns.

Greetings to you, messengers from our other colleges, in spite of the increase of work which you bring.

The Ottawa Campus is up to its motto, "Fit via vi," and certainly has cut a good edition for a starter. This magazine seems to have a good division of its space. There is room for poetry, fiction, and solid matter; and the various phases of its own college are well taken up, also. In this issue "The Cliff Dwellings of New Mexico" especially commends itself.

The spirit of one of the editorials in *The University Cynic* appeals to us as particularly fine. It is one which will induce college spirit, and what is best of all, college spirit of a good, healthy sort. From it we take the following:

The chance to make an effort is after all the greatest thing that can be given to a man. Vermont gives this with hearty good will. There are some things that you must give in return for the benefits received. It is as true of college life as of any other, that unselfishness is one of the necessities. If you are to receive the broadest benefits you must throw your personality into the different student enterprises and support the student organizations.

By means of the single substitution of Bates for Vermont the above would receive our entire commendation.

The Colby Echo we wish to congratulate on its story, "The Soul of a Violin." It is a pretty story, prettily told. The heroine is a little girl trying faithfully to master her violin. Each year the report of the teacher is the same, "You play well, but you have not found its soul." Time goes on and her brother, heretofore a healthy, romping lad, is laid away forever. The next time she plays it is before some sick children. Her violin speaks to them. Her sorrow has shown her its soul.

The *Kennebec Journal* is authority for the odd statement that there is a Bates man in the entering class at Bowdoin, a Bowdoin man in the entering class at Colby, and a Colby man in the entering class at the University of Maine. To make the circle complete there should be a Maine man in the entering class at Bates, but there isn't.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth with two hundred and thirty men has the largest entering class in its history. Amherst and Williams also have classes above the average,—about one hundred and twenty each.—*Ex.*

The *Bowdoin Orient* is always welcome, as it shows us what our largest Maine college is doing.—*Ex.*

Whence this idea of the size of Bowdoin?

REVERIES OF A STUDENT.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight;
Feed me on gruel again just for to-night.
I am so weary of sole leather for steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;
Oysters that slept in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath, of Gath.
Weary of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat—
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am.
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed,
Let me once more have old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to turn up and die.—*Ex.*

PHYLLIS.

Phyllis moves and speaks sedately,
Phyllis is a maiden dear;
She is going up to college,
This her wondrous Freshman year.
They will teach her Greek and Latin,
They will discipline her mind;
Little do I care, if Phyllis
Does not leave her home behind.

Phyllis has a plain old father
Following a plain old trade;
But he loves with rare devotion,
This same dainty little maid.
Phyllis has a toil-worn mother,
Who has given of her best,
That the world might be all sunshine
For this darling of her nest.

Phyllis may find store of knowledge
 'Neath her Alma Mater's wing;
 May she not forget the measure
 Of the home-bound tune to sing.
 May she bring her sweetest treasure,
 Love undoled and faith undimmed,
 When again she seeks the cottage
 Where the evening lamps are trimmed.—*Ex.*

Our Book-Shelf.

"Books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

—WORDSWORTH.

In *Dante and the Divine Comedy*,¹ by W. J. Payling Wright, B.A., we have a book of interesting and scholarly studies and notes on Dante and his works. The work is divided into eight studies. The first two chapters are introductory to the study of Dante's works. In the first one we have a general account of the condition of Italy in Dante's time. The battle of Benevento, which occurred within a year of Dante's birth, marked the close of the Middle Ages. By the time Dante was forty years old, the Empire was a mere tradition. The second study gives us an account of Florence, which was at that time the most progressive city in the world. After these introductory chapters, the author turns to a consideration of Dante's works and takes up first the *Vita Nuova* which contains many sonnets and other lyrics in praise of his idealized love, Beatrice. Following this account, there is an interesting note on the name "Beatrice." After a brief statement of the *Terza Rima*, we have three studies of the *Inferno*, the *Purgatio* and the *Paradiso*, and finally a study of the Motif of the Divine Comedy in which the author sums up as "the conquest of the fear of Death."

We are glad to receive from the Pilgrim Press a copy of *The Message of the College to the Church*,² which was noted in our January number of the STUDENT. This book is of special interest to college students since it considers, in a practical way, questions which they often find perplexing. It consists of six lectures which were delivered in the Old South Church in Boston during Lent. The object of this course of lectures was to gain from the college its outlook upon the faith and work of the church. The six addresses and their authors are as follows: *The Religion of a College Student*, by Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, *The Definition of a Good Man*, by President William DeWitt Hyde, *The Development of a Public Conscience*, by President Arthur T. Hadley, *The College and the Home*, by President Franklin Carter, *The Mutual Dependence of the College and the Church*, by President George Harris, *The College Graduate and the Church*, by President William J. Tucker.

The little book, *The Man in the Moon*,³ published by Bonnell, Silver & Company, is well described by its sub-title, *The Unexpected*. The author gives us a series of humorous sketches, some of which are supposed to be taken from his sister's diary. The sketch, *The Man in the Moon*, from which the book takes its title, is a description of the manner in which the man in the moon came to have one side of his face mournful and the other side smiling. *The Twentieth Century Maid* is an account of an artist's endowing with life his statue of the New Woman. There are ten of these sketches, all of which have for their motto "*De mal en pis*." A few appropriate illustrations add to the humor of the book.

*Folk Tales of Napoleon*⁴ consist of two popular legends, *Napoleonder* from the Russian, and *The Napoleon of the People* from the French of Honoré de Balzac, as translated by George Kennan. These traditions of the people are interesting as revelation of national temperament and character rather than on account of their historical truths. They show the profound impression made by Napoleon's personality upon two great peoples. The only point of resemblance in these two tales is the recognition of the supernatural as the controlling factor in Napoleon's life. The French peasant believes this remarkable man was advised and directed by a guiding spirit, while the Russian peasant declares that he was created by the Devil and was afterwards used by God to punish the Russian people. According to the former story the purpose of his creation was to show the power and glory of France, and according to the latter story he was sent on earth to show the divine nature of sympathy and the cruelty of aggressive war.

The Educational Situation,⁵ by John Dewey, is the third number of the *Contributions to Education* published by the University of Chicago Press. The author, who is Professor of the Departments of Philosophy and Education, states that the intense intellectual and moral interest which is attached to all that concerns the school is due to the fact that this institution, more than any other, stands between the past and the future. "It is the living present as reflection of the past and as prophecy of the future." The work is divided into three parts, considering first *The Elementary School*; second, *Secondary Education*, and third, *The College*. In the last part we have an interesting discussion of the college curriculum. The author urges a restoration of the college from its present position of loose, vague preparation for future life to its position as a vocational institution. "It is movement in the direction of the union of truth and use that defines the problems and aims of the existing collegiate situation."

¹Dante and the Divine Comedy. W. J. Payling Wright. John Lane, New York.

²The Message of the College to the Church. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

³The Man in the Moon. Bertram Dendron. Bonnell, Silver & Company, New York.

⁴Folk Tales of Napoleon. The Outlook Company, New York. \$1.00.

⁵The Educational Situation. John Dewey. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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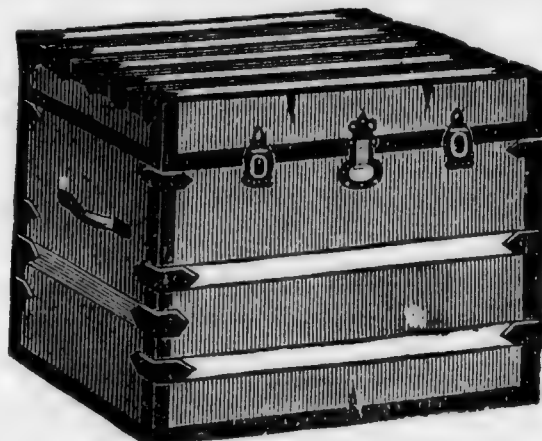
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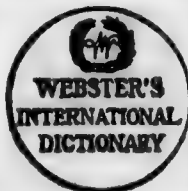
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Pocket Cutlery at V. S. DARLING BICYCLE CO., 15 Court St., Auburn, Me.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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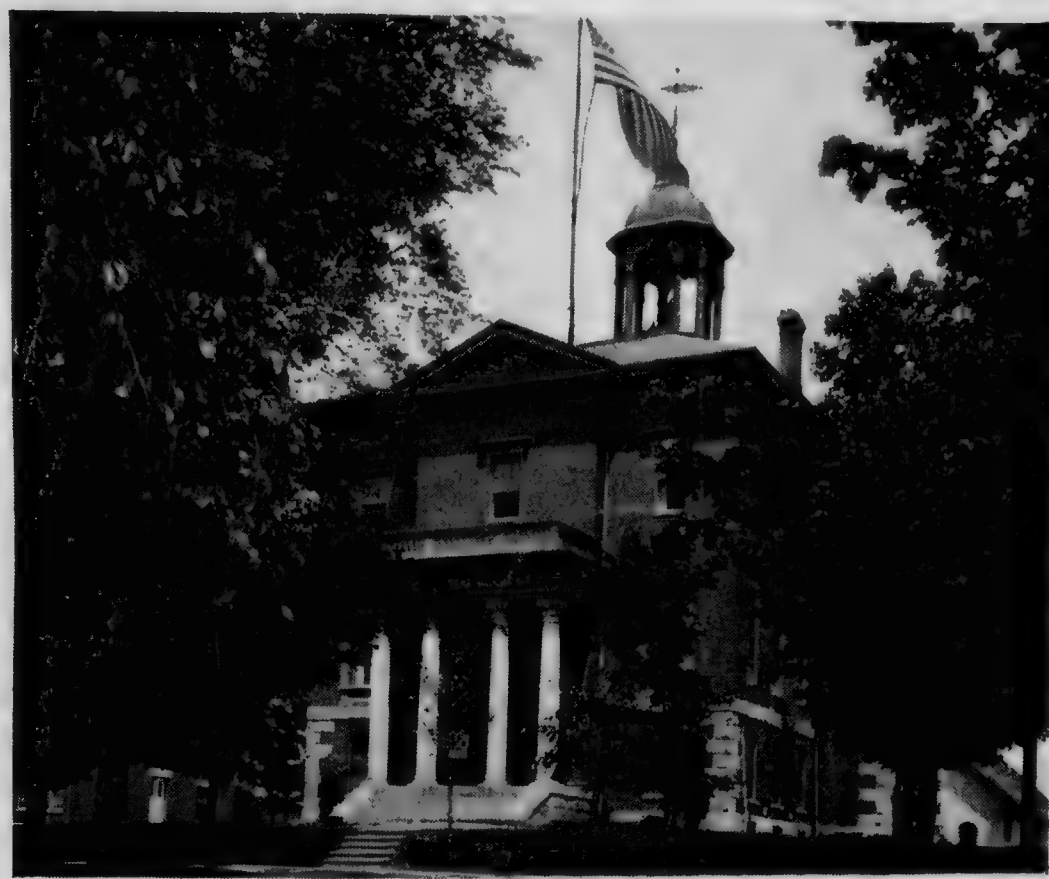
FOOT-BALL NUMBER.

Vol. XXX.

No. 9.



The Bates Student.



November

C.L. Jordan. '09

Entered at Lewiston Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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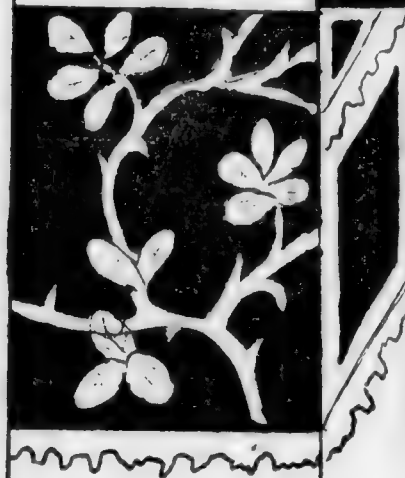
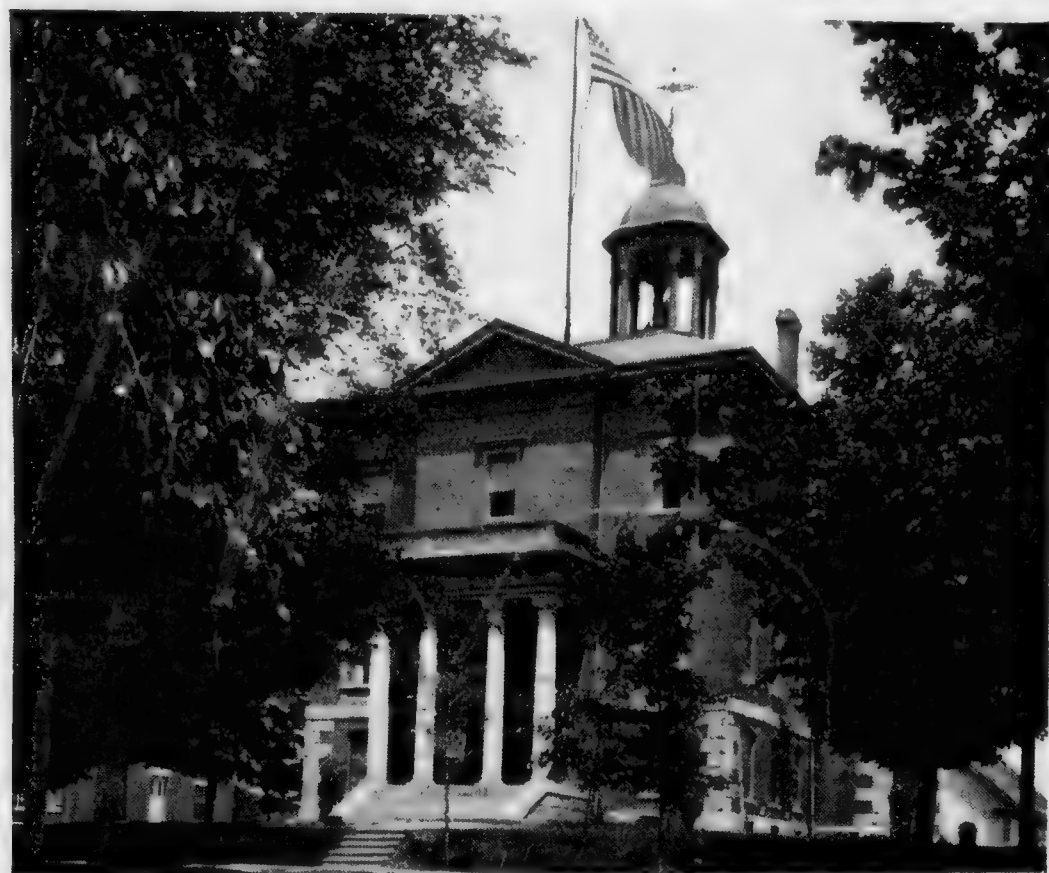
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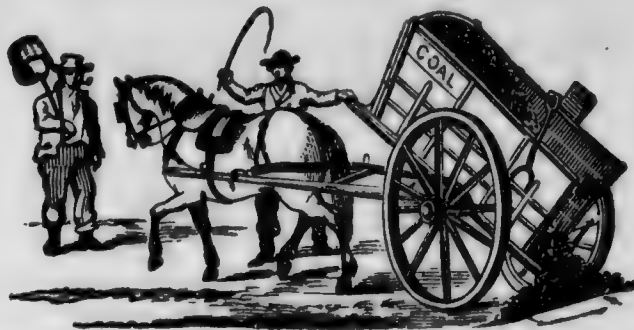
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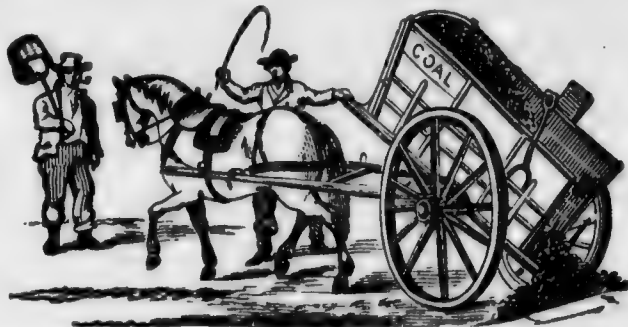
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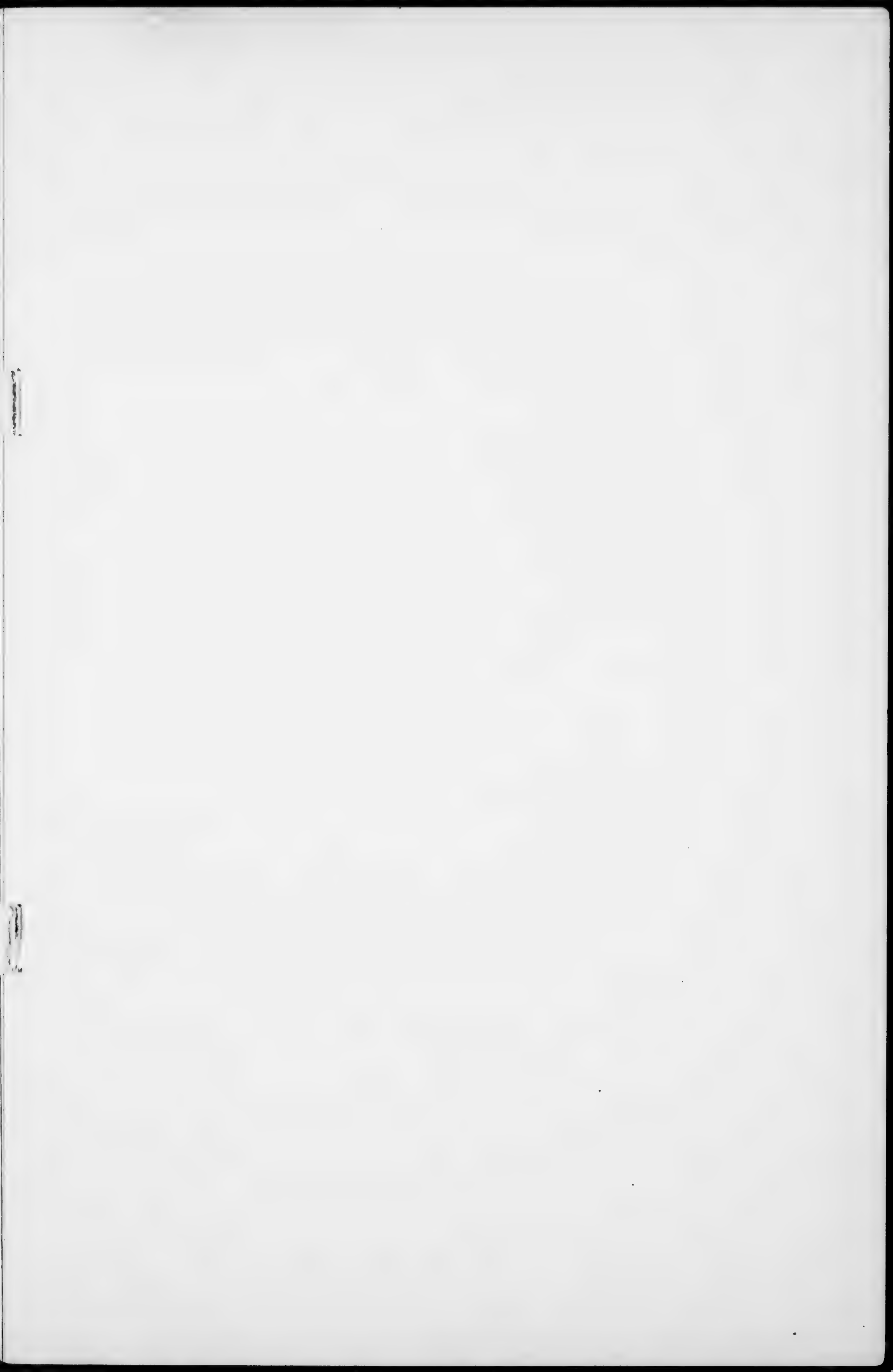
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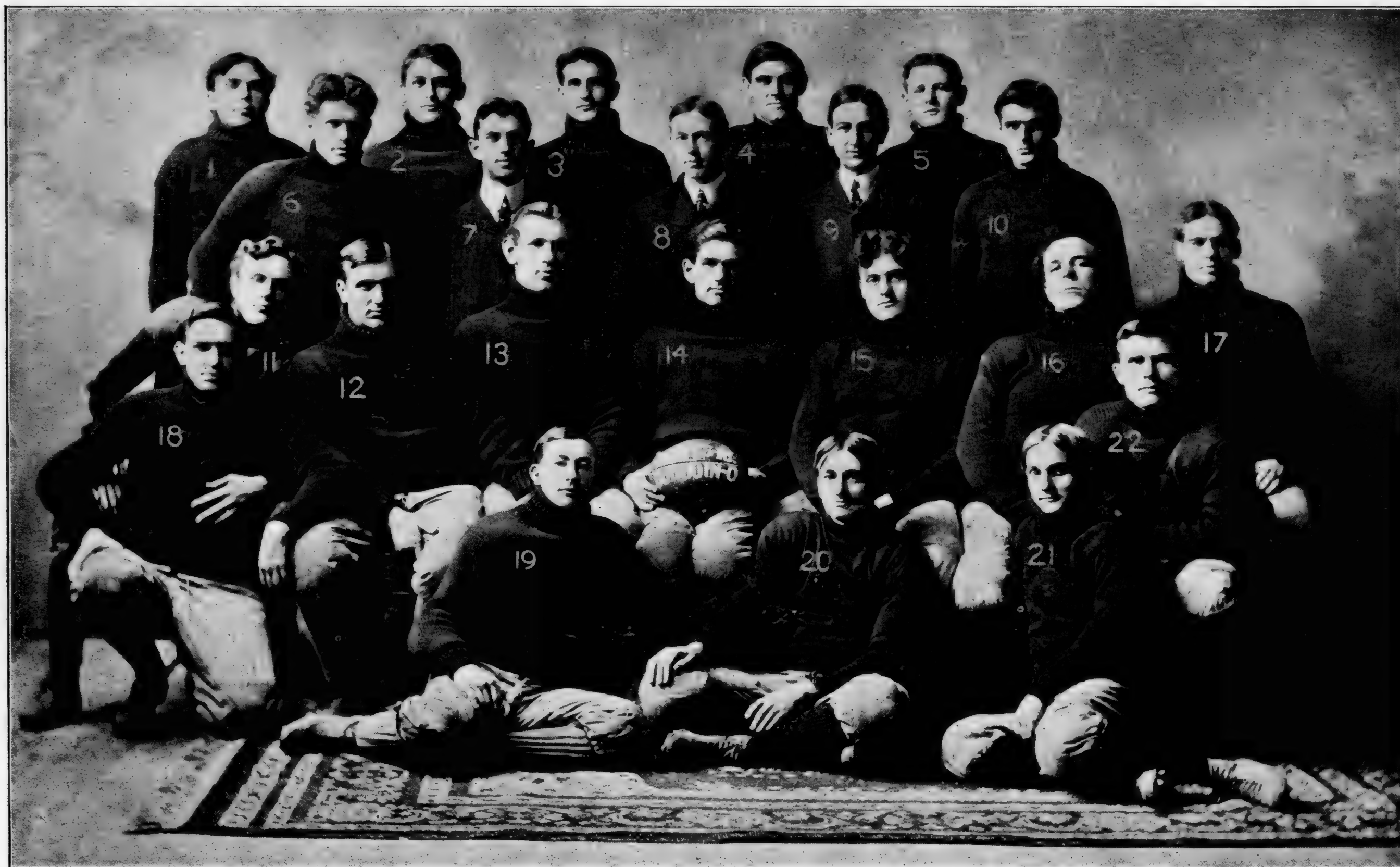
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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 9.

Published by the Class of 1903, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

HOWARD CLINTON KELLY, Editor-in-Chief.

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BUSINESS MANAGERS.

BURTON WILLARD SANDERSON.

OLIVE GRACE FISHER.

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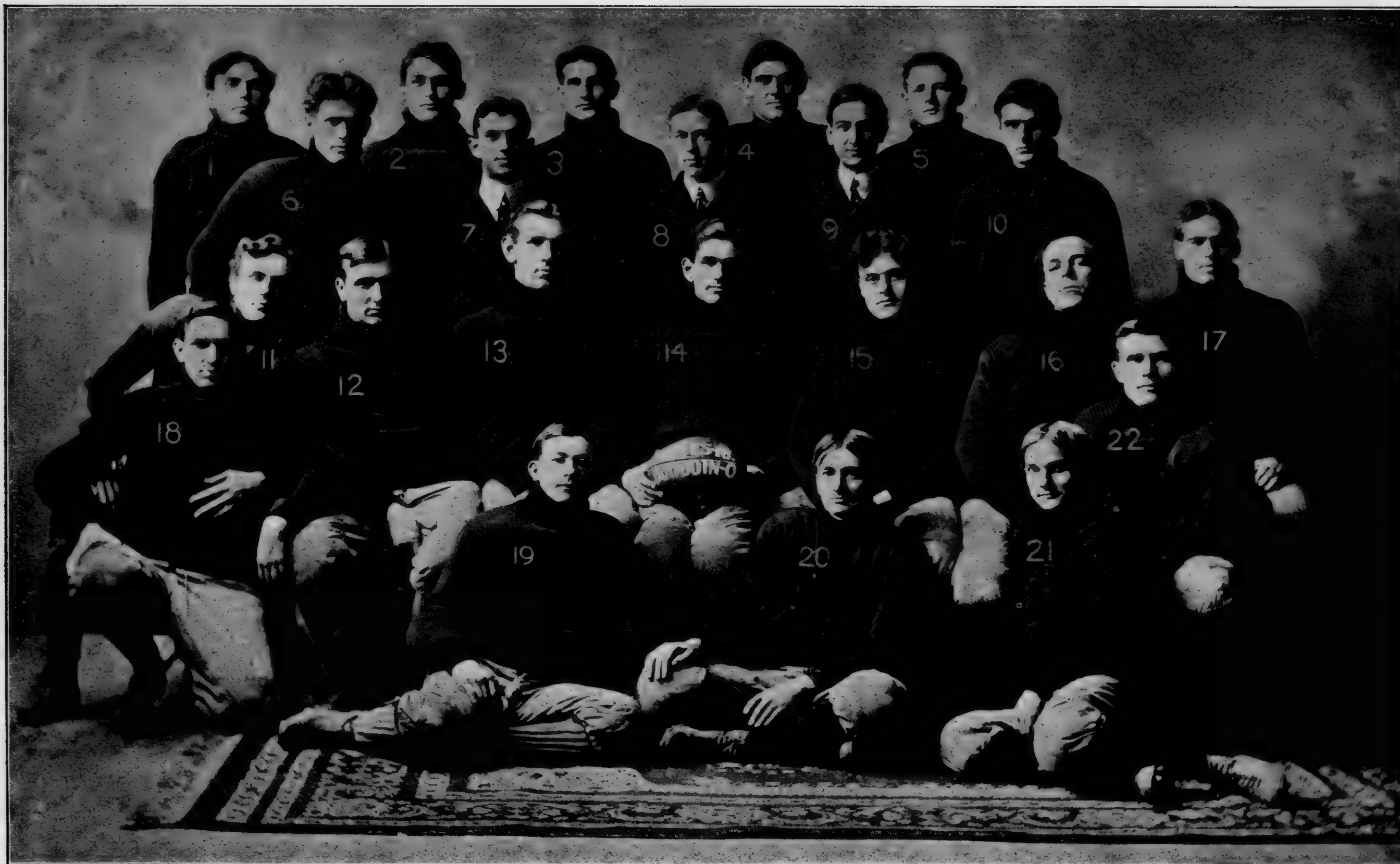
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Literary.

A WISH.

Oh, were I a voice
I'd speed on the wings of the air
And tell the world to look up and rejoice
And rise from its blind despair.

Oh, had I the power
In the heart of the world I'd sing
A sweeter song from hour to hour,
Till men should know my King.

—R. M. B., '06.

ART IN EDUCATION.

ON the Acropolis at Athens stand the ruins of that wonderful building, which has been alike the inspiration and the despair of sculptors and artists. Built of marble in the severe, pure Doric style, it is *probably* the most nearly perfect piece of architecture ever created by human hands. As the visitor gazes upon this magnificent ruin, not only is he thrilled by its beauty, but he is awed by the thought that this temple was designed and built nearly five hundred years before Christ. To-day after the light of knowledge has been diffused for centuries and the modern world has reaped the rich harvests of the past, yet we cannot point with pride to a Parthenon, built by the present generation. The present is not a productive age in Art. Whatever is best in our Art and Architecture is but a copying and reproduction of old forms and models, and to-day in spite of our boasted advancement we still go to Greece and Rome for the study of the best in Art.

Some people may say that if a nation pays too much attention to Art, other important branches of education will be neglected. Was this true of Greece? There is not a country in the world which is so noted for its Art. The Greek lived in an atmosphere of Art and beauty, but this did not make his development one-sided, as not alone in this branch did Greece excel, but she has given to the world a Homer, a Pindar, an Aeschylus, a Socrates. In fact, what country has produced greater philosophers, rulers, athletes and generals than Greece? But the crowning glory of Greece was her Art.

Modern education has lacked those elements which gave to Greece many of her famous men. In our efforts to attain the practical, the artistic has been disregarded. But a halt has been called, and our American schools are now seeing the many reforms and benefits that come from the furtherance of Art in the daily life of the scholar.

Let us consider the function of Art in our public schools. It is important both for its instruction and its ornamentation. In

pursuit of the first is taught or may be taught drawing, certain kinds of painting, modeling and to a certain extent sculpturing. In furtherance of the second purpose the American schools are filling their buildings with the most artistic productions. This is a movement of the utmost importance.

Pictures by the most famous artists should adorn the walls of all our schools. Many are the benefits springing from the study of Art in the institutions of learning.

Let us think of the moral effect which Art may have upon a boy coming to school from a poor home. We can hardly realize what the influence of the beautiful picture may be upon him. If the story of the picture is related in the most interesting manner, what a vast impression it may make. His love for beauty is aroused. He will wish to see this beauty brought into his home. This might seem impossible, but to-day the Perry pictures are found in many of the poorest families. An appreciation of Art is being widely disseminated when copies of our masterpieces are found in these poor homes.

How often do we hear from the visitor to the great Art galleries of Europe the saying, O! If I only knew the artist and the story of this beautiful picture, how much more it would mean to me. What does Art in the public schools do for such a person? If he has been told the story of Raphael's world-renowned "Sistine Madonna" and has had his attention called to the more obvious excellencies he can understand and enjoy more fully the beauty and grandeur of this masterpiece? But what will this do for him? Let us consider for a moment the greatest of all artists, Raphael. It may be well to quote of him, "He has enshrined all the noble tenderness and human sublimity of Christianity, all the edifying beauty of the antique world, in forms so radiant that we ever return to them to renew our inspiration. In his "Sistine Madonna" he found his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. By visiting this one picture with minds prepared by previous study, what lessons might we learn? As we advance in the public schools, we find that nature is the artist's standard. The smallest flower, the stateliest tree, the grandest mountain are all truly artistic.

We cannot even look from our windows but we see the finishing touch which nature gives to the earth. In the same manner Art gives the finishing touch to education. One helps the other, together they make more perfect the beauty, the greatness, the very history of all life. As one study leads to another and every day we are increasing our amount of knowledge by natural and simple methods, Art helps us to know and appreciate the higher things of life.

And so the study of Art leads to an appreciation of the beautiful world all around us, for nature is an open book from which we may read. We may study Art in all its forms, but in no

foreign galleries, not even the finest, shall we find such pictures as we can daily see if we look up and around us, for "Aloft on sky and mountain wall are God's great pictures hung."

—FRANCES A. MILLER, '02.

THE MONKEY'S TAIL.

LONG years ago, Oh Best Beloved, the monkey lived in the great dark tropical forest. He was not such a different monkey from those you see now-a-days. He had the same little eyes and wide mouth and hairy, dull, brownish black coat that he has now. But his tail, now remember this, his tail was short and curly like a pig's tail, it was indeed.

You know of course that monkeys are most 'scruciatingly bad acting people, but there was one little monkey of high and noble birth, too, that was the most 'scruciatingly bad acting of them all. His dignified uncle called him "that incorrigible child." He pulled the feathers out of owl's tail in the day-time when he was asleep and asked such 'staordinary questions that owl had to go into another part of the forest to live. For owls are peaceable, dignified people, 'sclusively so.

It would take volumes and volumes to tell all the 'scruciatingly bad things that this utterly incorrigible child did, but the worst of all was this: he wouldn't let his father and his mother, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts have any sleep. When he bit their heels and woke them up in the middle of a nice snoozy nap they all scolded him with tremendous words, and once his old gray grandpa, the ape, spanked him hard.

And this, Oh Best Beloved, hurt his feelings, for he felt it, indeed he did. But he forgot it very soon and kept on in his 'scruciating habits, until they became unbearable to his relatives.

One day his father was hunting for game in the edge of the forest and saw a big, tawny lion hunting, too. At any rate this is what he told the sisters and cousins and aunts of his incorrigible offspring. They were much frightened and turned as pale as dull brownish-black monkeys can turn and decided to go way into the forest to live where it was darker. For the heavy jungle and the big, big trees, with long ropes of moss hanging on them hid out the sun.

"What is a lion like?" asked the child.

"You will never want to get near enough to see him, for if he spied you, your vital organism would doubtless cease to perform the duties natural to itself," replied the uncle.

"Oh," said the child, "I suppose you mean he wouldn't like the looks of me."

"On the contrary, he would like you very much."

"Oh, I am so glad, guess I'll go see what he is like; perhaps he will be nicer than uncles and grandpas who spank." So after

his numerous sisters and cousins and aunts and extensive other relation went away, he started out to find the edge of the forest. After a time he got there and peeked and squinted with his two bright eyes, but saw no strange animal. "My! But what is this wide flat place all yellowish and hot and shiny with no trees or bushes or tall jungle or streams with crocodiles in them? This must be the lion's home," he thought. And he went for days and days across the bright, yellowish-gray sand. It was hot and still, and there was no water.

After a long, long time he saw a big temple built out of red sandstone, and a big black stone god stood right in front of it. All around him the shining yellow sand, behind him dull red, above him deep blue. "This must be the lion he is so big," thought the child. But when he came nearer the big god did not move and only grinned on in supreme content. Our pilgrim was much disappointed. Just ahead he saw a wide, pale-green river, with tall date-palms growing on its bank. It looked cool and he would get a drink. But hark! what was that awful noise? And what was that tawny yellowish, just-the-color-of-the-desert-creature, all hair and mouth and fiery eyes, speeding toward him from behind?

Quick as scat, Oh Best Beloved, the child was up a palm tree, way up in the top, and the tawny desert creature was at the foot of it watching him. The incorrigible was scared. Soon he saw another monkey in the tree munching dates and he said to him: "'Scuse me, but what is that awful thing down at the foot of the tree that looks like lightning and roars like thunder?"

"That, my dear friend, is a lion."

And the child was so s'prised he fell off his branch, only his little tail was wound around it twice and it held him!

"Oh," said he when he could speak, for there was a lump in his throat and his heart was ready to jump out of his mouth, "I'm slippin', I'm slippin'."

"My dear friend," began the monkey, reaching for another bunch of dates, for Nile monkeys are all very cool-headed, "you seem to be in a somewhat pernicious condition, and——"

"Don't talk to me," cried the child, "but hold on to my tail like thunder!"

And he immediately grasped the poor child's tail and sat on it hard.

"Oh," said the child, "things are all upside down!"

"You mean *vice versa*," said the big monkey, for that is the way all Nile monkeys talk, because they are well educated.

"Yes, I s'pose I do, but isn't it about time to pull me in?"

"Such a proceeding would be useless, my innocent and unfortunate friend; firstly, I have not the strength requisite for such a task; and secondly, I must not change my position or you would fly down into that yawning, toothy mouth surprisingly quick."

"Well, keep a settin', then,—and set hard."

The Nile monkey laughed.

"What are you laughin' at?" said the child, "ain't I a serious question?"

"Yes, but I was thinking what a fine target you would make if a long, lank Ethiopian should come along with his bow and arrow."

"Oh!" screamed the child in pain, "is a lank Ethiopian anything like a lion?" He received no reply, and busied himself by watching the lion walk restlessly around the tree until he grew dizzy. "Things are chasin' each other, my tail hurts, and I'm slippin'!"

"No, you aren't," said the good samaritan, but he looked, and sure enough the child was slipping down, down, very slowly. His tail was stretching out!

"Oh, pull me in, quick," cried the child.

"Can't, I'm a settin'."

Then the poor forest child shut his eyes and kept slipping. It grew dark and everything was still except the lazy lapping of the water against the muddy bank. Even the lion had curled himself up at the foot of the tree to wait for his slowly dropping fruit.

By and by the child opened his eyes, there was a faint light in the east, and he could see that the lion had gone.

"Say," said he, "ain't I most stretched?"

"Yes," said his companion, "you haven't moved for a long time."

"Well, my tail is sore, anyhow, please 'scuse me and drop me." And he did. Now this, Best Beloved, was the first monkey with a long tail. It was rather numb for a long time, but after he got used to it he liked it. For he could swing himself from branch to branch and go in places where his cousins and aunts and relatives could not go, for he went back to them and they all envied him his long tail.

—E. A. B., '04.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

WITH true artistic feeling Hawthorne begins the Scarlet Letter where most writers would have ended it. Finding two souls groping in darkness, he shows the awful consequences of their sin, and of the intense suffering that finally led to the peace of forgiveness.

A stern, puritan, New England town; a scaffold beside the church; on it a woman with a child in her arms, and a blazing scarlet letter on her breast, enduring the cold, condemning gaze of the people. In the balcony, looking down upon the scene, is the man, who, though held in the deepest reverence by that great crowd, should be hand in hand with the woman on the scaffold. Here is the setting of the wonderful romance that follows.

Hester Prynne's guilt was known, and, after that heart-rending hour on the scaffold, she could live a true life with nothing to

hide, with no fear of discovery. The scarlet letter, placed upon her breast as the bitterest punishment, proved to be a great blessing; it kept her free to begin again, to work out her own salvation. Man's punishment, which seldom aims at reformation, failed, God's succeeded.

Arthur Dimmesdale, shielded by the devotion of the woman's heart, lived a two-fold life. In the eyes of the world he was almost a saint, in his own eyes he was a sinful, remorseful coward. The terrible sense of guilt and shame forever haunted him. Chillingworth—who logically merits our pity and sympathy, but who gets our hatred—typifying Dimmesdale's outraged conscience, probed and probed deep into his sensitive heart and inflicted the most exquisite pain, which only drove him to a greater effort for the esteem of man, and hurried him away from God. It was only when he summoned his strength, met that conscience face to face and exposed the black stain on his heart to the light of day that he found rest.

Little Pearl is the character nearest perfection in the *Scarlet Letter*, and, perhaps, in all literature. She was the *Scarlet Letter* incarnate, the living expression of the alluring sin. The wild, unrestrained and unrestrainable nature mirrored the character of the sin and showed its awfulness. She was affected by neither love nor force, yet in the hour of her parents' humble penitence "a spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part developed all her sympathies," made her a living, feeling woman, and showed that the sin, conceived from the utmost passion, or love, of the heart, was not unpardonable or unamenable.

Beautiful as the *Scarlet Letter* is, it is not wholly untouched by the morbid fancy, that unites Hawthorne, on one side of his versatile mind, with Edgar Allan Poe, who knew so well the dark secrets of the soul and who was so sadly ignorant of the sunny side of life. Yet the very sanity of the moral renders the *Scarlet Letter* the nearest perfect narrative in literature. In it is shown extreme simplicity of plot and execution, perfect conciseness, perfect clearness, "a charmed choice of words," and, here and there, a dusky glow of color and description. Above all else it teaches us to be, rather than to seem, and to be true. —'06.

TO SEE IF HE IS SEEN.

A man was walking down the street
 With sober, thoughtful tread,
 With hands behind him loosely clasped
 And slightly downcast head.
 Before him on the pavement brown
 He saw a shining round;
 And knew that for once in his life
 A quarter he had found.

The good man bent his portly frame,
 A smile on his fat face,
 As his chubby fingers clutched straight down
 To the magic, gleaming place.
 But though his fingers scraped the brick
 The booty was not there;
 It had flipped away by the aid of a string,
 With a saucy, defiant air.

The man he raised a crimson face,
 His fists flew out in rage,
 As if he longed to valiantly
 In some dark deed engage.

But just before those wrathful looks
 Enveloped the abused,
 There was another look that all
 His after looks excused.

'Twas not a search for wicked boys,
 Nor yet for daggers keen;
 'Twas just a fearful look around
 To see if he was seen.

How to describe that 'frighted look
 Would need a mighty pen,
 For at such times you're sure to find
 That look on mighty men,
 On him who walks banana peel,
 Or treads an orange lean.
 However mighty is the man
 He'll shrink at being seen.

—ROXIE, '05.



OUT OF THE MIST.

The night mist hung heavily over the valley and the hills, but above the sky was blue and a harvest moon shone big, round, yellow.

The dark mouth of a tunnel showed where the road left the woods and wound round the hill before losing itself in its descent into the fog-hidden valley.

On the left of the road, looking from the woods, the tall, irregular mass of an old chimney rose through the phantom flood, marking the site of an old-time farm-house. The apple trees around the place stood knee-deep in shifting billows of mist, but the stones in the old wall gleamed white.

Along the road, coming from the direction of the woods, came the figure of a man. The moonlight revealed to him the few rods of open road, the sea of fog at the right, the ruins at the left, and himself. Himself? Yes, for he paused in the yellow light, and with a handkerchief wiped the dust from a pair of dilapidated shoes, dusted his ragged trousers and shook himself into his coat after fastening the only button it owned. The handkerchief he threw away. That had been brought many a mile,—from the line on which it had hung,—for the particular purpose for which it had been used.

The man left the road and followed along the wall until he came to a place where an old stile had afforded steps over the barrier into the orchard. The stile was gone, but the man climbed over here in preference to a place where the stones had fallen down and gave a much easier entrance. The force of old habits might have determined his choice. Once over the wall the man did not pause until he reached the edge of the cellar. The underpinning of the house had almost wholly fallen in, but the big flat stone door-steps were there as in the years long past. Here the man sat down, and leaning his head in his hand, gazed now at the ruins, now at the mist below and around him.

An hour passed and he sat there still. Then as if the mists had rolled away from the past, he smiled and talked as if to pleasant visions. He rose and then kneeling by the rock pushed away the weeds and grasses until a hole was revealed, and from this old hiding place he took a ball and the iron wheel of a little cart. The ball was crusted with dirt and the wheel was rusted, but the man laughed over them with almost childish joy.

But the night was growing colder. The man rose and made his way through the fog,—still carrying his treasures,—to an old barn that seemed to advance to meet him from the mist. He raised the wooden latch, swung the half of the big door open, entered and closed it behind him.

The moon shone on, and the mists settled more heavily over the earth. Along the road another figure advanced from the woods into the light of the clearing. This time it was a boy and he did not pause like the man to arrange his toilet, he did not seek the stile or pause at the doorsteps. He looked back at the dark mouth of the tunnel and shivered, but he was not cold. His garments were new and from hat to shoes he was in holiday attire. Yet this had been no holiday and the heavy bundle he carried spoke of a hasty journey rather than a day's lark. He, too, entered the old barn by the big door, and a flood of moon-

light entered with him but died away, among the lofts, when the door was closed.

The big latch settled into its place with a creak that echoed under the eaves and caused a suspicious rustling in the hay. The boy shivered again and began to talk to himself as if to strengthen his heart by the sound of a voice.

"This is eight miles from home and they won't know I am gone until morning. How mad the old man will be when he goes up the kitchen stairs and finds his "lazy lout" gone. Guess he'll think some."

The rustling in the hay had begun with the boy's words but stopped when he ceased speaking. The boy had found the ladder leading to the loft and climbed it slowly, halting on each round to listen, then to whistle softly a few bars of a popular song. At last he reached the top, and after standing for a moment on the big beam to listen again, sank down half-buried in the hay of the bay. For a minute all was still, then the boy struggled up to a standing position and listened. He had thought that the hay rustled beside him. He was frightened.

"I guess I'll say my prayers just the same," he muttered. He knelt down; the hay pricked his hands and face but he brushed it away and began.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive—no, I can't say that," the boy broke off with a start.

"O, Lord, help mother and forgive me and help me to succeed in my—help me, O Lord—to-to—"

"To go back home and be a good boy," broke in a voice from the very depths of the hay. The boy sank down breathless and lay as still as death. He dared not move; the fright made him cold; he shivered. Some one was moving towards him through the hay; the boy could have shrieked aloud, but terror had paralyzed him. Would the owner of the strange voice pass the boy? No. The man had measured his distance well; he put his hands out and touched him.

"Let me go!" gasped the lad.

But the man was not hurting him. He drew the slender, shaking figure closer to him and spoke. The voice was hoarse at first, but softened as the man talked on. The lad ceased to struggle after a few minutes and lay quite still. The man talked on. The old barn was lighter now; the moonlight came in through many cracks and broken window panes. The boy looked up into the face above him, and saw that it was rough and bearded, but he was forgetting his fear in the interest he felt in the story this older runaway boy was telling.

The man asked no questions, he seemed to understand. His voice was low and earnest his story true. He spoke of childhood passed on this very farm, of hours of play in and about this

same barn and orchard land. He told of brothers and sisters, of mother and then of father. The boy felt his arms grow tighter, saw the bushy head sink lower as the world-tainted man spoke of old home scenes, the games, the joys, the sorrows and the quarrels, of the bitter hour when old ties were broken, when the boy in anger left the father's roof with childish curses on his lips. Then the man drifted on and in weary tones told of failures, shame, sin and repentance.

The time passed quickly. They neither knew when the night ceased or the day began, for the lad, weary with his long walk and sleepless night, fell asleep, the man ceased to talk after that and lay staring at the rafters. At last he rose quietly; he searched his pockets and finding a piece of paper and the stub of an old pencil, with stiffened fingers, he wrote a few words, using the big beam for a table. This note, the first one written for years, the tramp pinned to the boy's coat, and after looking at him longingly for a moment glided noiselessly down the ladder and out into the dawn of a new day.

Sometime later the boy awoke and started wildly up. The events of the last night were like a terrible nightmare. He looked anxiously round for the night man, but he was gone.

"It was a dream," the boy muttered. Then he saw the note and read these words:

My y'ung frend.

if you value appyness take a hobo's advice and go back hum. hum is the best place fer boys. i knows cause i have done which you be bent on doing. i am sorry i done hit. your pa are yer best frend cept yer ma love 'em and go back to um.

Yer frend

the Hobo.

The boy read, and read again. The sun was rising higher. There was a brook behind the barn and there the lad ate his breakfast from the bundle he carried. He did not cease to look out for the tramp, but he had disappeared forever.

When the boy had eaten, he arose, and turning his face back toward the gaily painted forest, entered the peaceful shadow of the leafy tunnel.

Alumni Round-Table.

In response to an invitation sent out by the Manchester contingent of the Bates College alumni of New Hampshire, a number of graduates met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox in this city, Friday evening, October 31, where they enjoyed reminiscences and stories of college days and where the first alumni organization of Bates College in New Hampshire was formed.

The purpose of this organization was to interest all the graduates as well as others in Bates College and in naming their club after a man who founded the institution and who is well known in New Hampshire, Dr. Oren Burbank Cheney. The name was made the Cheney Club of Bates College.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: President, I. N. Cox, Manchester; vice-president, Thomas O. Knowlton, New Boston; secretary and treasurer, Ethel I. Cummings, Manchester.

The enrollment of the club, including those present and others who sent in their names for enrollment, was Professor George H. Libby, '89; I. N. Cox, '89; Mrs. I. N. Cox, '91; Cyrus H. Little, '84; C. C. Ferguson, Somersworth, '92; Mrs. C. C. Ferguson, Somersworth, '92; Thomas O. Knowlton, '68, New Boston; Ethel I. Cummings, '94, Manchester; Prof. Fred Libbey, '91, Warner; Mrs. N. D. Pattee, Coos; C. L. Wallace, East Lisbon, '88; the Rev. Thomas Stacy, '76, Concord; O. H. Toothaker, '98, Berlin; W. B. Pierce, '01, Goffstown; Miss Eva Roby, '97, Sutton; C. H. Clark, '83, Exeter; the Rev. G. L. White, '76, New Hampton; Miss Dora Roberts, '95, Dover; Harry M. Cheney, '86, Lebanon; Mrs. G. H. Libby, honorary member.

It was learned at this meeting that there are 56 graduates of Bates College in the State of New Hampshire, and all who have not yet been enrolled, will be invited to join the association.

The regular meeting of the association will be held the last Friday in October in Manchester.

After the close of the business meeting, the graduates gathered around the piano and sang college songs until Hallowe'en had passed.—*Manchester Union*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—We quote the following from a private letter: "Rev. W. S. Stockbridge of the Class of '67, died October 16, 1902, at Glen-carlyn, Va., after a long and distressing illness. He leaves a widow and four children. He was a splendid specimen of Bates manhood, just how fine, royal and loyal none but his intimates would ever know."

'68.—President Chase was recently chosen president of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools at the

annual meeting held at Augusta October 24-25. There were over 20 representatives of Bates present, teachers and graduates more than from any other college in the State. Professor Clark gave a talk upon "Entrance Requirements for the Sciences;" Professor Leonard upon "Entrance Requirements in French and German;" while Professor Hartshorn and Mr. Foster discussed the best methods of teaching English.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., of Portland, is convalescent after a severe attack of appendicitis. He is still at the Trull Hospital, Biddeford.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan was the delegate of Bates at Princeton at the inauguration of President Wilson. While in Princeton Professor Jordan was the guest of the dean of the University.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy is delivering a course of popular lectures at his church, Concord, N. H.

'78.—John H. Randall, Esq., died recently at his home in Minneapolis, Minn. He was one of the leading attorneys of that city and was prominent in Free Masonry, having taken the 33d degree.

'79.—M. C. Smart is principal of the high school at Littleton, N. H. Mr. Smart gave an address on history before the Essex County Teachers' Association at Peabody, Mass., on October 26th.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee is taking courses in Latin and Greek in the graduate school at Harvard and is teaching Latin at the Boston Evening High School.

'81.—O. H. Drake, Esq., is Superintendent of Schools, Pittsfield, Me.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been elected district superintendent of the public schools of New York City, with an annual salary of \$5,000.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts of Somerville, Mass., lectured recently in Lisbon Falls.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard gave a lecture recently upon successful journalism before the Journalistic Club of New York City. Mr. Blanchard is on the editorial staff of the *Evening News*, New York.

'84.—F. S. Sampson, Esq., has a government contract under the department of the navy at Quincy, Mass.

'84.—D. L. Whitmarsh, principal of high school, Whitman, Mass., has been granted leave of absence for a few months while caring in Colorado for his invalid wife.

'86.—Hon. H. M. Cheney of Lebanon, N. H., is the accepted Republican candidate for speakership of the next New Hampshire House of Representatives.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield, Esq., of Rockland, presided at the recent presentation of the Stanton portrait to the college.

'88.—W. L. Powers is a member of the executive committee of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Hope Church, Springfield, Mass., has recently declined a call with double his present salary to a large city church.

'89.—Rev. H. W. Small is residing in Webb, Me.

'89.—E. L. Stevens, M.D., of Belfast, Me., has recently undergone a successful operation for appendicitis at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

'91.—F. S. Libbey is principal of the high school, Warner, N. H.

'91.—W. S. Mason is principal of a school in Barrington, R. I.

'93.—L. E. Moulton, principal of the Rockland High School, and Mrs. Alma Grace Bailey Moulton have three sons.

'93.—C. C. Spratt, principal of Bridgton Academy, gave an address at the meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools held at Augusta, October 24-25.

'93.—E. C. Perkins, M.D., is practicing medicine in Farmington, Me.

'95.—Miss Ethel E. Williams of Auburn was married to Dr. Archer Jordan of Waterville, October 16th.

'97.—Rev. J. Stanley Durkee of Boston addressed the students at chapel, Thursday, October 23d.

'97.—Miss Eva B. Robie is teaching mathematics in the high school, Oldtown, Me.

'97.—Miss Ivy H. Smith is teaching in the Rockland High School.

'97.—P. W. Brackett is working for the International Correspondence School, Naugatuck, Conn.

'97.—Richard Stanley helped coach the Bates foot-ball team during the latter part of the foot-ball season.

'98.—H. W. Blake is practicing law, 39 Court Street, Boston.

'98.—Miss Bertha F. Files is teaching German in the Maine Central Institute.

'98.—Rev. Thomas S. Bruce is principal of the Shiloh Normal and Industrial Institute, Warrenton, N. C.

'99.—Miss Wildie Thayer is employed in Worcester, Mass., upon one of the daily papers.

'99.—A. T. L'Heureux is practicing law in Lewiston.

1900.—Clara M. Trask is teaching in the high school, Winthrop, Mass.

1900.—A. W. Wing is studying law in the office of Hon. John P. Swasey, Rumford Falls, Me.

1901.—Miss Gertrude B. Libby sang a solo at the last meeting of the Ladies' Literary Union of Lewiston and Auburn.

1902.—H. A. Blake has been elected to a desirable position in the schools of Quincy, Mass.

1902.—F. B. Moody, teacher of physical culture and mathematics in Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass., has had a leave of absence for a few days while coaching the Bates foot-ball team.

Around the Editors' Table.

OUR girls are entering into a new department of college life, and here the hearty, if not the active, support of every girl should be given. During the winter, if possible, a debate will be arranged for them with the young women from some other college. This seems to us to mark an important step in the history of our college, a step by which the girls cast off some of the trammels so long thrown around them, and take their stand on that broad foundation of reason which men have always inclined to believe was for them alone, but which we believe is broad enough for us both.

WE who are the first to enjoy the privileges of the new Coram Library have, in consequence of this position, certain responsibilities devolving upon us. What attitude do we wish, when we return as alumni to the Bates campus, to see the students have toward the Library? Do we wish to see them enter with careless, noisy indifference the building in which we have seen placed, with fitting reverence, the portrait of our beloved Professor Stanton? Surely we do not. It lies with us, then, to establish the precedent for the conduct in the Library. Let us show that we appreciate the work of friends and benefactors of the college. Let us show that we consider our Library, as we should, the place for quiet, earnest study, not for noisy conversation and fun. Let us aid our kind Librarian in making the Library for all time a place where the students will be glad to resort for quiet enjoyment and serious work.

MANY of our alumni have said that they "derived as much benefit from the literary societies at Bates as from any part of the college curriculum," and that they deemed "their training almost invaluable to the college student who expected to do any speaking in public." And what college graduate is not required to do more or less of public speaking and expected to be able to formulate his ideas off-hand and state his opinions readily? Many a man is seriously handicapped by his inability to do this and is unable to make as great a success of life as he otherwise could. The societies at Bates furnish many opportunities for the practice of public speaking, and thus enable one to develop him-

self along this line and to acquire that confidence in his ability to clothe his thoughts with words which may be the foundation of much of his success in after life. But the society in itself cannot bring this about. Everything depends upon the individual, and here as everywhere hard work, constant and unremitting, is the most essential feature of success. A good illustration of the value of work has recently been furnished by our foot-ball team, for it was only through good, honest, severe labor in practice on the gridiron that it was able to climb from the slough of the Colby defeat to the height of the victories over U. of M. and Bowdoin.

Now work is just as essential in mental as in physical training, and the man who goes through college without making use of the opportunities which his society affords is not doing justice to himself or his future, for the time is sure to arise when he will feel the need of the training he might have obtained. He who pays a dollar a term for the privilege of society work and then does not utilize that privilege is as foolish as he who pays for college education and then endeavors to get as little education as possible while there. A little inquiry has revealed the fact that in almost every case the alumni who made the above statement were earnest society workers while in college, availing themselves of every opportunity that presented itself for work. Their after careers show the value of this training.

Let us then bear in mind that our society, Polymnia, Euroso-phia, or Piæria, as the case may be, affords us a chance to prepare ourselves for things which are certain to befall us in later life, and that our success then will be proportional to our labor now; and knowing this become more diligent and active than ever in our society work, making an opportunity by speaking from the floor in debate, if one does not otherwise present itself.

WHILE the Sophomore declamations are yet fresh in our minds, a few remarks concerning them may not be entirely impertinent at this time. The girls did excellent work in their speaking. Some of those who were not chosen for the prize division did fine work in the preliminaries and would ordinarily have been considered worthy of the honor. But for the boys we have a word of criticism. Their declamations in general were by no means up to the standard, nor did they show even ordinary thought and care in preparation.

Of course this is not a sweeping statement, for there were some few who revealed both natural ability and hard work on

their selections, but the large majority showed negligence and carelessness beyond any previous class that we have heard.

Now we all understand the fact that some of these young men were prevented by athletic and other interests from applying themselves as they would really like to have done, and we all appreciate their achievements for the college. But we all know too that these conditions have been so strongly considered by the Faculty that allowance has been made for such demands upon the young men's time and there has been an equal division of honors for both men and women. On general principles we heartily approve of this discrimination in favor of the young men; but so obvious was their inferiority in this particular instance, that we would urge them, in order to justify the rule to the young women of the college, to maintain at least foot-ball standards in oratory.

CONSIDERABLE comment, favorable and otherwise, was caused at the beginning of the season because Bates protested against the playing of Finn on the Bowdoin foot-ball team. Whether our demand was just or not we do not intend to discuss here. Enough for us is the fact that Bowdoin, in a very sportsmanlike manner, honored our protest, saying, however, that they knew no reason, no rule in force among Maine colleges, which forbade them to play Mr. Finn in any and all games, and that they granted our request out of courtesy merely. They were right, and it is a disgrace, say we, to all Maine colleges that we have no mutual understanding, no common standard by which to judge such cases. Older institutions, colleges and universities, whose athletics are most successful, have found it absolutely necessary to have such mutual agreements and to live up to them, and we shall never be able to pass through a base-ball or foot-ball season without dispute or dissatisfaction until we adopt similar methods. We can see that Bowdoin must feel very dissatisfied at the result of the game with Bates, feeling, no doubt, that the presence of Finn in the game would have altered the score materially. They believe we were unjust in our protest. We simply cannot see the matter in that light, and there the matter must hang, all for want of a standard of eligibility.

Not only is dissatisfaction caused, but the present state of things is a constant temptation to colleges to use undue influence to secure players. To have men taking a "foot-ball course" or a

"base-ball course" is considered no special disgrace. In fact the college which can by any means secure a good man from another is considered smart and enterprising, and we repeat that it is a disgrace to the colleges of the State of Maine that this is so.

No, kind critic, we are not registering a belated whine because some of our men have chosen to leave us. We have never lost any one yet whose place we could not fill, and, besides, we should suffer as severely as any if such rules as are in force between Harvard and Yale, for instance, should be adopted here. Nevertheless, in the interests of clean sport, we urge, with all the power we have, that the colleges of Maine unite and come to some agreement which shall put a stop to this eternal grumbling and protesting, and shall place our athletics on a firm, clean basis.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Though financial success is not the chief end of our Y. M. C. A., it is an indispensable aid, and so we are glad to announce that the business side of the Association is in the process of a thorough revision. We believe with this and the increase in membership which this year has brought, we can look forward to greater possibilities for success than for a long time in the past. The Association still has a small debt, but the regular dues will easily pay it and leave us clear before the college year closes.

Do not neglect the Bible Study. In some classes the number enrolled and the number present is sadly out of proportion. Until you have tried it you never can know the real benefit of systematic study of the Bible, whatever your purpose may be in taking it up. Try the experiment and be convinced.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The annual week of prayer began this year on November 9th. A prayer circle was held each evening in the Association room, and at each meeting definite thought was given to the needs of some special country. An effort was made to create a general interest among the students in these services, and as a result of this effort we hope for their co-operation in the support of missionary work.

THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

The foot-ball season has reached a close and the students of Bates are prouder than ever of the Garnet. The work done by the gridiron boys during the season of 1902 is deserving of praise, not simply because the eleven defeated both U. of M. and Bowdoin in hard-fought battles, not for the reason that they made an admirable showing against the strongest combination of foot-ball giants, which Harvard could put on the field, but more than all because every man in the squad, although battling under repeated misfortune and discouragement, showed his manly spirit and worked with his utmost zeal to make the old Bates team in the end successful. Captain Allen's withdrawal from college, and the loss of Finn, were serious drawbacks, and when Towne, who was unanimously elected captain in place of Allen, took up his duties at about the middle of the season, the foot-ball prospects were in no ways bright. By co-operation and skillful management he quickly united the men, who, with utmost confidence in the proven abilities of this athlete, eagerly responded to his call for harder work. With Purinton, the Bates ex-captain, for coach, and Towne for captain, the team grew steadily stronger and at no time during the season was the garnet so invincible as on November 8th. To show the remarkable improvement made by the men it is only necessary to give the following scores: Bates 0, Colby 15; Bates 6, U. of M. 0; Bates 16, Bowdoin 0. The students, alumni and friends of Bates College will remember the fall of 1902 as a foot-ball season successful in more ways than one.

The first three games of the season were of no especial importance. On September 20th, Bates defeated Fort Preble 18 to 0; on September 24th, Hebron Academy, 11 to 0; on September 27th, Bar Harbor, 6 to 0. A game was played October 25th with the Coburn Classical Institute. Bates won by the large score of 56 to 0.

The first college game was played on October 4th at Cambridge with the Harvard 'Varsity. Although Harvard had her strongest team on the gridiron, Bates made a good showing and allowed the opponents to score only 23 points.

BATES 17, BOSTON COLLEGE 5.

At Lewiston, October 11th, 1902.

At the beginning of the game, Bates kicked off and on the first down Riley of Boston College took the ball around left end for a gain of twenty-five yards. By snappy work Boston succeeded in making repeated gains and soon crossed Bates' goal line. At this point in the game Bates rallied and had things all her own way until the end of the game, allowing the visiting team to make their gains only three times. By hard line bucking and an occasional end run Bates forced the ball twice over the

opponents' goal line. The feature of the game was the goal kicked by Allen from the 40-yard line.

The line-up:

BATES.	BOSTON COLLEGE.
Cole, l. e.....	l. e., Sullivan.
Reed, l. t.....	l. t., Whalen.
Stanley, l. g.....	l. g., Barry.
Cutten, c.....	c., Kinney.
Hunt, l. g.....	l. g., Crowley (Lang).
Andrews (Phillips, Thurston) r. t.....	r. t., Fitzpatrick.
Libby, r. e.....	r. e., Sweeney.
Allen, q. b.....	q. b., Rondina.
Towne (Briggs), l. h. b.....	l. h. b., McDermott.
Kendall, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Riley.
Turner, f. b.....	f. b., Tevlin.

Score—Bates 17; Boston College 5. Touchdowns—Towne, Kendall, McDermott. Goals from touchdowns, Allen 2. Goal from field—Allen. Umpire—Kiley, Boston College. Referee—McCarthy, Lewiston. Linesman—Bucknam, Bates. Assistants—Greene, Boston College; Howe, Lewiston. Time—20-m. and 15-m. periods.

COLBY 15, BATES 0.

At Waterville, October 18th.

Bates kicked off to Colby who by a series of skin tackle plays rushed the ball, without being held for downs, in about five minutes, over Bates' goal line. Bates again kicked off and again Colby showed her superiority. Another touchdown was secured and at the end of the first half the score stood, Colby 11, Bates 0.

In the second half the game was more closely contested but Colby was able to send Levine and Watkins through the line in turn until another touchdown was made. The feature of the game was the phenomenal playing of Levine at full and Watkins at right half.

The line-up:

COLBY.	BATES.
Pugsley, l. e.....	r. e., Connor.
	r. e., Libby.
Washburn, l. t.....	r. t., Andrews.
Thomas, l. g.....	r. g., Johnson.
Cotton, c.....	c., Cutten.
	c., Stanley.
	c., Junkins.
Joy, r. g.....	l. g., Hunt.
Thwing, r. t.....	l. t., Reed.
Mitchell, r. e.....	l. e., Cole.
Vail, r. e.	
Abbott, q. b.....	q. b., Allen.
Coombs, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Kendall.
Watkins, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Towne.
Levine, f. b.....	f. b., Turner.
	f. b., Briggs.

Score—Colby 15. Touchdowns—Watkins 2, Abbott. Umpire—Kelley. Referee—O'Sullivan. Linesmen—Bucknam and Clarke. Time—20-minute halves.

BATES 6, U. OF M. O.

At Lewiston, November 1st.

Maine won the toss and Bates kicked off, but kicked out of bounds twice, compelling Maine to kick. Towne received the ball on Bates' 10-yard line and ran it back 20 yards. By short rushes, never more than three or four yards, Bates took the ball just over the center line, where Maine held. Maine took it in the same way 19 yards, and was held in turn.

This time Bates made 35 yards in short charges into the line before being held. Maine took it back about 30 yards, and again it changed hands on downs. A little less than 10 yards was all Bates could do this time, while Maine could not make quite so much before she was forced to punt to Bates' 12-yard line. Bates rushed 12 yards and punted in turn. The Maine back fumbled and Bates still retained the ball and advanced it 10 yards further, where it again went to Maine on downs. Maine advanced it 12 yards, and it again went to Bates on downs just as the half expired, the ball being on Bates' 30-yard-line.

In the second half Maine kicked to Johnson on Bates' 25-yard line, and he was downed in his tracks. Short rushes of two and three yards brought the ball to the center of the field, where Towne went around Maine's left end for 20 yards, the first run of over five yards for the game. On the next down Kendall dashed round the opposite end for 25 yards, landing the ball on Maine's five-yard line. Two short rushes into the line and Towne went over for the first touchdown, from which Connor kicked the goal.

Towne ran Maine's kick back 20 yards. Four rushes took it 10 yards further, and then Kendall made another 25-yard run around Maine's right end, but was called back and the ball given to Maine on Bates' 30-yard line for holding.

Maine hardly made one first down and on the next third down made a forward pass and the ball went to Bates on downs. Bates took it in short rushes 50 yards down the field where she fumbled and Maine secured it, but before they could line up the time expired.

Bates rushed the ball 106 yards in the first half and 163 in the second, a total of 269 yards. Maine made 66 yards by rushing in the first half and seven in the second, a total of 73 yards.

Kendall and Towne were the stars of the game while Rounds ran the team finely. Hunt and Reed did finely in the line. For Maine Parker and Dorticos excelled. The summary:

BATES.	MAINE.
Cole, l. e.....	r. e., Bean.
Reed, l. t.....	r. t., Towse.
Johnson, l. g.....	r. g., Libby.
Cutten, c.....	c., Learned.
Hunt, r. g.....	l. g., Read.
Andrews, r. t.....	l. t., Bearce.
Connor, r. e.....	l. e., Taylor.

Rounds, q. b.....q. b., Bailey.
 Towne, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Parker.
 Kendall, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Collins.
 Briggs, f. b.....f. b., Dorticos.

Score—Bates 6. Touchdown—Towne. Goal from touchdown—Conner. Umpire—Kelley, Portland. Referee—O'Sullivan, Holy Cross. Linesmen—Bucknam, Bates; Finnegan, Maine. Time—25-m. and 20-m. periods.

BATES 16, BOWDOIN 0.

Bates kicked off to Bowdoin. Wilson, Chapman and Conner advanced the ball only about 10 yards, when Munro was forced to punt, the ball striking on the 25-yard line. Bates steadily advanced the ball toward the Bowdoin goal, Briggs and Towne each making gains of 10 yards and Towne one of 15.

"Bates kept pounding through the line with hammer, tongs and maul," and after 11 minutes of hard play, made her first touchdown, Towne going over the line. Kendall kicked the goal.

Munro kicked off to Cole, and mostly by short gains, all but two being less than six yards, Kendall making one of 20 and Johnson one of 15 yards, Kendall was over the line for the second touchdown. Conner failed at goal.

Bates now advanced the ball to the center of the field and fumbled, Beane falling on the ball on the 55-yard line. For the second time during the game Bowdoin had the ball. Chapman made two yards, Blanchard five, Conner two, Chapman four.

Bowdoin then fumbled, but retained the ball, suffering a slight loss. On the next play Blanchard only made one yard, so Munro was forced to punt, the ball going over the Bates goal line, where Towne fell on it, thereby preventing Bowdoin from scoring, just as the whistle blew for the end of the first half. The score stood: Bates 11, Bowdoin 0.

In the second half Bates carried the ball to the center of the field without much opposition. There the Bates line was offside and the team was set back 10 yards. Towne tried an end play, but only made two yards. He then punted to Bowdoin's 45-yard line. Davis made five yards, Blanchard six, Chapman lost three.

A fake kick netted five yards for Bowdoin, Munro was forced to punt, Kendall catching the ball on the 30-yard line. Kendall then did some brilliant hurdling, making good gains every time he was given the ball. Haley took Conner's place at tackle.

After 12½ minutes of play Kendall made the third and last touchdown. He failed to kick the goal.

During the rest of the game Bates lost the ball twice for holding, and once was held by Bowdoin for downs, but twice succeeded in regaining the ball by forcing Munro to punt. The half ended with the score sixteen to nothing in favor of Bates.

The feature of the game was the hurdling of Kendall, the pretty runs of Towne and the line work of Reed at tackle.

Bowdoin succeeded in holding the ball less than 10 minutes during the entire game. Bates kept the ball in Bowdoin's territory the majority of the time. The summary:

BATES.	BOWDOIN.
Cole, l. e.....	r. e., Beane.
Reed, l. t.....	r. t., Conners.
	r. t., Haley.
Johnson, l. g.....	r. g., Hatch.
	r. g., Havey.
Cutten, c.....	c., Staples.
Hunt, r. g.....	l. g., Shaw.
Andrews, r. t.....	l. t., Davis.
Connor, r. e.....	l. e., Philoon.
Rounds, q. b.....	q. b., Munro.
Towne, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Chapman.
	r. h. b., Winslow.
Kendall, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Blanchard.
Briggs, f. b.....	f. b., Wilson.

Score—Bates 16. Touchdowns—Kendall 2, Towne. Goal from touchdown, Kendall. Umpire—Berry of Harvard law. Referee—Dadman of Worcester Tech. Linesmen—Bucknam of Bates, Bly of Bowdoin. Time—25-m. halves.

—W. L. P., '05.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Freshmen were entertained on Hallowe'en night at the home of Miss Spear on Mountain Avenue.

Miss Donham, '03, was absent from college for ten days coaching the girls' basket-ball team at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, Me.

Miss Symonds, '05, and Miss Hamilton, '04, are both absent from college teaching. Miss Hamilton is supplying for a few weeks at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Me.

President Chase delivered an address on October 6th, before the Knox County Teachers' Convention and another on October 17th before the Teachers' Convention of Peabody, Mass.

Mr. Rounsefell of Roxbury, Mass., has recently entered the Sophomore Class. Mr. Rounsefell is a graduate of Roxbury High School and has taken one year's work in Harvard.

The class officers of 1906 as elected for this year are:

President, R. M. Bradley; Vice-President, R. L. Kendall; Secretary, Miss Rich; Treasurer, N. L. Dodge; Chaplain, F. H. Thurston.

A telephone has been put in at Frisbee Hall. The college is now well supplied with telephone lines, there being telephone connection with Parker, Cheney and Frisbee Halls, and with the President's house.

Mr. Bradley's name was accidentally omitted from the list of Freshman names published in the September STUDENT. Mr. Bradley comes from Roxbury, Mass., and is a graduate of Roxbury High School.

The students were very glad to have with them at chapel exercises recently, Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, an alumnus of the college, who was for several years pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn. Mr. Durkee now has a position in a church in Boston.

The Seniors obtained a farm-house on the Sabatis road for their Hallowe'en revels. A novel part of the evening's entertainment was contributed by the talent of a *bona fide* fortune teller, the principal feature of whose prognostications seemed to be a long life and two marriages for each member of the class.

Another noticeable and gratifying fact about the game of November 1st, was the bearing of the U. of M. partisans. The same clean, fair spirit that characterized the game itself pervaded the whole student body, and we are glad to say that never was there a more enthusiastic and withal more gentlemanly assemblage of college men on Garcelon Field.

A topic that has been considerably agitated among the young women of the college is an intercollegiate debate with some women's college. A spirited meeting of the girls was held after chapel recently at which Miss Donham, '03, presided and representative speakers from all the classes were heard from. There was chosen a committee of three, Miss Donham, '03, Miss Wheeler, '04, and Miss Perkins, '05, to make investigations and arrangements. This plan has the approval of the college authorities, and there is a feeling on the part of the young women that whatever the college with which such a contest might be held, the representatives of Bates would hold their own in intellectuality and brain power.

If any one has had any misgivings this year about Bates spirit, that misgiving must have been dispelled at the U. of M. game on November 1st. Or if any mind was so cynical as to yet entertain doubts they would have vanished at the sight of that night's celebration as speedily as the blue ribbonites from the Bates campus after the game. The students felt that such a hard-fought victory deserved extraordinary celebration; so to the usual reception at the gymnasium was added a bonfire on top of Mt. David, after which as a final glorious vent to their jubilant feelings the boys indulged in a nightshirt parade. Considering the rarity of such a ghastly sight on our streets, we can appreciate the feeling on the part of the boys that only extreme measures would fittingly celebrate such a victory.

For a celebration of a college victory nothing like the night of November 8th was ever seen in Lewiston. It was, perhaps, the first time in Bates' history that the citizens have been so entirely with us, and the help which they rendered is difficult to overestimate. The band, the songs, and above all the large, enthusiastic crowd of supporters did more towards winning the Bowdoin game than the most of us realize, and for all of these

we must thank our down-town friends. Especial thanks are due to Mr. Little for his management. Upon the arrival at Lewiston of the special train that Saturday night, a procession was formed, headed by the band, and a crowd variously estimated at from five to eight hundred marched up Main and down Lisbon streets, literally enveloped in red fire and rockets, and accompanied by cheers that were *almost* heard in Brunswick. The team, which came at 6.45, was met by carriages and a similar crowd and given a reception such as they never had before. It was a glorious ending to a glorious day, and again as students we wish to express our gratitude to all those who so generously aided us to win the game of the year.

We are glad that Coram Library is finally ready for use, and as a student body we heartily appreciate the comforts and conveniences of our new library quarters. The dedicatory services were in the chapel on the afternoon of October 22d, when the following program was pleasingly and impressively presented:

Music.	College Quartet.
Prayer.	Dean Howe.
Violin Solo.	Bret H. Dingley.
The Growth of the Bates College Library.	President Chase,
Dedicatory Address.	Rev. Fritz W. Baldwin, D.D.
Music.	College Quartet.
Violin Solo.	Bret H. Dingley.

The unveiling and presentation of the Stanton Portrait immediately followed these exercises. A. S. Littefield, Esq., presided and introduced Scott Wilson, Esq., of Portland, who delivered the presentation speech. A large number of alumni were present as well as students and friends of the college. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Coram gave an added pleasure to the dedicatory exercises. In the portrait of Professor Stanton we feel that we have a fine work of art for the new library, and more than that, a monument of love and inspiration to the student body of Bates for generations to come.

The speaking of the prize division of the Sophomore declamations took place in the chapel Friday afternoon, November 7th. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.	
PRAYER.	
MUSIC.	
New England.—Cushing.	C. F. Getchell.
Polly Calendar, Tory.—Fenderson.	Miss M. L. Stetson.
Daniel Webster.—Lang.	J. E. Peterson.
An Hour.—Alcott.	Miss M. L. Thurston.
MUSIC.	
Blaine, the Plumed Knight.—Ingersoll.	J. S. Reed.
The Cruelty of Legree (Uncle Tom's Cabin).—Stowe.	Miss L. B. Goddard.
McKinley Memorial Address.—Hay.	W. L. Parsons.
The Story of the Other Wise Men.—Van Dyke.	Miss M. L. Ames.
MUSIC.	

The Trial of Warren Hastings.—Macaulay.
 Guenn.—Howard.
 The Silent Captain.—Curtis.
 Old Jack.—Murray.

P. H. Blake.
 Miss L. M. Small.
 A. T. Maxim.
 Miss A. M. Reed.

The committee of judges for choosing the speakers from the preliminaries were: Mr. Beedy, '03, Miss Freeman, '03, Mr. Spofford, '04. The committee of award were: Rev. Percival F. Marston, Hon. Ralph W. Crockett, Mrs. Lyman G. Jordan. The prizes were awarded to Miss Thurston and Mr. Getchell.

Exchanges.

AS many of the new editorial boards start in their work it is interesting to read the outlines of the courses which they intend to pursue, or the way in which some refrain from giving these and by their very carefulness, assure you that something great is coming, and that all you have to do, if you wish to see it, is simply to keep your eyes open. Well, we certainly hope that these great changes will transpire, and that so great will they be that soon one could hardly recognize the college magazines. But, will they? As to our own opinion, we—for we are about to retire—will be cautious to dampen their ardor not in the least, but we will smile indulgently at them and say that we were young once.

We have enjoyed the perusal of *The Tennessee University Magazine* as much as that of any of this month. It is filled with fine material throughout, and seems to us to be the best edition of it we have ever read. Especially we would commend the dialect poem, "Days of Long Ago."

The Sibyl comes to us with a new cover. The design is unique, but best of all it covers a magazine of which any college might be proud.

The Tuftonian contains a very fine college story with the title, "How we came to know Hezekiah." The style in which this is written surpasses that usually found, and the thoughts and sentiments are such as a college student is always glad to come across.

The Haverfordian contains on the whole little except what would be interesting to its own students alone. The article entitled "Iago," however, is worthy of especial mention. It is well arranged and well written.

We congratulate the members of Williams College on the spirit with which they are taking up debating work. It is this same spirit which Colby is putting into her foot-ball this fall, and we congratulate her also. We liked that expression which we vaguely remember of her making, that every man in college was playing foot-ball, whether by giving the team practice, support, or what not.

It is always with pleasure that we take up the *Smith College Monthly*, and this pleasure is always increased when we come to the "Sketches." This month we were not disappointed. There we found the usual sparkle, wit, and pathos.

The exchanges have been, this month, better than usual. The so-called solid matter has not been heavy; the stories have been good; while the poetry has been fine. Much of it we would like to insert into the pages of our own magazine, but we will content ourselves with the following selections:

THE MASTER OF THE SEA-WIND.

I hold the lash of the winds in my grip,
The long, gray, ruthless lash,
That swings the doom of many a ship,
And the luck of the sailor rash.

I shun the shores of the captive land,
I must ride where the sky is free,
For I guide the tameless winds with my hand,
The winds of the open sea.

I drive the clouds before the blast,
And the waters leap at my call,
For the future I care not, nor for the past,
Nor where my hand doth fall.

To roam forever at will is life;
To laugh with the heart of the sea,
To rouse the waves to a fierce, mad strife,
This is joy to me.

—Helen Flora McAfee, *Ex.*

A NAME.

There's a name far more charming than song of delight,
That from lovers' lips silently steals,
For the scene that it pictures,—or shabby or bright,—
To the heart of all mankind appeals.

In this picture are framed the sweet faces so fair
Of the loved ones since childhood's first Spring,—
For the name which all ages can never impair,
Is "Home," the good name that I sing!

—Maurice F. Gelpi, '05, *Ex.*

SONG OF THE WATERS.

Purls of the summer sea, weird sounds thy sighing,
Sad are thy breakings, and doleful thy flow.
Softly thy chant of the dead and the dying
Blends with the night-breeze whispering low.

Oft have ye listened while dark forms have tarried,
Moved by thy quiet to tell o'er their care;
Lulled by the hope that thy melody carried,
Blackness for blackness; a leap, and a prayer.

Often when men have rejoiced ye have muttered;
 Chastened their glee with thy passionless wave,
 Well can ye tell of the death prayers unuttered,
 Born and engulfed mid the hush of a grave.

Sing on, ye breakers, and thunder your dirges;
 Whisper, ye ripples, and lisp your sad strains;
 But know that a soul unaffrayed by thy surges
 Mounts to the skies for each spirit that wanes.

—Ernest F. Reece, *Ex.*

Our Book-Shelf.

"With books, as with friends, one finds new beauties at every interview, and would stay long in the presence of those choice companions. As with friends, he may dispense with a wide acquaintance: few and choice."

—A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

In *Out of the Hurly-Burly*,¹ Max Adeler chronicles, humorously for the most part, the life of a quiet Delaware town. The intermixture of humor and seriousness is an attractive element. A chapter often begins with a description, then changes to anecdotes of highly amusing absurdity. The fun with which the author delights us is not wholly made up, however, of the grotesque stories and situations which his imagination invents; there is a deal of keen character study. In the characters supposed to inhabit the village of New Castle, many will find "the follies that themselves commit" held up to mild ridicule. Sham and hypocrisy the writer pierces with a pointed shaft. But love, sympathy and sincerity are made to appear in their most pleasing aspects. The illustrating artists, Arthur B. Frost, Fred S. Schell, and others, share equally with the author the credit of the book's attractiveness.

*Seen by the Spectator*² is a selection of sketches which first appeared in print in the columns of the *Outlook*. The first chapter deals with sight-seeing in Boston. Among other topics discussed are "At the Virginia Springs," "An East Side Political Outing," "Concerning the Sense of Humor," "Be Not Too Tidy," "One Kind of Mind Cure," "A Glimpse of New York's Chinatown," "The Art of Shoplifting," "The Woman's Page."

Edward Eldridge, the author of *A California Girl*,³ writes not for the specialist but for "the masses." His purpose is to weave into this story the best and latest thought that has been given to the world. The book is interesting throughout and the author's treatment of the sex question is original. The spiritual tone of the book is marked.

A convenient and valuable little book of information is *What's What at Home and Abroad*,⁴ by F. Sturges Allen. It consists of a vocabulary of bill-of-fare terms and names of dishes used in the better class of restaurants and hotels in America. It also contains information on gems, plants and other practical subjects.

In *The Woman's Manual of Law*⁵ those principles of law governing the business world and domestic life which every woman should know are presented in a clear, simple, yet entertaining manner. The information is condensed as much as possible, and there are no unnecessary details of legal logic. The author, Mary A. Greene, has for years been a lecturer on this subject and treats it in the light of experience. The book is based upon a knowledge of what women really need to know.

The American Book Company has recently published a new edition of *Virgil's Aeneid*⁶ Books I.-XII., by Henry S. Frieze, revised by Walter

Dennison, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. In the present edition of Frieze's Virgil, which has for many years been a standard, changes have been made in the text only where readings formerly disputed have now become established. The long vowels are indicated in Books I. and II. The notes have been thoroughly revised and the introduction has been enlarged by discussions on the plan of the Aeneid, the meter, manuscripts, editions, and helpful books of reference.

One of the recent text-books published by the American Book Company is Babbitt's *Grammar of Attic and Ionic Greek*,⁷ by Frank Cole Babbitt, Ph.D., Professor the Greek Language and Literature in Trinity College, Hartford. This grammar gives the essential facts and principles of the Greek language in concise form, with only so much discussion as is necessary for a clear understanding of the subject. It meets the needs of secondary schools, and at the same time is sufficient for all ordinary demands of the college course. The Ionic forms are given in foot-notes; and the necessary emphasis on important letters or syllables is secured by spacing and by full-face type.

*Qualitative Chemical Analysis*⁸ by John B. Garvin, published by D. C. Heath & Co., is a brief introductory course in qualitative analysis for schools and colleges. It is original in its selection and arrangement of the subject matter. The general plan of book is inductive. Part I. deals with Metals, Part II. with Acids and Part III. with the Systematic Examination of Substances of Unknown Composition.

A Musical Reformation,⁹ by John A. Cone, is the title of a volume of short stories which takes its name from the first story of the collection. Five of these stories originally appeared in *The Lewiston Journal*, and are of unusual interest. The other stories are, "My Escape from Suicide," "A Strange Adoption," "Mr. Brett's Excursion," "A Spoiled Story," "A Natural Conclusion," "The New Minister," and "His 'Week Off.'"

An interesting and valuable book for Young Women is "*Talk to Young Women*,"¹⁰ by U. P. English, M.D. The author was formerly Lecturer in the Extension Course of the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery, and is now Professor of Phrenology and Hygiene. The book gives us in a clear, concise way, valuable information on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.

Schiller's Song of the Bell,¹¹ translated by W. H. Furness, is one of a series of Songs from the Great Poets, published by the H. M. Caldwell Co. The book is beautifully bound and the fine full page illustrations are by Alexander Liezen Mayer and Edmund H. Garrett. Others of this series are Tennyson's "Song of the Brook" and "Songs from Goethe's Faust."

On the Cross,¹² by Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford is a romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The interest which is at once attracted by the original and daring theme is kept up throughout the book by the intensity of the story. The author, Miss Wilhelmine von Hillern, is a baroness, the daughter of a distinguished actress. She is one of the most popular of the German novelists. Miss Mary J. Safford was chosen by the author to translate *On the Cross* for the English reading world because of her brilliant scholarship and her fame as a translator.

Unfettered,¹³ by Sutton E. Griggs, is a recent novel published by the Orion Publishing Co., Nashville, Tennessee. This book deals with the negro question. The author not only presents clearly the situation at the present time but also advances a plan for the adjustment of the relations between the whites and the negroes. His thought, however, does not intrude unpleasantly, but is interwoven with the story which is an interesting romance of Tennessee life. The style of the book is pleasing and the characters are well drawn.

The third series of *Cap and Gown*¹⁴ published by L. C. Page & Company is selected by R. L. Paget. It consists of selected verse from col-

lege publications of the last four years. Over forty colleges and universities are represented, and the volume forms a collection of bright, cheerful verse, which is particularly interesting to college alumni and undergraduates.

Eagle Blood,¹⁵ by James Creelman, is a romance not of colonial times but of the present day. The plot is an original and fascinating one, and a great patriotic lesson is revealed to American men and women. It is a strong book, written in a vigorous, fresh style and lit with flashes of humor and satire. Fertility of invention is certainly a characteristic of the author of this unusual and convincing story.

The Jolly Student is the title of a Characteristic March Song lately published by the Zickel Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan. It is a patriotic song which the students of all colleges may sing.

¹Out of the Hurly-Burly. Max Adeler. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

²Seen by the Spectator. The Outlook Company, New York. \$1.00.

³A California Girl. Edward Eldridge. The Abbey Press. New York. \$1.50.

⁴What's What? F. Sturgis Allen. The Bradley-White Company. New York.

⁵The Woman's Manual of Law. Mary A. Greene. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

⁶Virgil's Aeneid. Henry S. Frieze. American Book Co. New York. \$1.50.

⁷Greek Grammar. Frank Cole Bartlett. American Book Co. New York. \$1.50.

⁸Qualitative Chemical Analysis. John B. Garvin. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston. \$1.10.

⁹A Musical Reformation. John A. Cone. The Abbey Press. New York. \$.50.

¹⁰Talk to Young Women. U. P. English. Ohio State Publishing Co. Cleveland. \$1.00.

¹¹Schiller's Song of the Bell. W. H. Furness. H. M. Caldwell Co. New York.

¹²On the Cross. Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford. Drexel Biddle. Philadelphia. \$1.00.

¹³Unfettered. Sutton E. Griggs. Orion Publishing Co. Nashville, Tenn.

¹⁴Cap and Gown—third series. R. L. Paget. L. C. Page & Co. Boston. \$1.25.

¹⁵Eagle Blood. James Creelman. Lothrop Publishing Co. Boston. \$1.50.

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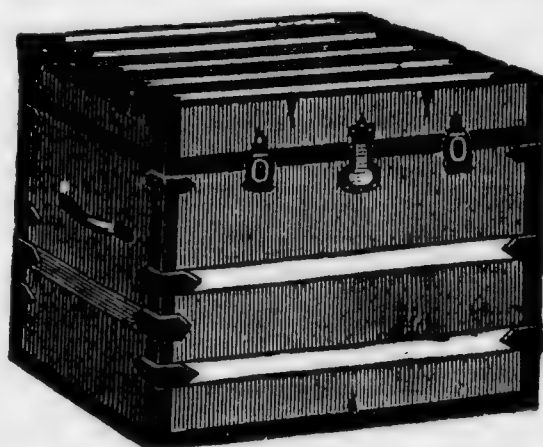
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Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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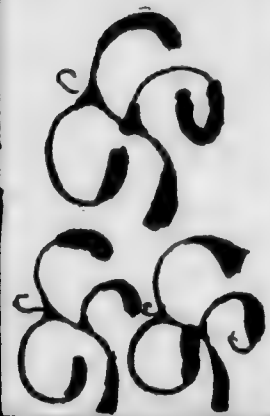
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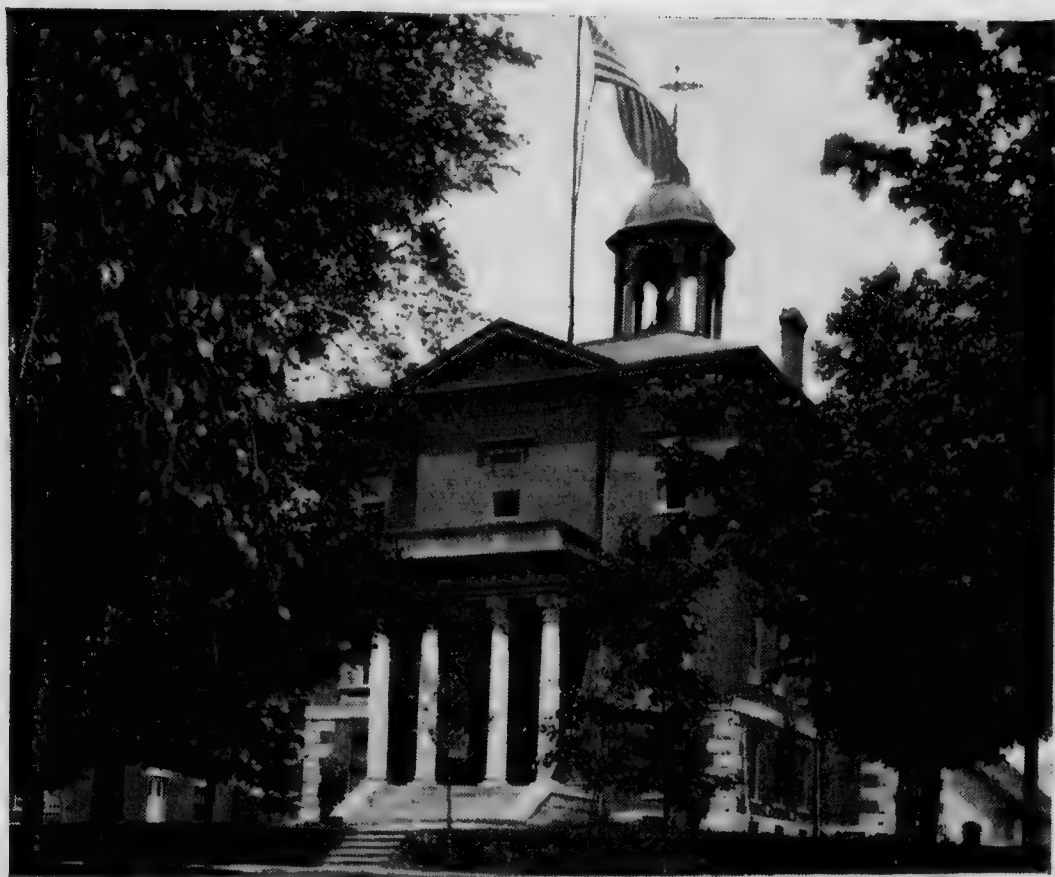
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Vol. XXX.

No. 10.



The Bates Student.



December

C.L. Jordan. '03

Entered at Lewiston Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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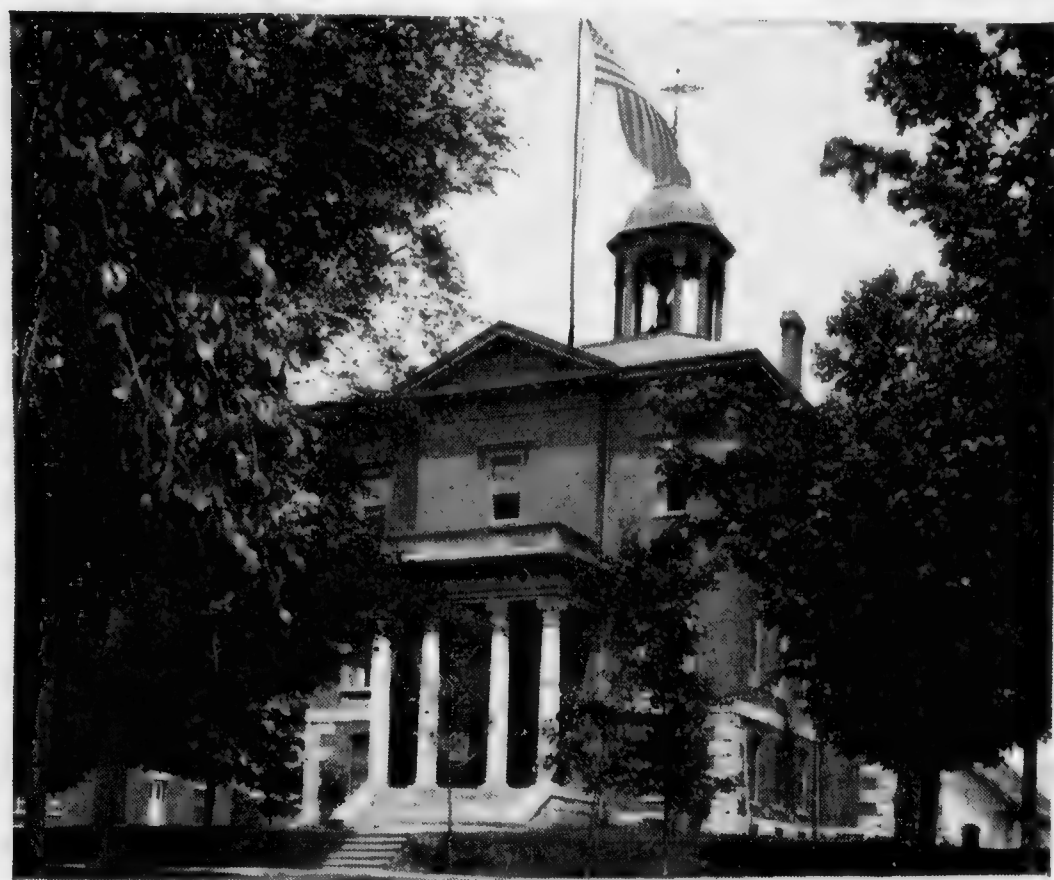
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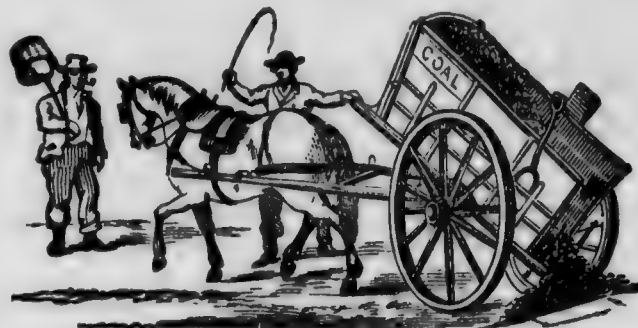
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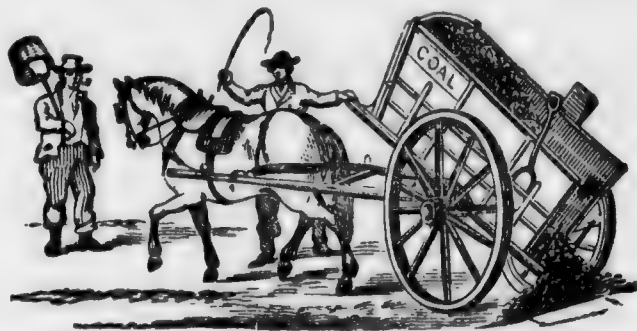
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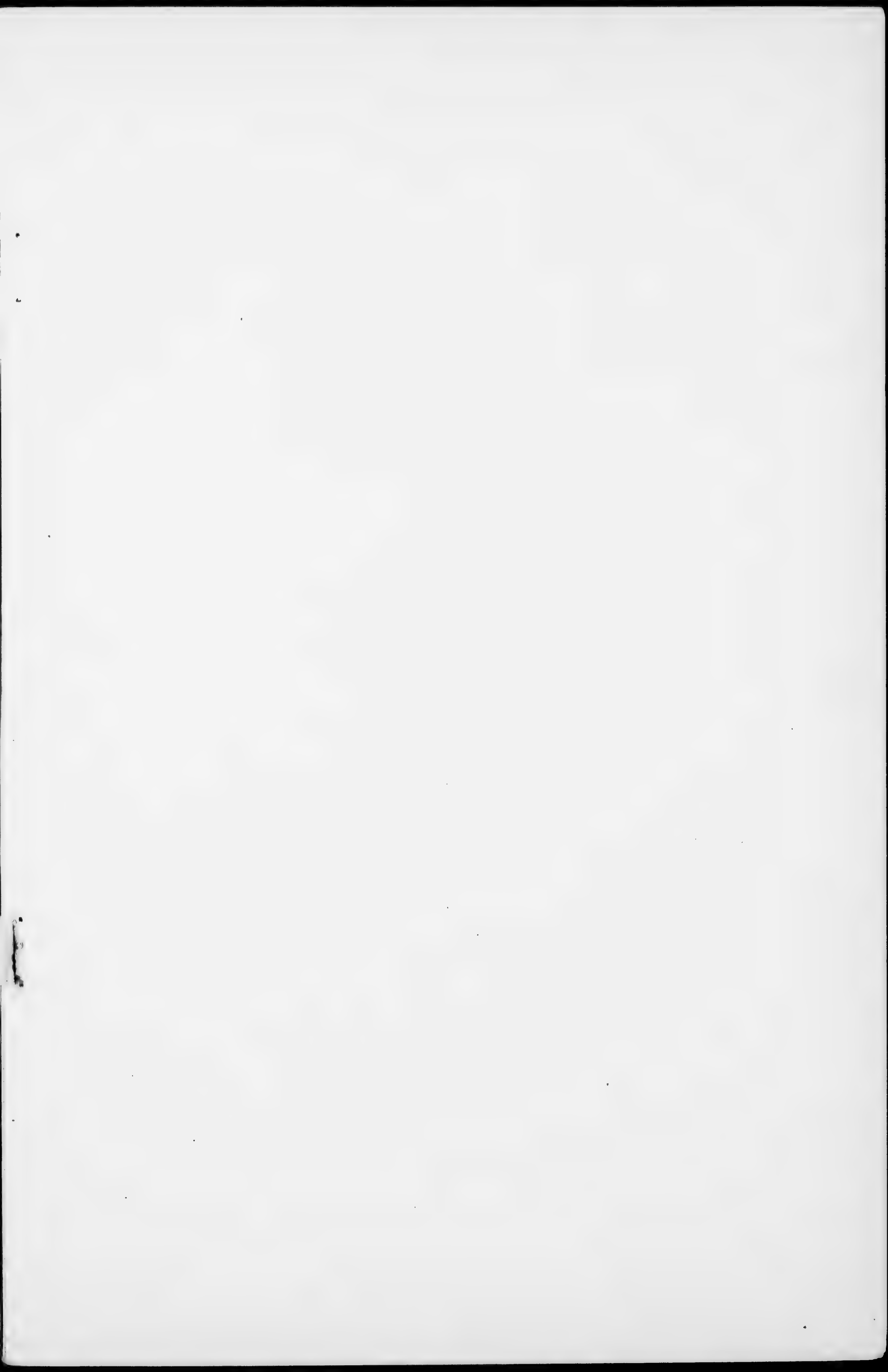
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Literary.

D'APRES HOMERE.

Away, away back in chaos sprang mankind
 Out of the primeval slippery slime,
 Reared from nothing into life,
 Well equipped to wage his strife.
 Devil and Demon oft led him astray;
 But the Divine Power would His sway
 Over this tempted Mortal Man,
 To keep him away from Satan's band.
 Man once lived in peaceful, happy vales
 Tilling the land and the luxuriant swales.
 Free from care, he worked his given estate,
 Until his lot was decided, otherwise, by fate.
 Man's giving heed to Satan, has wrought its spoil;
 And he labors, now, with never endless toil,
 And like the criminal Sisyphus, of old,
 He laboriously rolls his rock toward its destined goal,
 And as he is about to reach fame's noble height,
 He becomes hurled backward with tremendous might.
 Yet, always, ever onward strives the God-created man
 To overcome the evil power of Satan's grinding hand.
 And with God's help and strength infused
 Man, finally, crumbles Satan beneath victorious shoes.
 Then, high sits man, upon an adamant throne
 And calls this earthly kingdom all his own.
 But God, the Supreme Ruler, over all,
 Rules and directs every world and planet at His call.

—H. R. J., '03.

EVOLUTION—GOD'S PLAN.

WHEN you talk of life you talk of God. And when you speak of the causes of life, you speak of God, because God is life and God is the cause of life. One theory holds that all matter was in a vast heated ball whirling with awful rapidity, and from this were thrown these spheres which form our planetary system to-day. Another says, that the great Creator of the universe exclaimed, "Let there be life," and immediately trees grew and grasses and brakes; flowers bloomed, birds sang and all this beautiful universe as we know it, appeared as if created by the magician's wand. Another says, that atoms in motion will create heat and that heat is life, but back of all these problems and theories there is God.

Whatever the theory may be in regard to the true origin of man, all the ideas and isms in regard to molecules and atoms and

physical growth, it is not my purpose to discuss, but rather the broader question of the Divine direction of man after God had created him and saw that he was good.

Behold the chaos of the early years—man living in caves, might is right and the strong arm is the only enforced law. As a beast of the field we first know him, and woman is but a fit mate for such a being. Then we find some realizing the idea of family, each family with its head, who counsels war or peace and governs the youth.

Some man in a far eastern tribe, a prehistoric Edison or Maxim, invents some weapon of offense or defence, for war is the daily occupation of these people, and immediately the family makes demands upon its neighbors, demands which it is able to enforce. Thus the tribe springs into existence and armies grow from tens to hundreds.

Moments of time it takes to tell it; but in the struggle and growth are æons and æons of time, century piled on century. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding fine."

And might is right for long years after this—the families increase in size, and after the lapse of centuries, we find a group of people large enough to be called a race, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Babylonians, the Greeks. But these little peoples are isolated each with its own culture, its own customs and its own laws.

There comes a mighty man to one nation, a Pharaoh, perhaps, who grasps the reins of government, instructs his soldiers how to fight, invents some new method of archery, and behold, Pharaoh has overrun the eastern world, and Jewish customs and traditions are mingled with Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian.

What need to multiply instances? The Eastern nations interchange customs, each adds something to the ever-growing mass of better things. Effeminacy creeps in and Alexander, the Great, marches his armies eastward and sits upon the throne of Babylon. The best of these warlike people have conquered those who thought themselves so cultured, and Greek influence rules the world.

It was the Grecian phalanx and the iron trained soldier, which placed the world in its power. They reached the pinnacle of their greatness, but Grecian art and beauty fell prostrate before God's plan of evolution, and Rome ruled supreme.

At length the nations of the world were roused from their

slumber according to the Divine Plan. Far back in the German forests in the northland of ice and snow of Thor and Woden, God had placed a people destined to carry culture farther and rule longer than any predecessor.

Egyptians, astronomy; the Jews, the Bible and the Christ; the Greeks, art and beauty almost divine; the Romans, the law; and the Teuton nations under God's guidance, grasped the whole, and with the love of home, of freedom, of manly strength, of right and justice, overcame all others.

Now are we approaching the days of chivalry and feudal power—France, Germany, Spain, England and Italy first begin to take shape as they are to-day.

Moorish civilization contained many things desirable, sure to survive. Delicate is the architecture of this southern race, and it was surrounded with an air of mystery and romance in which the scholar and the poet revel.

Thus each nation has been made a hammer or an anvil, useful always in forging God's plan. Invention followed invention each in its own good time, all stretching out mighty, invincible arms, bending first individuals, then families and next tribes into nations, and finally impressing upon all mankind the truth of the brotherhood of man.

When men talk of selfishness and wrong triumphant and rampant in the world, ask them to meditate on the breadth and depth of the infinite mind. Consider the long way up, the steepness of the way, the rocks of lust and brutality strewn along the path, the patience and mercy and long-suffering of the Guide, the infinite wisdom, and above all, the grand result. War almost abolished; universal arbitration almost established; the fierce struggle now waging with those demon forces which once held absolute sway; woman a mighty factor in the home and in the forum, and a glimpse of the dawn-light of that better day when Love shall rule the world.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

DO you sometimes think that the work you do is not crowned with the success which it deserves? Have you ever thought that you toiled diligently for many years without realizing any return for your efforts? It is hard to spend hours of toil to no apparent purpose, plying our best efforts for an undertaking, the realization of which is so far in the future that we are

almost at loss to discern it. It is natural for every man to work and be industrious; it is in his being to accomplish what is pleasing to himself, grateful to the world. But as he works, it, likewise, is his nature to see an emblem of his striving. As the day beholds him assiduously at his task, so would he have the eventide behold his task repaid. With the great mass of men it is possible for immediate reward to repay diligence. The day laborer is faithful at his task, in his shop, in the factory or upon the street, knowing that at night the almighty dollar will be the price of his labor. For that he strives and to that he looks with longing. That is the emblem of his striving. His efforts are repaid and he is content.

But there is another class, who are compelled or rather who choose to spend years perhaps in fitting themselves for some great work and in turn spend many more in the accomplishment of that work.

Perseverance and patience have been the foundations of every great accomplishment. The story of invention is a history of diligence and faithfulness.

In fact, on every corner, in every field and by every brookside is an illustration of this law. The mason carefully lays brick upon brick in the slow and tedious process of building. The one which he now adjusts is but a drop in the ocean compared with the number necessary for its completion. What observer could realize that a massive temple in time would be erected from that slow adjustment of minute elements. But in due season the perseverance of the workman has effected a wonderful growth and the temple stands aloft, forever an emblem of his diligence.

In the springtime the farmer sows his seed, trusting to the sun and warmth for maturing its growth. His work is slow and hard; but kernel after kernel, seed after seed, he carefully places beneath the soil, an act, which, to one ignorant of nature's laws, would seem a mere waste, a throwing away of nourishing seed. For many months the farmer receives no reward for his perseverance in planting and patient waiting. For days the seed is silent under the soil, promising no reproduction. But the farmer is confident, for he knows that "As he sows, therefore shall he reap." The bounteous crop springs up in response to his faithful efforts. He is repaid, and the emblem of his striving has at last materialized.

Do you, who are students, ever think that in your past years of study and in these years through which you are now passing

you have been and are unable to realize any advantage from your daily toil and faithfulness? No doubt you do. It is true that the road to an education is an up-hill one, the end of which is reached only after many years of difficult climbing. In our daily work, on the athletic field, or in the recitation room, let us be earnest, remembering that there is a future when reward comes. May we rest assured that in so much as we are now faithful, in so much as we now sow the seeds of intellectual development, in years to come we shall reap the harvest of prosperity and enlightenment. — W. L. P., '05.

MAINE'S SONS.

MOST people who know Maine by report only, consider the State one vast wilderness with every house sheltered beneath the protecting branches of a huge pine. However, all must admit that the forests of Maine send out as many talented men as any section of equal population in the United States. There seems to be something in our atmosphere that develops a certain quality of greatness which gives our men a prominent place among the distinguished of the earth. It is a characteristic of Maine people to stand up for what they believe is right and to stand alone if need be.

Maine has reared men whose talents and pursuits differ as widely as the kinds of trees in her forests. Her sons are known throughout the country as men of brains. Every state in the Union has among its inhabitants men who are natives of Maine, and many states have elected as governors Maine-born men. In Boston, and in other New England cities a goodly proportion of the business men have come from the Pine Tree State. Mr. Jordan, of the Jordan and Marsh Company, was born in Maine.

Look at the men whom Maine has sent to Congress. In the earlier days of the State Hannibal Hamlin was one of her greatest politicians. He spent more than twenty years in Congress, was Governor of Maine and Vice-President under Lincoln during his first term. His success as a politician was doubtless due to his lofty character, his loyalty to his friends, and his devotion to principle. Of such a man any state may well be proud.

Another of Maine's great politicians was James G. Blaine, who, although not born in this State, was always considered a Maine man. Mr. Blaine served eighteen years in Congress, and was the acknowledged leader of the national Republican party.

I do not need to rehearse to you the glorious records attached

to the names of Thomas B. Reed, Nelson Dingley, and William P. Frye, but it is an unquestionable fact that they were men of great political ability, and their services to the country will long be remembered.

Before I leave the political field there is one more man of whom I wish to speak. This is our present representative, Mr. Littlefield. Before he had been in the House of Representatives one term Mr. Littlefield began to show his superiority over other members, and now he is looked upon by all the representatives as a man of foresight and judgment. It is expected that Mr. Littlefield has in store a still more brilliant future which shall redound to the glory of his native State.

Maine has not been backward in furnishing men for the wars in which the United States has taken part. In the Civil War, especially, was Maine prominent. It would be easy to mention many Maine men whose names are carried down in history for their services in this war. Such men as Hiram Berry and Joshua Chamberlain are always objects of pride to their native states. *Even the little town of Sebago can claim the honor of having one man who became a major.* Time will allow me to mention only a few, so I have chosen Gen. O. O. Howard and Gen. Neal Dow to occupy your minds for a moment. Gen. O. O. Howard is best known by his services at Gettysburg, where he showed himself a remarkable and talented general. An eye witness of the battle says that never before had he seen a man, general or private, so calm in the midst of a raging battle as was General Howard at Gettysburg.

General Neal Dow enlisted a regiment, and entering active service was sent west, where he managed affairs with remarkable skill. He was taken prisoner by the rebels and confined nine months in Libby Prison. But although Neal Dow did his country good service in war, he is better known as a temperance worker. At an early age he became interested in this cause, and worked so enthusiastically that he is sometimes known as the "Father of Temperance." He devoted a large part of his life to lecturing. He gained his greatest renown, however, as the author of the Maine prohibition law.

Thus we see that our State has not been backward in producing men for the wider pursuits, but the more refined arts have also received their share of attention. Two authors and one poet in particular have made themselves known, not only throughout our own country, but also in foreign lands. The poet, as you

all know, is Longfellow, whose simple style and loving character do not need to be mentioned here; but the honor which he has brought to his native State is probably second to that of none. The two authors are Elijah Kellogg and Jacob Abbott. Mr. Kellogg has written many books, several of which are about things that occurred in small towns of this State. Mr. Abbott is best known through his "Rollo Books," which have been read both in this and foreign countries. Nearly all his books are for young people, and through these he has influenced the youth of the last fifty years.

However, the great men of Maine are not confined to the political and literary fields, but the fine arts receive their share of support through Benjamin Paul Akers. Saccarappa is the town honored as his birthplace. While yet a boy Akers showed a special gift for sculpture. He cultivated his talents in Boston and different cities of Italy. His chief works are the "Dead Pearl Diver" and the heads of Longfellow and Milton. But before he had accomplished very much his work was cut short by an untimely death.

There is one other man of whom I wish to speak, who, although he may not be the greatest man that Maine has ever produced, is probably the most remarkable. This is Charles Browne, better known as Artemus Ward. If he were alive and were asked what was his business he would probably reply, "I am the newspaper through which God proclaims his comical sayings." Artemus Ward is known as the greatest humorist ever born in our land. Waterford is his native town. After serving as a journalist for a short time, he entered the lecture-field. He travelled extensively in this country and England, delivering his comic lectures which were said to be the best of their kind ever given in either country. He was remarkable because his talents are so different from those of common men.

I have mentioned a few renowned men whom our beloved State has produced, but I do not stop because I have named them all. If time would permit I could mention many more of Maine's noble sons.

Justly should we be proud of this State of hills, mountains and forests, so let us be loyal to her and we can best do this by living noble lives as all the men whom I have mentioned have done. In closing I can think of no better way to express my love for my native State than to say, "I would rather have been born in the old Pine Tree State than in any other spot on this earth."

—H. A. W., '06.

Alumni Round-Table.

BATES ALUMNÆ CLUB.

Report of the eighth annual meeting of the Bates Alumnæ Club, June 25 and 26, 1902.

Voted: To continue for another year the Art Committee, consisting of: Mrs. Blanche Howe Jenney, '90, Miss Nellie B. Jordan, '88, Miss Caroline E. Libby, '01.

Voted: To continue for another year the Intercollegiate Alumnæ Association, consisting of: Mrs. Kate Prescott Cox, '91, Mrs. Blanche Howe Jenney, '90, Mrs. Helen Willard Howard, '95.

Voted: That the club contribute \$50 toward the Professor Stanton Portrait Fund.

Voted: That the Membership Committee choose one member from each class to confer with every alumna in her own class and urge her membership in the club.

Officers elected for the year:

President, Mrs. Emma J. C. Rand, '81; Vice-President, Miss Gertrude Miller, '96; Secretary, Miss Bessie D. Chase, '02; Treasurer, Miss Mabel T. Jordan, '99; Executive Committee, Miss Edith H. Hayes, '99, Miss Mabel Garcelon, '98, Miss Mary Buzzell, '97.

Adjourned to 8.30 A.M. Wednesday of Commencement week, 1903.

—BESSIE D. CHASE.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—J. S. Parsons, who resides in Theed, N. D., and has been engaged in farming and milling for some years, is to spend the winter in California with his wife. Mr. Parsons has three children who are married and three grandchildren.

'68.—Thomas O. Knowlton, Esq., of Lakeside, N. H., is vice-president of the Cheney Alumni Association of New Hampshire. Mr. Knowlton carries on a farm of 500 acres or more and also practices law.

'68.—President Chase addressed the Bates Round Table on Friday evening, November 14th, on "The Trend of Education in Our Day."

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, Me., has recently lost his only child, a young man.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, Superintendent of Schools, New Britain, Conn., was president of the New England Association of School Superintendents which met in Boston November 14th.

'78.—D. M. Benner recently made a short visit upon his old college friends in Lewiston.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard, an editor of the New York *Evening News*, is delivering a course of six lectures upon journalism before the public school teachers of New York City.

'85.—R. E. Attwood, cashier of the Lewiston Trust and Safe Deposit Co., has been bereft of his father, Mr. George B. Attwood of Auburn.

'85.—C. W. Harlow, M.D., has recently been bereft of his wife.

'86.—Professor W. H. Hartshorn has been appointed a member of the Library Commission of Maine, in place of Professor Jordan, who declined reappointment.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson, Superintendent of Schools, Melrose, Mass., gave a very suggestive and helpful lecture in the college chapel November 13th on "The Elements of Success in Teaching."

'87.—E. C. Hayes is thoroughly enjoying his position as Professor of Economics and Sociology in Miami University. He was incorrectly reported in our last issue as instructor in Chicago University.

'88.—B. W. Tinker, Superintendent of Schools, Waterbury, Conn., took an active part at the recent meeting of New England superintendents in Boston in the discussion of the compulsory study of the Bible in the public school.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., is giving to crowded audiences a series of lectures upon Bible characters.

'89.—A. L. Safford, superintendent of schools, Beverly, Mass., was active in the discussions at the recent meeting of New England superintendents.

'89.—I. N. Cox, business manager of the Manchester *Mirror*, Manchester, N. H., is president of the newly organized Cheney Alumni Association of New Hampshire.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, Esq., of Lewiston, attorney for Androscoggin County, surpassed all previous records at the last session of the Supreme Court held in Auburn in the amount of fines exacted by the prosecuting officer from the rumsellers of Androscoggin County.

'93.—Josephine Hodgdon is teaching in Andover, Mass.

'95.—A. C. Hutchins is teacher of Physics in the high school, Melrose, Mass.

'97.—A. W. Bailey is a student at the New York Law School and will graduate in 1903. He is practicing law in the Lawyers' Title Building.

'97.—R. B. Stanley, Esq., who is practicing law in The Pemberton Building, Boston, Mass., gave some valuable suggestions to our foot-ball team during his recent visit in Lewiston.

'98.—Miss G. C. Goodspeed is teaching at Montclair, N. J.

'98.—H. S. Goodspeed was recently admitted to the New York bar and is pursuing a graduate course at the New York Law School leading to the degree of LL.M. He graduated from the school this spring, *cum laude*.

'99.—E. S. Peacock is principal of the Lindsey High School, Shapleigh, Me.

'99.—O. C. Merrill, who is taking a course in civil engineering in the M. I. T., Boston, Mass., is ill with typhoid fever in a Boston hospital.

1900.—Royce D. Purinton, who is learning the paper business in the employ of the Lisbon Falls Fibre Co., has proven himself one of the most efficient foot-ball coaches in the country by his effective training of the Bates foot-ball team for 1902.

1900.—F. H. Stinchfield, who returned from teaching in the Philippines some time ago, is taking a course in the Harvard Law School.

1901.—Harold E. E. Stevens is at home from the Harvard Medical School, ill with typhoid fever.

1901.—R. W. Channell and wife, formerly Miss Bertha A. Besse of the same class, recently visited the college.

1901.—Miss Louise Parker, who is teaching in Yarmouth, recently visited the college.

1902.—Arthur E. Darling of Harvard Medical School is ill at his home in Auburn, Me., of typhoid fever.

1902.—Arthur W. Tryon, who returned from the Harvard Medical School some weeks ago ill with typhoid fever, died at his home in Auburn Tuesday, November 18th. The students and Faculty united in sending flowers for the funeral service which occurred at his home in Auburn, Friday, November 21st, at 2 P.M.

1902.—E. F. Clason, who is studying law with Hon. O. B. Clason, Gardiner, Me., will teach during the coming winter a high school in Islesford, Me.

1902.—E. A. Childs, a teacher in Drury College, Springfield, Mo., is ill with typhoid fever.

Around the Editors' Table.

THIS number ends the year's work for the present STUDENT Board, and a pleasant year it has been to us all. There have been discouragements at times, but they have passed away again and we shall think only of that in our work which has been pleasant.

Every Board of Editors probably starts out with similar hopes and aspirations—resolutions, too. We had ours and they have done us good. A high purpose and a noble endeavor cannot fail to have its effect on the editors if not perceptibly on the paper. We hope we have done our part towards making the STUDENT grow with the college, reflecting the college life and thought and ever raising the standard of literary work. If we have done anything to further this end the thanks are due to the united efforts of those at the head of our different departments aided by the support of the student body.

To the incoming Board we extend a hearty greeting, full of hope and confidence in your success. That you may have as pleasant a year and receive as hearty support and appreciation, as we have, is our wish for you.

IN giving their parting advice to the students, the present editorial board may make a more profound impression if the words of wisdom they impart are obviously derived from their own experience. A question which at present strongly appeals to the Senior mind is that of next term's electives. Although there is given a choice of ten electives, no one of which occupies less than three hours a week, many of the class are having great difficulty in making up the required fifteen hour schedule. The fact is that in the past many have been short sighted in choosing electives and have thereby excluded themselves from all but one or two courses.

Now, aside from this complication is it not better, from an educational standpoint, to keep one's course of study as broad and inclusive as possible. To devote one's time exclusively to the sciences or to have no interest save in the languages will not result in that breadth and training which should be the aim of every college man or woman. So we would urge those just beginning their elective work, and those more advanced as well, to maintain that variety and equilibrium in their course of study

that will in the future prevent confusion and vexation—and that, as we believe, will result in better college training and better preparation for the work of life.

NEXT to having a good spirit in your own college, comes having an honest one towards others, and particularly rivals. There has been a marked change for the better in the spirit which our Maine colleges show towards each other, a change which we are glad to note, and which we wish to do our share in contributing towards. Each one is a good college and while, of course, it is the privilege of all of us to think ours the best, we need not on that account seize every opportunity to disparage the others.

The college papers show the college spirit, and when such a spirit is shown as may be seen in the recent issues of the *Campus* and *Orient*, we can sincerely say that it is a manly spirit and that we admire it. To be sure Maine, Bowdoin, and Colby are our rivals and probably always will be, but we must remember that they are worthy rivals and we must treat them and think of them as such. In this way we will be contributing something, at least, to a feeling of good-fellowship between all four of the colleges.

NO one doubts that there is an increase of interest in athletics at Bates. That was clearly shown at the foot-ball games this season and the inevitable pleasing result has followed, for though our foot-ball team did not win every State game this fall, the manner in which it overcame the unfavorable circumstances existing in the early part of the season was an achievement of which any college might be proud.

Yet to the term, "interest in athletics," let us take care that we do not apply too narrow a meaning and include under the head "athletics" only foot-ball and base-ball, important though these are, but remember that tennis, track and even indoor athletics are deserving of attention also and that they are bound to prosper in the same proportion as we are interested in and apply ourselves to them. It was interest, enthusiasm if you like, and hard work that gained the foot-ball victory over U. of M. this fall. The same qualities will guarantee an equal amount of success in whatever other branch of athletics they may enter. We have had good teams in tennis. It is possible for us to have equally as good teams now, for surely the quality of Bates material has not

deteriorated since 1900. What we lack is interest—*individual* interest, and hard work. An editorial was written some months ago in regard to tennis work, showing very clearly that we were allowing it to slip into the background of our interest, accessible only under the guise of exercise. The same statement would also apply to track-work, basket-ball and almost every form of indoor athletics. The foot-ball season is indeed over and with it all outdoor contests until spring, but there occurs during the winter term an exhibition which is as much a part of the college athletics as any outdoor contest. Let us see to it that we develop along this as well as other lines and make our indoor athletics exhibition of the winter equal in quality our outdoor work of the spring or fall and better than the corresponding work of any other college. This means hard, earnest "gym" work this winter, but that work will count in two ways. First, in the attainment of the end immediately desired, and second in the toughening and preparing of the athlete for future contests. Those intending to compete in track work next spring, in particular should begin their training now, for very often we find that the foundations of the success of the victor in the spring were laid in the indoor training of the winter.

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Twenty-one girls from the Class of 1906 have already joined the association and we hope that others will feel ready to do so next term.

It is earnestly desired that more of the girls shall take the regular Bible Study courses. In the rush of college work it is difficult, perhaps, to find the extra time for anything outside the required curriculum, but the Bible classes need our support and we need the help which they can give.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

CINDERS AND DARKNESS.

When the long, desolate days are drear, drear, inclement weather,
 When the tide of life's woes is flooding with waters of sorrow,
 Then may my memory trace in indistinct paths of the by-gone,
 There may some scene of old Bates, endeared by fond recollections,
 Offer its comforting joys and cheer my lone heart with its glories.

Now comes the past in a-twinkling, as though it were never departed,
Now I recall in my mind a scene and a story of folly.
Well I remember the night: Ah! well I remember its wildness;
Oh! How the desolate fog and mists from the great Androscoggin
Hung in their dismal array over the houses and tree-tops.
Darkness pervaded the land, with its ominous evil foreboding,
Darkness, the willing concealer of many a gross indiscretion
Under whose cover hast been many a mischievous doing.—
Hardly a sound of true life broke in on the stillness of night-time,
Never a soul ventured forth to hazard the perilous weather,
Lest in the drizzling mist, made worse by the darkness so awful,
Ghosts or some phantom of evil attack and bring woe to his person.
Out near the corner of Parker, the street light burned dim, and its hissing
Seemed to bemoan a complaint of how dense was the terrible darkness,
And how in its hardy attempt it failed in its onerous purpose
To send forth the welcoming rays and diffuse the lone walks with its
 radiance.
Far to the west and the south, the gloomy campus extended,
While through the wet, dripping trees the low, dismal moan of the
 zephyrs
Uttered their tale of distress to him who dared venture to listen.
Such was the night I describe, Oh! such was its infinite terrors!
Snug in the walls of old Parker and diligent, hard at their lessons,
Gathered the boys of the college,—obedient, faithful, God-fearing;—
Obedient were they to tasks, and faithful to Prexy, the Master.
Like to the busy bee, who works with a will for the honey,
Storing it deep in pure cells, for the pleasure only of others.
Thus should have been disposed each student of Bates' institution,
But such 'tis my lot to relate was not the deport of two maidens,
Rather than pray for Zeus to bless the task of that evening
And reverently bow to his will in meek and holy submission,
Longing to do as they should in obedient love for the welfare
Of Bates and her students convened from the far scattered huts of New
 England,
Not in keeping with wind, with rain and weather inclement,
Not in accordance with hearts that search for the right and respect it,
Broke they all rules of discretion, all pledges of matriculation,
Shattered the fame and the honor of parents who worthily reared them,
Caring for naught but adventure,—a straining of womanly conduct,—
Ruined their own reputation,—the hopes of fathers and mothers,—
And brought the ill grace of the Powers with a vengeance upon *their*
 misdoings
As well as the names of their families. This is my tale of true folly.
Out from the deep, shadowed door,—somewhat apart from the street
 light,—
Into the darksome night, fearless and bold in their purpose,
Blind to all reason and fear of the dark and dreary-like rainstorm,
Stepped these two maidens fair with youth and beauty upon them.
Bright were their merry eyes and bright their radiant faces;
Each on frivolity bent and each in frivolity happy.

Out of the glare of the lamp and into the dense, deep shadow,
Glided they through the mist and along the dark, gloomy pathway,
Hastening toward the track in the field of manly athletics,
While in feeble drawn tones ran their ever perpetual whisp'rings,
Hoping by this to evade or drive away the foul spirits.
Clad in garments unseemly,—unseemly for men or for virgins,—
Yet 'twas a gorgeous attire,—a dress quite fit for Diana.
Silent at length they arrived to the track, their true destination,
—A track whose blackness in truth was hardly as black as the darkness;
—A track made not for small feet of the gentle and delicate female.—
There in the darkness of night, where no human eye could detect them,
There in their own wicked way, where no prying, inquisitive gazer
Could see the terrible deed,—the outstepping of maidenly measures,
And beholding, distinguish each lass and in duty, report to headquarters.
Mindless of sex and of honor, then on to the track stepped the maidens.
Heedless of pride and discretion, they raced on that track made of cinders.
Oh! what misconduct was there, when this mated race was contested,
Oh! with what joy and surprise the track received those two runners,
The track which never before, with its hard and merciless cinders,
Had known or had felt the soft touch of feet of the delicate female.
Sprinting and dashing like mad, so fast in the darkness uncanny,
Outstripping the wind in their flight, outstripping the nimble Atlanta,
Skimming away o'er the earth with Mercury's speed in their racing.
Winged Apollo came down and saw in joyous amazement,
Thinking once more he beheld real goddesses fair on the race-course.
Well should he thought as he did, so strange was that which he witnessed;
Enthused with the sight as of old, he sped the fairy-like sprinters;
Addressing the maids with his voice he spoke in encouraging whispers:—
"Thrice 'round the walls of Troy, Achilles, maddened for vengeance,
Dragged in his chariot, bronze, the sad mangled body of Hector,
Hence, pretty goddesses four, race thrice 'round this course I exhort you,
I, in ecstasy great, will behold your hastening footsteps.
Back to my far-distant home, to the mythical Mount of Olympus;
Back to the spot where the once revered deities dwell isolated;
I, on these wings of the morn, will fly with approaching Aurora,
And tell to the goddesses there, this story of beautiful racers,
Saying that once more the fair contend for the laurel of victory,
Pledging my word before Zeus that never were goddesses fairer,
And even though long laid to rest, Atlanta in spirit vivacious
Lives contumaciously on, inciting the hearts of her followers.
Speed, speed away, pretty nymphs!" Thus spoke the winged Apollo.
Then, when the two so-called nymphs completed their course o'er the
 race-way,
Speeding away with a will, at the urgent command of Apollo,
Breathless and weary of foot from their thrice-rounded course on the
 race-way,
Trembling, too, from the weight of the sinful demeanor committed,
Silently left they the field with their guilt resting heavy upon them.
Fearfully making their steps they disappeared in the darkness,
Where the low murmuring trees echoed their story of folly.

———, 1905.

Got a school yet?

Hello, how about exams?

Lots of students going home for Thanksgiving!

The query of the Sophomore, the wail of the Junior and the despair of the Senior—what shall I elect next term?

The new dormitory and the other two girls' dormitories as well are to be supplied with electric lights during vacation.

The Faculty extended to the students their hearty annual invitation to a Thanksgiving reception in the gymnasium.

Jordan, '03, is editor-in-chief of *Trinity Boys*, a paper to be published monthly by the Junior Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Trinity (Episcopal) Church.

Professor Hartshorn has been appointed to the State Board of Library Commissioners. The duties of this board consist mainly in the selection of books for the travelling libraries now becoming so numerous in the State.

Many of the college students as well as teachers and citizens of Lewiston and Auburn gathered to hear the lecture given in the chapel by Mr. Nickerson, Bates, '86. The lecture was on the subject of teaching and its methods, and was especially valuable to teachers and those students of the college intending to teach.

The Freshmen have been working in the gymnasium for the past few weeks, the girls under the instruction of Miss Donham and Miss Putnam, '03. Considerable enthusiasm in the work is shown by the class, and it is hoped that sufficient interest will be aroused to result in some inter-class contests—for the girls as well as the young men.

The whole college was saddened at the recent death of Mr. Tryon, '02. Mr. Tryon was not only a promising student, but an active Christian worker, and won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. He entered, with Mr. Darling, '02, and Mr. H. E. E. Stevens, '01, the medical college at Harvard this fall, where all three were stricken with typhoid fever. Mr. Darling and Mr. Stevens are very ill, but every hope is entertained for their recovery.

At a meeting of the young ladies November 20th, to form a debating society, much enthusiasm was shown and several interesting and hearty speeches were given. Committees of three

were appointed for drawing up by-laws and making nominations for officers. The committees were made up as follows:

Constitution and By-Laws, Miss Donham, '03, Miss Cooper, '04, Miss Bartlett, '03; Nominations for Officers, Miss E. Bray, '04, Miss Mitchell, '05, Miss Rand, '06.

The social settlement, as most of the students know, has been removed from Lincoln Street to Middle Street. The work this year is to be carried on among the American portion of the population, and it is hoped that the students of the college will, as they have heretofore, take an active interest in the work. There is a great field here for doing good, and should any of the students wish to take up work in this line their aid would be gladly received by the committees of the Christian associations or by Professor Foster and Dr. Veditz.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," recently gave a lecture, "How to Make the World Better," at the Pine Street Congregational Church, and the following morning kindly consented to address the college students a few minutes at chapel. Both those who heard his preceding lecture and those who had not that opportunity were glad to have closer contact with Mr. Sheldon's personality, and appreciated his eminently practical and helpful talk.

Sometimes the "heart-to-heart" talks frequently following chapel exercises are not duly appreciated by the student body, but the brief address given by Mr. Milliken, '97, a few days after the Bowdoin game unquestionably struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his listeners. At the time of the Bowdoin game Mr. Milliken promised the team twenty-five dollars if they won the game; later he doubled this if they should prevent Bowdoin from scoring, and finally, as an appreciation of the good, clean game they played, he doubled the fifty. The Athletic Association is, of course, grateful for the hundred dollars, but the students as a body are much pleased at the fact that the team has well deserved this appreciation.

After the poetic and journalistic effusions with which we have been regaled since "the game" anything that we can add in these columns will seem feeble indeed. Some of the alumni and alumnæ may be interested in a slight account of the purely collegiate enthusiasm over the game. The usual preliminary mass-meetings were held and enthusiasm was aroused sufficient to induce a good proportion of the students to attend the game at

Brunswick. On the eventful day, excitement was at fever height, and when the score was finally announced at a little past five, the chapel bell rang as it had not rung for years; for one hour and more did it wake the echoes of Mt. David. At the return of the team and those who went to Brunswick a jubilation was held in the gym. On the following Monday evening a more formal reception was tendered the team and a pleasing program was carried out, including speeches by the Faculty and representatives of the team. Punch, ice-cream and fancy crackers were served.

The curious variation of the labors of vacation
 With wonder our collective mind imbues;
 For our maids with all their charms, turn to dignified school-marms,
 And our future congressmen go peddling "views,"
 But our clerks we envy slightly and on housemaids we look lightly,
 —Even canvassers rouse not an envious mood
 When we gaze with speculation and unstinted admiration
 On the chap that can go home and just saw wood.

L'envoie.

You may wonder, gentle reader—if so you chance to be—
 At our students' occupations and their wide diversity.
 'Tis very easily explained—it really ain't their fault
 —But they seek not for the "spice of life"— they just want to "earn their salt."

Exchanges.

MUCH has been said in the exchange columns of the different papers, about the value of these particular departments in bringing the colleges into closer relationship with each other. We do not wish to be behind the others in this good work, so we have decided to arrange the various magazines into families. But in case any one finds the relationship too close, our full permission is given to break it, if that be possible.

The first family which we would like to introduce you to is the family whose surname is "Local." Their characteristics are that practically all their space is given up to the events and affairs of their own college; a little space in the editorials being sometimes reserved which they may fill up with hits on other colleges. At the head of this family you must meet *The Williams Weekly*, setting a good example for all his posterity and coming out promptly, once a week, not so very weakly either. As a fit mate

we would make you acquainted with the *Tufts Weekly* which also is an enterprising little paper and does its work well. You will now want to get acquainted with the sister and two brothers of this family, *The Colby Echo*, and the *Bowdoin Orient* and the *Maine Campus*. You will find that *The Echo* is like a younger sister, half-tormenting and sometimes half-tormented by her brothers. Possibly this teasing may seem to go rather far, but there is no need to worry for they will soon settle down into the amicable relations which should exist between sister and brothers. Here is *The Triangle*, a cousin of theirs; he has just had a new suit of clothes which in our judgment improves his appearance greatly. Here is also another cousin, *Our Journal*. But he must be quite distant, for there seems to be no strong connection between him and the rest of the family. On further acquaintance we think you will find this family a worthy one, for they do their duty, they fill their place in the world, and that is as much as any of us can do, whether it be a world of men and women or a world of college magazines and papers.

We now would like to introduce you to the members of our second family. We call them the "Solids." You would recognize them anywhere from the name. They belong to that class of people who evidently do not approve of giving most of their space up to stories and lighter literature. They stick to the "solid" reading, and the rest of us "stick" there sometimes, too. First let us make you acquainted with *The Ottawa Review*, the head of the family, and here beside him is his brother, *The Observer*, from Tennessee. You will find the time you spend with them well improved. There is also another brother of not quite such a deep type, but a pretty good fellow all around, *The Reveille*. At the head of the women's branch of this family you will meet the *Vassar Miscellany*. Her tendency towards solid reading is not very marked, yet we think we discover traces of it. The sons and daughters of this family are *The Blue and Gold*, whom everyone is always glad to meet, *Lasell Leaves* and *College Days*, a prodigious youth who, if you give him time, will settle the debating questions for all time, also the thoughtful *Peabody Record*, going to the bottom of the questions of life. Whether this is an older family than the first one or not, we do not know, but at any rate, here are some grandchildren whom we wish to make you acquainted with, *The Colby Academy Voice*, *The Goddard Seminary*, *The Tiltonian*, and *The Kent's Hill Breeze*. If these keep on the path they are now treading they will certainly become good men and women.

You are now ready to meet our "Short-Story" family. These are the most pleasant for a casual acquaintance, for they interest you in spite of yourself. Occupying Mr. Short-Story's place is *The Dartmouth*, and with a jovial, still dignified presence he sits at the head of his family. In Mrs. Short-Story's place is *The Smith College Monthly*, whose pleasing style and enjoyable stories make her welcome wherever she goes. She comes from a distinguished family and here are two of her brothers whom you must meet, first *The Brunonian* of whom you certainly have heard, and second *The Monthly Maroon*, who comes from Chicago. He is a powerful man and can fairly captivate you with his stories. There are no sons and daughters, but here are some nephews and nieces, *The Tuftonian* and *William and Mary*, and one grand-nephew, *The Bowdoin Quill*. He is a fine fellow, too. He has something in his head well worth having.

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You have now met them all, and trusting that you will find them pleasant company and make many friends, we will leave you. And to the families themselves we will say that we hope the relationship in the families will grow stronger and also the relationship between the families, for truly it is to one great family which we all belong, the great family of college publications, and it is with one purpose which we all work, the purpose of benefiting ourselves, our fellow-students, and our colleges.

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*The Misdemeanors of Nancy*⁵ is one of the most delightful of the recent books. Nancy cannot be entirely approved, but she is irresistibly fascinating to the reader as well as to her many admirers, who are also finely characterized. The sixteen full-page illustrations are by Stanlaws.

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*Captain John Brown*¹⁰ is a study of this rugged character by a hearty admirer. At the same time it is careful and unprejudiced and a valuable biographical contribution.

Diekhoff's edition of Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*¹¹ is intended for advanced students. The introduction and notes are recital and take up the historical foundation and religious aspect of the play, and its value as a work of art.

A new edition of Cicero's *Laelius de Amicitia*¹² has been prepared by Dr. Price. The notes are full, and the introduction contains much valuable matter.

Heidel's Plato's *Enthyphio*¹³ is an attractive edition of this work. This is the first of a new Greek series, to be published under the supervision of Professor Smyth of Harvard.

*The Last Word*¹⁴ is primarily a story of a woman's love. It gives, besides, a vivid picture of New York life as seen by a young girl from the prairies. Humor and sentiment are delightfully mingled.

*Hope Loring*¹⁵ is a novel by a woman writer who has come into prominence as a keen and clever narrator. It deals with the experiences of a Southern girl in New York society, the descriptions of which are not the least entertaining part.

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*Richard Gordan*¹⁹ is a story of the higher circles of life in New York City where the hero is a rising young lawyer and politician. The plot is a telling feature, as it involves a mystery made clear only at the end. The conversations abound in repartee and humor, and the characters are well portrayed.

Foncin's *Le Pays de France*²⁰ is a French work covering the history, government, people, and literature of the country. Muzzarelli's edition contains a complete vocabulary, and it is a remarkable fact that in this comparatively small work the author has used 7,000 different words.

*Talks to Students on the Art of Study*²¹ is a thorough treatise on that subject. The writer carefully takes up, in succession, habit, interest, attention, observation, discrimination, association, classification, memory, reasoning, will, and character.

Bruno's *Le Tour de La France*²² of which Professor Lyms has prepared notes and vocabulary, has passed through 300 editions in France. It is easy French, and largely in dialogue form.

Kelea, the Surf-rider,²³ a romance of Pagan Hawaii, is a narrative written by one who is thoroughly familiar with the native customs and folk-lore. The people's love of nature is well shown. Ten fine full-page illustrations of natural scenery form an attractive feature.

The Nugget Series consists of small volumes of selections from various authors. We have received *Don't Worry Nuggets*,²⁴ and *Quaint Nuggets*.²⁵ The former quotes from Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot and Browning.

Castle Cranecrow,²⁶ by the author of *Graustark*, is a story of love without the usual large admixture of war. Travel and stratagem also figure in the tale.

*Town Life in Ancient Italy*²⁷ is a translation of a German work. It gives the customs of the towns outside of Rome, and the relation of their people to that city.

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*The Shakespeare Cyclopedia and New Glossary*²⁹ is a valuable contribution to Shakesperean literature. It furnishes material assisting even the ordinary reader to a clear comprehension of the great dramatist's meanings. The allusions, mythological references, and the like are carefully explained. Professor Dowden furnishes the Introduction.

*Don Quixote*³⁰ has been published with other standard works and sets in the New Century Library. The India paper used makes a book of 800 pages only one-half inch thick. Thus a conveniently small volume is obtained without resorting to fine type.

*Gentleman Garnet*³¹ is a tale of love and adventure, somewhat sensational, but entertaining. The scene is laid in Tasmania.

*Adam Rush*³² is a love story with its scene in country and village places. Adam Rush and Samuel Salt, the quaint and humorous country philosopher, are the best characters.

*A Disciple of Plato*³³ is another novel in which love is the paramount motive and basis. It is written in an interesting style. Some incidents are rather piquant.

*The Imperial Republic*³⁴ is a drama of the present day. It is sprightly and full of action. It is written in blank verse and the style and wording are excellent.

*The Worth of Words*³⁵ is a valuable work of its kind. The scope is indicated by the principal divisions which are,—Misused Words, Vulgarisms, Every-day Errors, Slang, How Word-Meanings Change.

*A Man for a' That*³⁶ is a story which will prove interesting to students, as the characters are students of a co-educational college. The hero, who has at first an unfortunate reputation as a wag, turns out, partly through the influence of the heroine, to be a noble gentleman.

*The Heritage*³⁷ has its scene laid in Ohio, during the times of war with the Indians. It is, of course, full of excitement, and is called "a story of defeat and victory."

An interesting and valuable contribution to the literature relating to the ancient Northmen is *Norse Stories*,³⁸ recently published by Rand, McNally & Co.

¹My Island. Eilian Hughes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

²Parables of Life. Hamilton Wright Mabie. The Outlook Co. New York. \$1.00.

³The Riddle of Life. J. Wesley Johnson. Jennings & Pye. Cincinnati, Ohio. \$1.50.

⁴Wallannah. Will Loftin Hargrave. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. Richmond, Va.

⁵The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Eleanor Hoyt. Doubleday, Page & Co. New York.

⁶Laboratory Guide in Zoology. Weed and Crossman. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston. \$1.60.

⁷Love and Liberty. W. C. Townsend. The Abbey Press. New York. \$1.50.

- ⁹A Treasury of Humorous Poetry. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.
- ¹⁰Why We Believe the Bible. Henry Melville King. American Tract Society. New York. \$1.00.
- ¹⁰Captain John Brown. John Newton. A. Wessels Co., New York. \$1.25.
- ¹¹Nathan der Weise. Lessing. American Book Co. New York. \$.80.
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- ²³Kelea. Alex. Stevenson Twombly. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. New York.
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- ²⁹The Shakespeare Cyclopaedia and New Glossary. John Phin. Industrial Publication Co., New York. \$1.50.
- ³⁰Don Quixote. Cervantes. Thomas Nelson & Sons. New York. \$1.00.
- ³¹Gentleman Garnet. Harry B. Vogel. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia.
- ³²Adam Rush. Lynn Roby Meekins. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia.
- ³³A Disciple of Plato. Alligood Beach. Roberts Publishing Co. Boston.
- ³⁴The Imperial Republic. Elizabeth G. Crane. The Grafton Press. New York.
- ³⁵The Worth of Words. Ralcy Husted Bell. Grafton Press. New York.
- ³⁶A Man for a' That. George Van Derveer Morris. Jennings and Pye. New York. \$1.50.
- ³⁷The Heritage. Burton Egbert Stevenson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.
- ³⁸Norse Stories. Rand, McNally & Co. New York.

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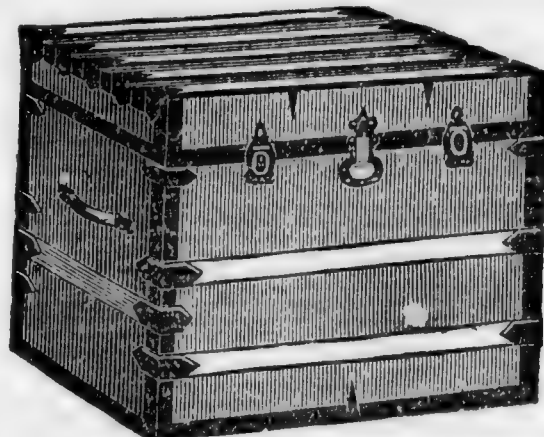
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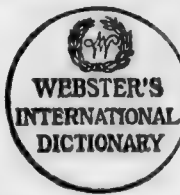
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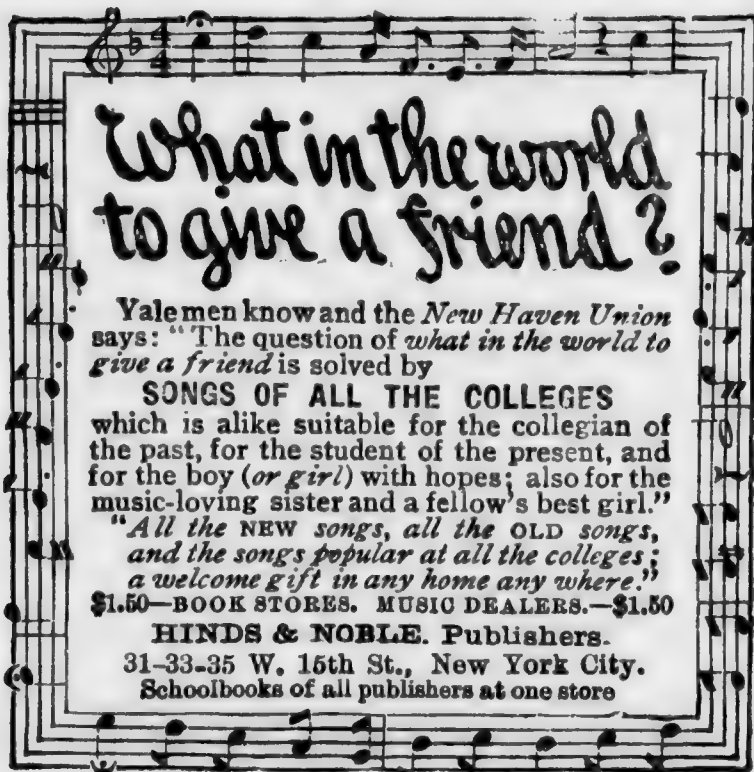
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But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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